CAN OUR WEST COAST BE INVADED?

AY 6,
933

Liberty

2

5¢

Te   's Gym
DO   BE FAT
W

WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE! AND THE TIRE WAS ALMOST BRAND-NEW!
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

NOW YOU'LL BE 3 TIMES SAFER

FROM BLOW-OUTS AT HIGH SPEEDS

See how this utterly new way of making tires prevents blow-outs by overcoming the CAUSE of blow-outs before they start

WHEN your speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70 . . . mile after mile . . . the heat *inside* the tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . and grows . . . bigger and bigger, until BANG! A blow-out! And a terrible drag pulls your car off the road.

How it prevents blow-outs

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists heat. Thus, rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. The *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* they start.

Three times safer

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted *3 times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These SILVERTOWNS *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone . . . but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give!

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs. Long trips at 35 or 40 miles an hour can generate terrific heat, too. To be safe—have the protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply. It's Free! Just make sure you buy a SILVERTOWN Tire, which costs not a penny more than other standard tires.

Isn't this the kind of tire you want for *your* car? Then decide now to equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns—the only tires in the world built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

Look up your nearest Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory. Put *real* protection between yourself and the road . . . for your family's sake and your own!

FREE! This handsome Safety League emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation. Just join the Silvertown Safety League. Endorsed by Traffic Officials. Write today. Dept. 127, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

HEAT INSIDE THE TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

LIFE-SAVER Golden Ply RESISTS HEAT PREVENTS BLOW-OUTS

The **NEW**

Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright 1933, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

May 6, 1933 Vol. 10, No. 18

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

IN THIS ISSUE

- Can Our West Coast Be Invaded? CAPTAIN MYRON B. GOLDSMITH 5
  A startling disclosure of the appalling weakness of our Pacific defenses to withstand a hostile attack
- Two Fights a Year—*A story* J. LANE LINKLATER 10
- I Saw What the Nazis Did to the Jews........ KONRAD BERCOVICI 16
  A first-hand glimpse of what is going on behind the scenes in Germany and a prediction as to what will happen
  And an Answer to It by FRED H. HAGEDORN 17
- Scarlet Woman—*Part III* OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 22
- Twenty Questions 29
- Sin, Hokum, and Horror *Movie reviews* ROB WAGNER 30
- The Ocean-Hopping Bug HARRY A. BRUNO WITH WILLIAM S. DUTTON 32
  The real reason why the knights of the sky dare death in dangerous and spectacular flights to make aviation history
- Trude Takes a Tumble—*A story* JOHN LEBAR 36
- The Truth About My Life—*Part VII* CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY 42
- Detectogram Mystery XVIII H. A. RIPLEY 46
- Bright Sayings of Children..... 46
- Seeing Is Believing *A short short story* DON MARQUIS 47
- Born to Raise Hell—*Part VI* TEX O'REILLY As told to LOWELL THOMAS 48
- Detectogram Answer 54
- Cross Word Puzzle............ 55
- Vox Pop 56
- To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 58
- $250 Weekly Cover Contest..... 59

Cover by STOCKTON MULFORD

WHY SHOULD WE GO TO WAR WITH JAPAN?

Captain Myron B. Goldsmith, in his article "Can Our West Coast Be Invaded?" in this issue, treats possible war with Japan as a reality.

But there must be no war with Japan!

We are not prepared! We do not want war!

This country is sick and disgusted with war beyond all expression.

There can be only one excuse for war—if it is forced upon us.

And if we have to defend our country against an attack, then our duty is plain. There can be no equivocation or backsliding.

Captain Goldsmith's patriotic utterances then assume paramount importance.

Japan is prepared up to the hilt. All the armament of this nation is up to date. The glorification of war in that country has fed the military spirit.

And though we may make every possible effort to maintain our friendship with Japan, that does not mean that we should entirely ignore the possibility of war.

President Roosevelt has wisely maintained that the pacifism of the previous administration should be wiped out absolutely. That we should be prepared to defend ourselves. That our fleet should be brought up to the 5—3 ratio allowed us by the Washington Naval Conference.

During the latter part of the Hoover administration war rumors were heard everywhere. Some experts maintained that we must expect war with Japan within another year.

But now the situation is changed. Our "weak-kneed" government has been thrown out root and branch. A real leader is now shouldering responsibilities. Action and still more action has replaced meaningless talk.

And the citizens of this country can rest assured that if we cannot possibly avoid war intensive efforts of a highly constructive character will quickly bring up our armament to a proper degree of strength.

With our former weak, vacillating government, anything might have been expected.

With a revolutionary spirit everywhere raising its ugly head, a foreign nation would naturally consider us an easy mark.

Our new President has changed all this! The old-time American spirit is fast returning.

Our country is still ours.

And if we have to fight for it we will feel that we are contending for something that is dear to the hearts of our countrymen. No! War with Japan is unthinkable.

But while we pray for peace and make every conceivable effort to avoid war and still keep our self respect, this country should be prepared for the worst.

Captain Goldsmith's demand that our armament in every department should be quickly brought up to date is a warning that should bring quick action by our Washington legislators.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.
Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
In the United States and possessions; in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year.
In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year.
In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.
Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly.
Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Sally only knows—
"It's so very GOOD"
BUT SALLY'S MOTHER KNOWS —SHE NEEDS ITS EXTRA BENEFITS TOO!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Post's BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
READY TO EAT
Deliciously flavored with Malt Syrup and Salt
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 8 OUNCES

SO DELICIOUS TO EAT! . . . THIS CEREAL WITH THE BULK YOU NEED! EAT IT EVERY DAY—TO KEEP REGULAR AND FIT!

Of course children think Post's Bran Flakes is just the most delicious-tasting breakfast food they've *ever* had!

But wise mothers serve it for another reason, too. They know that Post's Bran Flakes acts as a precaution against constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet . . . an often unsuspected trouble that may lead to listlessness, ill temper, "low" spirits.

For children and adults, too!

For years, Post's Bran Flakes has been recommended as a safeguard against this condition . . . for children and adults alike. For it provides the bulk the system needs but that many foods lack . . . thus helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness, and to insure *normal* elimination of food wastes. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B.

That is why you will want to serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly, as a part of this proven program: Outdoor exe-cise . . . water to drink between mea . . . plenty of fresh fruits and veg tables in the diet. And a generou daily helping of Post's Bran Flakes.

Many ways to serve it

Your family will love this crispy, golden-flaked food . . . whether you serve it plain, or with fruits or berries. So give them Post's Bran Flakes *today.* And see how easily it helps to keep them *regular* and fit . . . *all* the time! Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Can Our West Coast Be Invaded?

A Startling Disclosure of the Appalling Weakness of Our Pacific Defenses to Withstand a Hostile Attack

By CAPTAIN MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

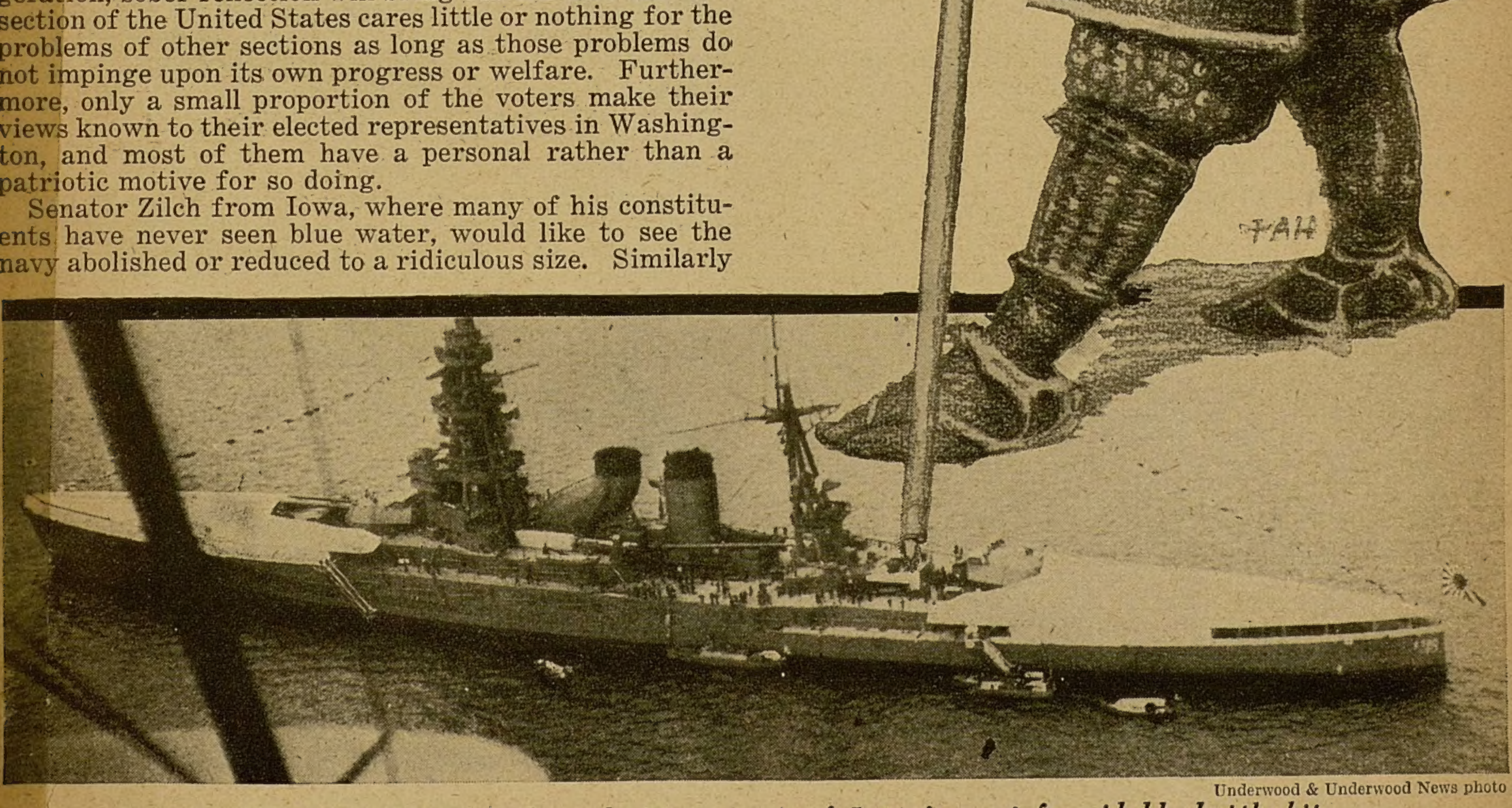
(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

PATRIOTISM in the United States today is of a spurious nature limited to removing the hat (sometimes) when the flag passes, singing the national anthem, of which most of us do not know the words, and celebrating Memorial Day and the Fourth of July by golf and fishing.

If this statement is considered an untruth or an exaggeration, sober reflection will bring out the fact that one section of the United States cares little or nothing for the problems of other sections as long as those problems do not impinge upon its own progress or welfare. Furthermore, only a small proportion of the voters make their views known to their elected representatives in Washington, and most of them have a personal rather than a patriotic motive for so doing.

Senator Zilch from Iowa, where many of his constituents have never seen blue water, would like to see the navy abolished or reduced to a ridiculous size. Similarly

The fierce patriotism of the war-loving Japanese is typified in this figure of a samurai of Old Japan.



Underwood & Underwood News photo

The 33,800-ton superdreadnought Mutsu, one of Japan's most formidable battleships.

Congressman Citrus of Florida is not interested in the coast defenses of the Pacific coast. Why should these legislators be interested? The lives and property of their constituents are not being jeopardized. As a result of this provincial attitude, administrations and congresses, both Republican and Democratic, have successively neglected the modernization of our coast defenses and the building up of our navy to treaty strength.

The American national bird is the eagle. Yet the American attitude toward national defense has made the nation emulate the ostrich by burying its head in the sands of indifference so that it could not see the shadows cast ahead by the Rising Sun.

Not so in Japan. There they know the day is coming when our conflicting policies and racial prejudices are going to result in a war. A European official who occupies a very high position in the Chinese government service said recently during a visit to this country:

" When I was in Japan I was impressed by the fact that the shipyards and munition plants were working day and night. Whom are they making all of these warlike preparations for? Certainly not Soviet Russia, with whom they have no quarrel, and the preparations are entirely too extensive to apply to China. America is her next foe, and they make no bones about stating this fact."

Jingoism? Not a bit of it. Consider the following facts, which are from first-hand knowledge and not from hearsay; then judge for yourself as to whether these are the acts of a friendly people. A Japanese was observed taking pictures surreptitiously in a military reservation not so long ago. The attention of an army officer most intimately concerned with such matters was directed to the Japanese. He indifferently commented, " Let him enjoy himself." In a west-coast city a reserve officer who understands Japanese overheard two sons of Nippon discussing the fact that they had to drill that night. Being curious, he followed them to a hall in the Japanese quarter, and by climbing a fire escape was able to look in the window. He saw a group of young Japanese in civilian clothes being instructed in bayonet practice and close-order drill by a man who was unmistakably an officer of the Japanese army. He reported the incident to the federal, state, and municipal authorities. Their response was, in effect, " What do you expect us to do about it? " and no action was taken.

A coast artillery officer in an army launch very recently passed some Japanese " fishermen " who were taking soundings instead of fishing. He idly glanced at one of them and recognized a Japanese naval officer whom he had known in the days of the World War. Swinging the launch alongside the fishing boat, he addressed him by name, and was rewarded with a blank stare. The officer was convinced that he had not been mistaken, and reported the matter to his superior officers, who took no action about it.

Or, if you are still dubious, ask any sailor if a Japanese collier is not in the offing every time our Pacific Fleet engages in battle practice.

JAPAN is constructing all of the tonnage allowed her under the London Treaty except four destroyers and one aircraft carrier. She has every intention of completing her present program of naval construction as rapidly as possible. If the United States desired to obtain parity with Japan in each class of ships in which it is woefully deficient, it would have to build 101 ships, totaling 201,966 tons. To maintain the 5-3 ratio as agreed upon by the Washington Naval Conference, the United States must build 135 ships, involving 316,530 tons.

In the event of hostilities Japan has nothing to fear within its own borders. Admiral Fletcher of the United States navy has stated that Japan is so well protected by nature and her coasts are so heavily fortified that in the event of a war her navy would be free to act without having to consider any necessity of remaining in home waters for defensive purposes. Military service is compulsory in Japan, the army is always ready for active service, and the people are intensely patriotic.

Contrast this with our readiness for armed conflict if hostilities commenced today. The navy is our first line of defense. We still have the archaic idea that it is second to none, in spite of the hamstringing it has suffered under the guise of disarmament. If we were plunged into a war Gridley would have to fire before he was ready. What the result would be can be judged by the assertion of a gunnery officer on a first-line battleship, who stated that during the recent maneuvers the percentage of hits was low because of deflection of the shells due to the fact that the guns had not been relined.

Then again, the strongest navy afloat is of no use without suitable and numerous naval bases. Japanese diplomats certainly scored a telling victory over our addle-pated representatives at the Washington Naval Conference when they inserted the apparently innocuous provision of *status quo* in the Pacific. Samoa and Guam are both in advantageous positions for naval bases. They were under control of the navy for many years before the Washington Naval Conference was held, but no real move was ever made to fortify them. It is admitted by both American and Japanese military and naval authorities that both of these islands could be taken by Japan in jig time without serious resistance being offered.

THE Philippines are at the front door of Japan. They are numerous islands of different sizes, but the only fortification of importance is Corregidor Island in Manila Bay. This, plus that antiquated collection of tubs which we designate as the Asiatic Squadron, is our sole defense of these possessions which have cost us so much in lives and dollars. Although it is said that Corregidor is provisioned and munitioned to hold out for three years, military authorities estimate that actually it could make effective resistance for only three weeks. The Japanese could effect an almost unopposed landing at Subic Bay, and once they were ensconced on the hills above Corregidor effective resistance would soon end. If the naval authorities were foolish enough to send the Asiatic Squadron to cope with the Japanese fleet they would be guilty of mass murder in the first degree.

Our strongest and only real naval base in the Pacific today is Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands. This base is on the island of Oahu, and the other seven islands of that group are absolutely unprotected. The door is wide open here for Japan. Hanalei Bay on the island of Kauai and Hilo on the island of Hawaii are ideal potential bases for Japan to seize for an attack on our mainland. This thought has probably occurred to the Japanese.

The United States has approximately 10,000 regular troops stationed on Oahu, and for obvious reasons there they will remain if hostilities occur. There are two skeletonized National Guard regiments consisting of approximately 100 officers and 1,600 enlisted men, of which total 214 are pure-blooded Japanese. Out of a population of some 368,000 there are nearly 140,000 Japanese living on these islands. If there were an uprising concurrent with the declaration of war, there would be at least 30,000 Japanese of military age available to participate in it. The remainder of the population is largely composed of races sympathetic to the Japanese. The only real resistance in such event would be offered by the regular troops and they would be greatly outnumbered.

The Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands do not attempt to conceal their loyalty to their homeland, and many of the men have served in the Japanese army. They are being constantly visited by Buddhist priests who urge loyalty to the land of the Rising Sun. In addition to this Japanese naval vessels visit the islands in rapid succession, and there are always entertainments in their honor. Sampans are constantly plying between the Hawaiian Islands and Japan with no search of their cargoes by the customs authorities. To bring in arms and ammunition for an uprising would be easy, and who can say that the Japanese are not taking full advantage of the opportunity offered?

Then our Pacific coast. What of that? Here is the impression of a Japanese civilian about our naval bases, from a book entitled Japan Need Not Fear the United States, which has been widely distributed in Japan:

> The largest naval base on the Pacific coast is the Mare Island naval port in San Pablo Bay. It is situated on the island of the same name, less than twenty nautical miles

from San Francisco. Owing to its comparatively low depth of water, it is criticized as being hardly suitable for a first class naval port. For that reason the United States completed facilities for the establishment of a new naval base on Alameda Cape, on the shore opposite San Francisco, to accommodate a huge squadron. San Francisco Bay consequently has two naval bases. The Golden Gate, at the entrance of San Francisco Harbor, is a steep wall of rocks rising from the water, and is strongly fortified against any possible attacks from the sea.

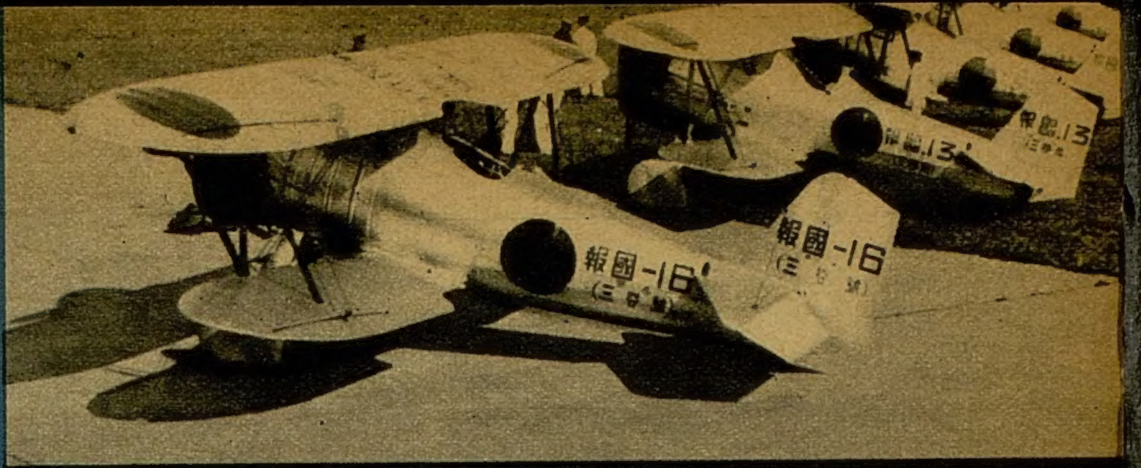
IF this book was read by the officers of Section Eleven, as the Military Intelligence is known, the War Department at Tokyo must have rocked—not by an earthquake but by a mirthquake. There would have been ample reason for their mirth, because they knew better. Mare Island is a navy yard and prison, and anything but a naval base in the accepted sense of the word. The "naval base" at Alameda is just newspaper conversation, and "Alameda Cape" is at present just a base for rowboats at its amusement resort known as Neptune Beach. The Bremerton Navy Yard at Seattle is the only one on the Pacific coast which is capable of handling major vessels. Its vulnerability to an aërial attack launched from Japanese aircraft carriers basing on the Aleutian Islands has long been a source of worry to our naval authorities.

The only real naval base on the Pacific coast is at San Diego at the southern extremity of California. Naval authorities have deplored its location there time and again—but there it remains, by virtue not of strategy but of politics. San Diego is connected with the rest of the state by a single line of railroad which runs within a short distance of tidewater. Its sole protection is Fort Rosecrans with a battery or so of ten-inch rifles and twelve-inch mortars. They are genuine antiques which should have long ago been loaned to veteran organizations for saluting purposes.

Los Angeles, with its vast population and its near-by oil wells so vital to our fleet in time of war, is guarded only by Fort MacArthur at San Pedro Harbor. There are two batteries of fourteen-inch guns under the care of a detachment of twenty-five men. The range of these obsolete weapons is 18,000 yards, which was considered good in the days of the Spanish-American War. This city and all of southern California could be captured by making a landing at Santa Monica Bay, which is absolutely unprotected; the forts at San Diego and San Pedro could be captured without a single shell being fired from their guns.

Southern California

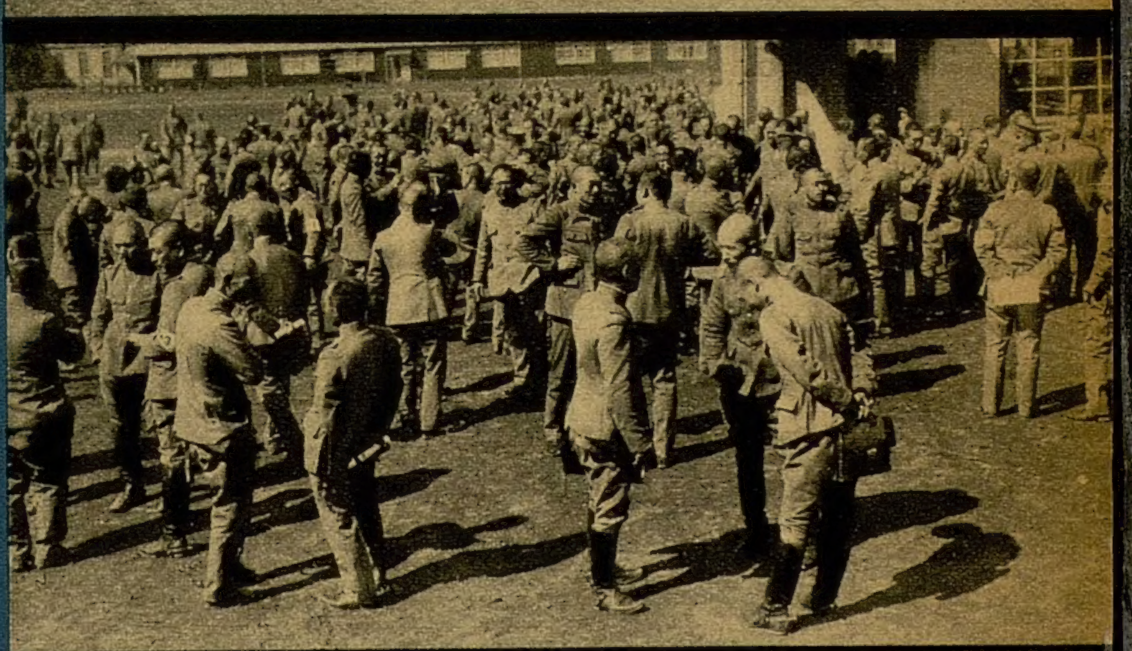
奉祝少年在音隊



The money for these airplanes was willed by a civilian to Japan's navy.

Tokyo schoolboys drawn up for military inspection by the emperor.

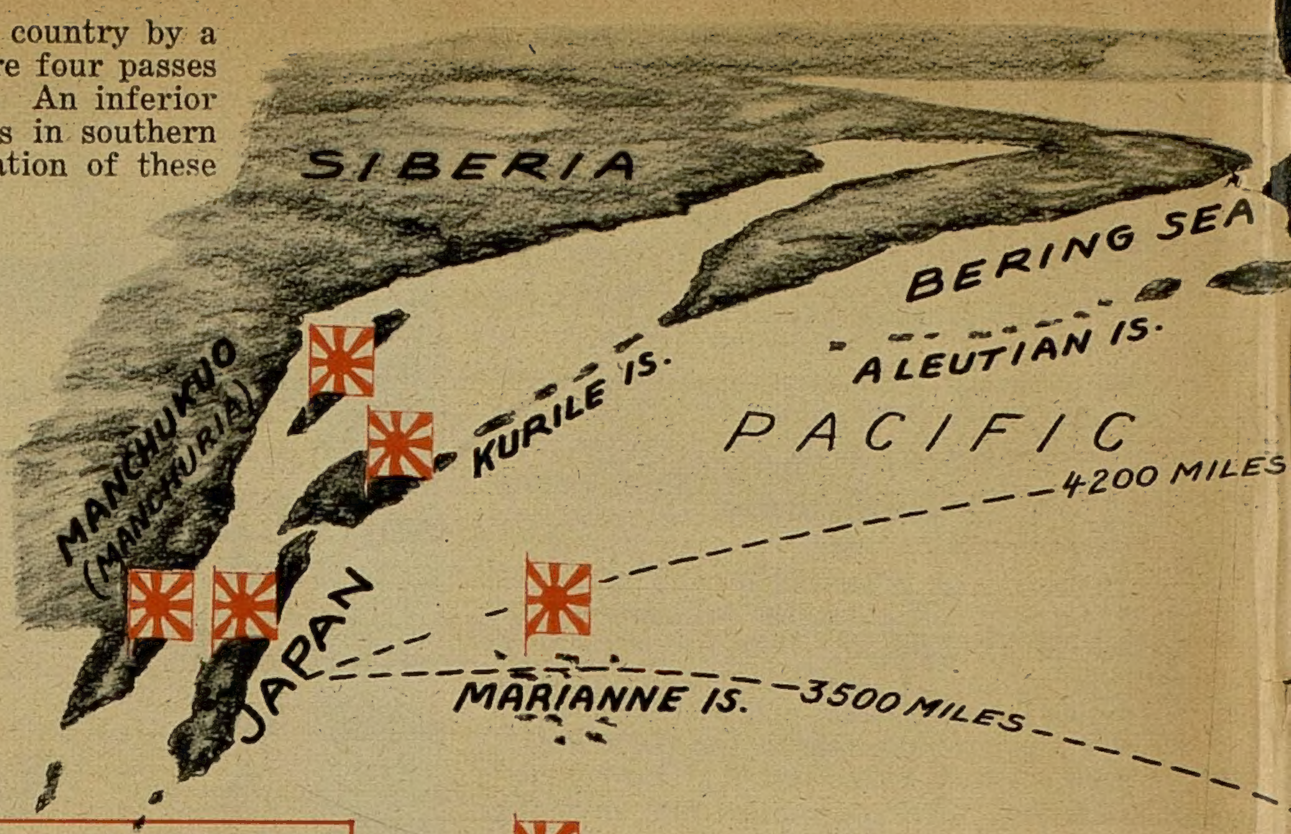
In Japanese public schools, military training like this is a requirement.



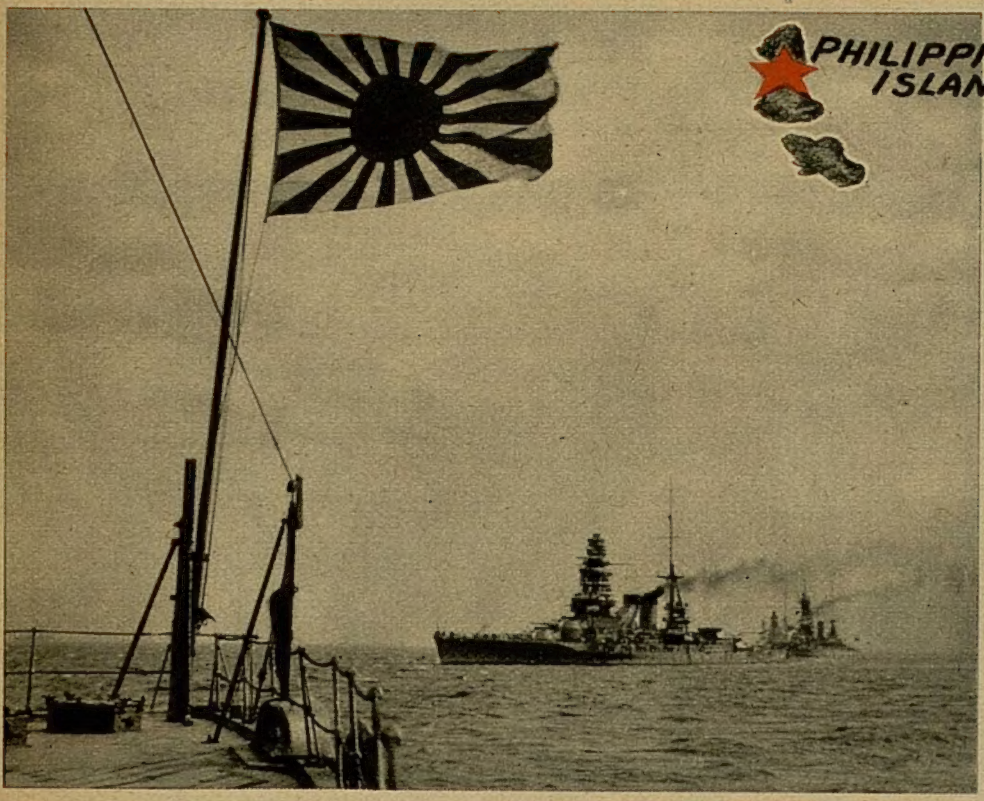
These officers were chosen to give military instruction to the schoolboys.

Japanese tars on a cruiser's deck admiring the Mutsu, at anchor near by.

is shut off from the rest of the adjacent country by a mountainous wall through which there are four passes —three to the east and one to the north. An inferior force of Japanese establishing themselves in southern California could, by seizure and fortification of these passes, offer an indefinite resistance to a far superior force of American troops. The American forces would have to depend on a long line of communications and operate in a territory where a minimum of water exists. Any shifting of troops from one point to another could be forestalled by the Japanese, who would only have to move their men comparatively short distances, whereas the Americans would have to make detours of many miles, due to the contours of the country.



As to San Francisco, " strongly fortified against any possible attack from the sea," it is true that the Golden Gate is a narrow strait from which the hills rise precipitously. On the San Francisco side the " strong fortifications " consist of a golf links, a war memorial to a sugar king, and Forts Scott and Funston. The defenses of Fort Scott consist of several batteries of twelve-inch guns dating back to 1895. Fort Funston has an obsolete mortar battery, and is garrisoned by a caretaking detachment.



The Nagato, sister ship of the Mutsu. Each of these ultramodern monsters carries eight sixteen-inch guns.

The military authorities are loath to engage in target practice as homes have been built close to the forts. A few years ago, when target practice was held, the telephone operator at Fort Scott was swamped with calls from indignant householders whose windows had been broken by the concussion.

ON the Marin side of the Golden Gate are Forts Baker and Barry. The same old story—obsolete guns with a range of 15,000 yards, caretaker detachments, and decay. These forts on both sides of the Golden Gate are not self-protective or interprotective against any attack but naval, and would not be even if they were equipped with modern armament and properly manned.

Homer Lea, in his book The Valor of Ignorance, published in 1909, pointed out that San Francisco could be captured by Japanese forces landed at Monterey Bay, about 100 miles south of San Francisco, or at Bodega Bay, about fifteen miles north of it.

The truth of this statement is self-evident even to a novice in military affairs, but nothing has been done by our government to protect these vulnerable points.

The fortifications of Washington and Oregon consist of Forts Stevens, Canby, and Columbia at the mouth of the Columbia River, and Forts Casey, Flagler, Ward, Whitman, and Worden. The same old tale—1895 guns with a range of 18,000 yards, caretaker detachments, and decay. A Japanese force landed at Grays Harbor or Willapa Harbor could capture both Washington and Oregon without these popguns causing them any trouble.

WHEN it is considered that Japanese warships of the Nagato class carry sixteen-inch guns that can hurl a half ton of explosive well over 35,000 yards, it can readily be seen that all of our Pacific-coast fortifications could be destroyed by a naval attack on the part of the Japanese if they cared to go to that bother. But even if our coast-defense guns did match the Japanese naval guns in size and range, consider this fact: *There are not enough coast artillerymen on the entire Pacific coast to man the guns at any one fort adequately.* Coast artillerymen can only be made adept at this exacting work by long and arduous training. In the event of a sudden emergency who would man our guns?

The only modern armament on the Pacific coast is two fourteen-inch railway guns which stand absolutely unguarded at Point Firmin near San Pedro; therefore subject to sabotage without hindrance. They are the only weapons capable of competing with Japanese battleship armament, but they are ponderous and can only be moved slowly over the railroads.

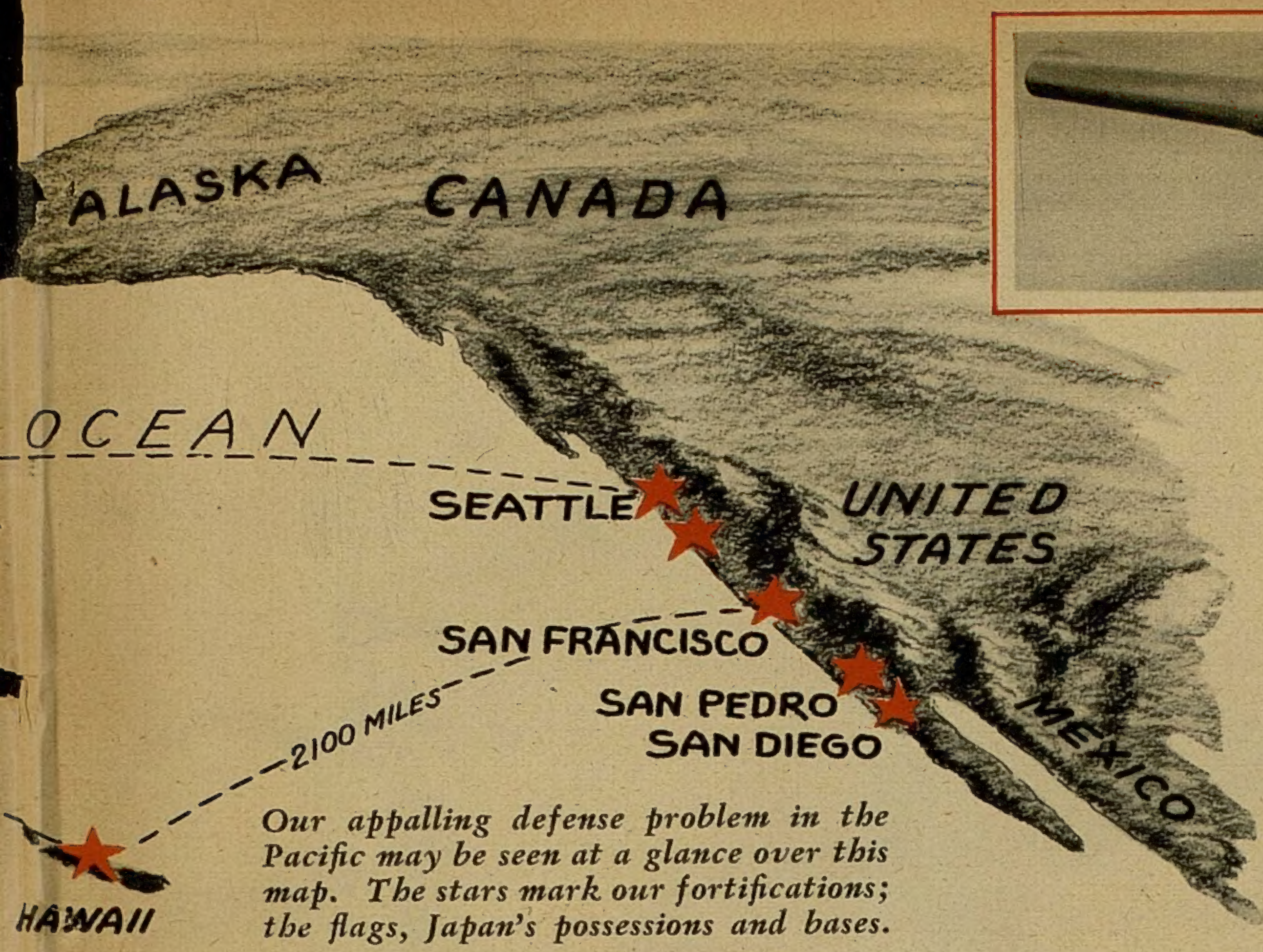
No extensions or spur tracks have been built to convey these guns to points where they would be vitally needed in an emergency.

There are a number of flying fields in the Pacific-coast area, and the only comforting thought that we can console ourselves with is that in event of hostilities the United States would have aërial superiority. The Japanese do not make good aviators and they are aware of their shortcomings.

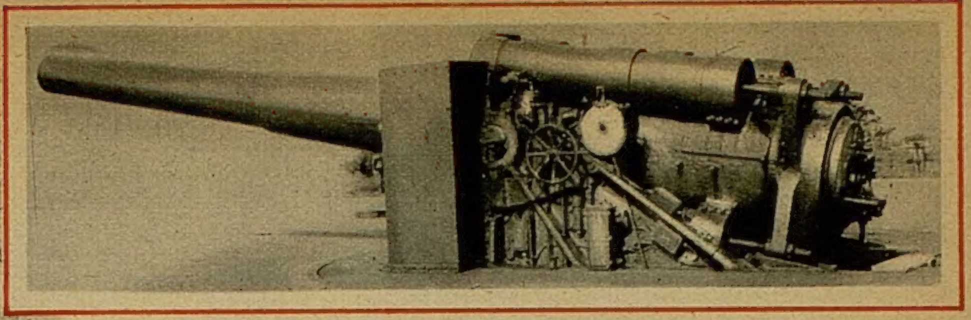
But just a moment:

At the approaching Disarmament Conference the Japanese are going to insist upon the total abolition of air forces. The guileless numskulls who will represent us at this conference will probably accede to the Japanese demand.

What price aërial superiority if the conferees make



Our appalling defense problem in the Pacific may be seen at a glance over this map. The stars mark our fortifications; the flags, Japan's possessions and bases.



An obsolete twelve-inch gun in one of our Pacific-coast defenses. It is badly outranged and visible to enemy aircraft.

a bonfire of our airplanes just as cheerfully as they scuttled our ships?

The antiaircraft defenses of our entire Pacific coast are located in southern California. They consist of a skeletonized regular antiaircraft regiment, and a regiment of the California National Guard which assembles for maneuvers only two weeks out of the year. These to protect 3,000 miles of coast line from enemy airplanes in an emergency, when military experts agree that at least ten brigades of three regiments each would be necessary to keep off hostile air forces launched from Japanese aircraft carriers!

In event of a war with Japan the United States would be faced with another potential danger—an enemy within its gates. The 1930 census shows that in the states of Washington, Oregon, and California there are 69,559 Japanese males. Despite any denials on the part of the Bureau of the Census, this figure is a gross understatement.

The census takers in the districts where Japanese predominate were themselves Japanese, owing to their ability to question their compatriots in their native tongue. There is strong reason to believe that actually at least 90,000 Japanese males reside in those three states.

As some of these men are American born, it would not be fair to say that all of them would be disloyal to the United States, but it can be safely assumed that in the vast majority of cases their sympathies would be with Japan.

In the rural districts they are associated together in clans, and in the larger cities they cluster together in districts where they have numerous clubs. All of them are in constant touch with the Japanese consulates through the medium of these clubs. Can loyalty be expected under such conditions?

BEAR in mind that the entire Pacific coast is separated from the rest of the United States by that great barrier, the Rocky Mountains. There are all too few passes through which railroad tracks and automobile roads run. The strength of our armed forces in this area consists of approximately 12,000 regular troops and 11,000 National Guardsmen, all widely scattered. If a current political move in the interest of "economy," which classes the Guard as "desirable but not essential," gains momentum, the California National Guard of 6,500 men may soon be disbanded.

It is estimated that in the Pacific-coast states there are at least 45,000 Japanese males of military age, who could easily be reënforced by an equal number from Mexico. In 1904 Japan struck at Russia first and then declared war afterward. History can repeat itself. If *before mobilization* these men were ordered to act, it is not a fantastic conception that they could by concerted action dynamite roads and burn trestles, thus blocking the mountain passes by landslides so that it would take weeks to repair the damage. That this could be accomplished by the use of airplanes has been satisfactorily demonstrated by experiments conducted by the air forces of the United States army.

As a result the Pacific coast would be shut off from all direct communication with the East except by air and water, and—happy thought!—maybe the Panama Canal would be simultaneously rendered useless.

At the same time the Japanese residents of the Pacific-coast states could seize our undermanned forts and destroy the guns, capture National Guard armories and use or destroy the weapons stored there, and thus make the local armed forces temporarily ineffective.

They could also destroy every important bridge, dam, tunnel, power plant, and radio station, thus terrorizing the civilian population and hindering mobilization. Many of them would no doubt be killed in accomplishing these objects, but they would give their lives stoically in order to accomplish their missions.

IF the Japanese gained a foothold on our Pacific coast it would probably remain in their possession until a sufficient number of trained men were available in the East to drive them out.

This problem has been discussed by our War College, and the unanimous verdict has been that any other procedure would be folly.

If any large European nation were to take advantage of our plight to attack our eastern coast, it is safe to say that any Pacific-coast offensive on our part would be long deferred.

Defeat appears to be our destiny. What are we going to do about it? Probably turn out the lights and go to sleep until we are faced with a rude awakening.

What *should* we do about it?

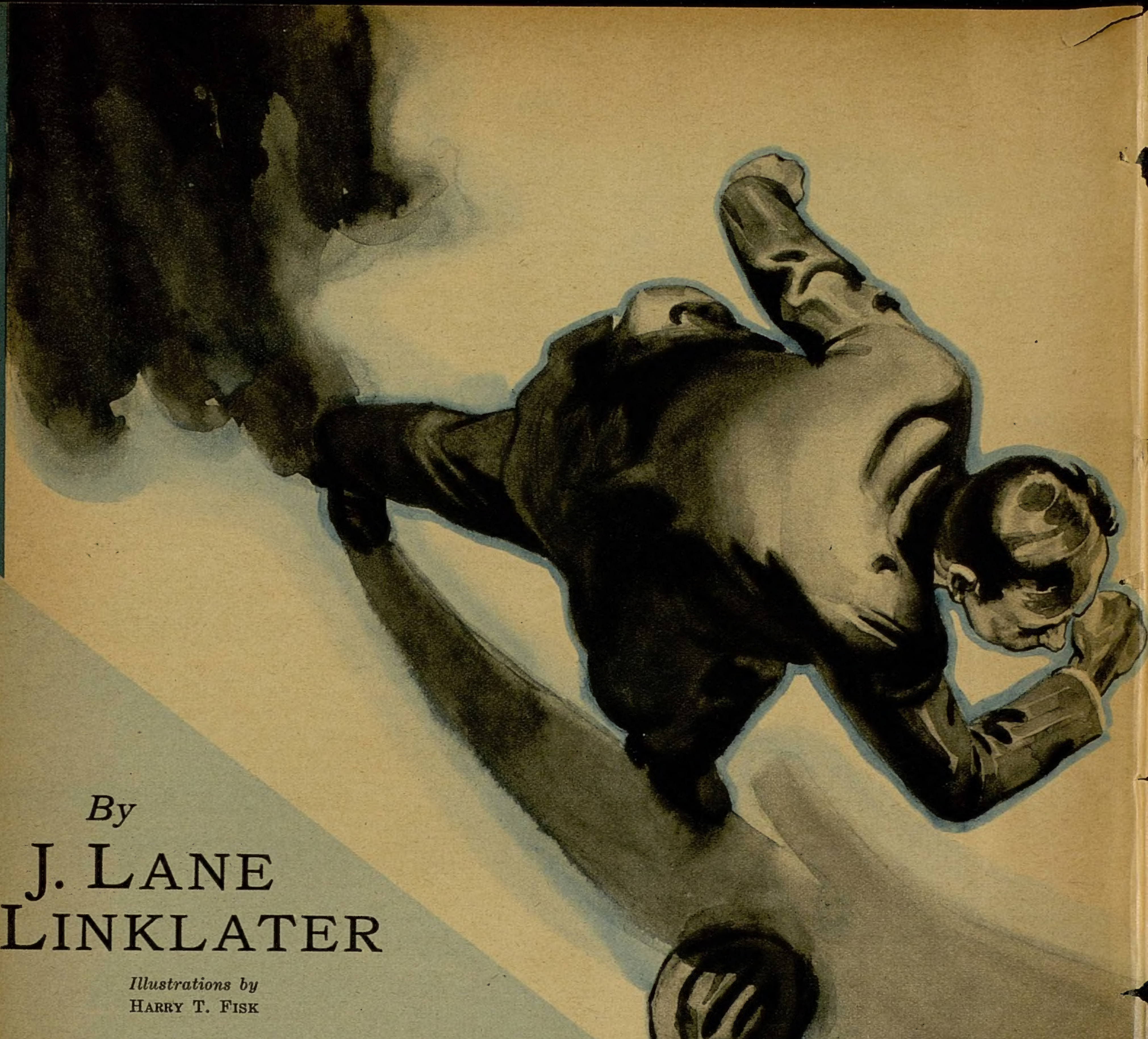
We should demand of Senator Graft and Congressman Grab that our navy be built up to the 5-3 ratio allowed by the Washington Naval Conference; that our coast defenses, both East and West, be modernized and properly manned.

Surely that is not too much to ask of the electorate of a country supposed to be as intelligent as ours, inasmuch as these measures are required for our self-preservation.

Our Congress cheerfully appropriates money for many foolish and unnecessary purposes, but it balks when it comes to expenditures for national defense. Some day we shall have to pay in blood, dollars, and humiliation for permitting this folly.

Our attitude on the question of our national defense within the next few years will have a definite bearing on our future. The handwriting on the wall is becoming more distinct. It will be written in indecipherable Oriental characters unless some forceful action is taken to prevent it.

THE END



By
J. LANE LINKLATER

Illustrations by
HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 25 minutes 10 seconds.)

WALLY went up to Dr. McCurdle's Dental Parlor to see about getting a couple of new teeth. They were front teeth, and both utilitarian and ornamental considerations called for their replacement. The enterprise would require a number of visits to Dr. McCurdle. When Wally saw Minnie Sprayer he thought it would be a good idea to make as many visits as possible. Minnie was Dr. McCurdle's office nurse and secretary.

Minnie was very short and trim and efficient. She was also quite pretty and not without sympathy.

She put down the details of the case on a card.

"How did you lose those teeth, Mr. Bentley?" she asked.

"In a fight," said Wally.

Minnie looked him over. She may have been thinking that, except for two missing front teeth and a bruised lip and a cut under the eye, he was not a bad-looking youth. Still, he was scarcely built for heavy fighting. He was, indeed, not much larger than Minnie herself. Not only that, but he had the mild and timid manner of one to whom the ways of the world were rough and threatening.

"A fight!" said Minnie. "So you like to fight?"

"I do not like to fight," Wally denied. "I hate to fight! But somehow about every six months I get into a fight. Now, last night it was like this: I was walking along the street. I came to a corner and a young man was beating a young woman, and I interfered."

"So you played the hero and beat the young man, Mr. Bentley?"

"No." Wally shook his head glumly. "The young man knocked me down and kicked me in the mouth and went away laughing."

"But the young woman—I suppose she cradled your head in her lap and wiped the blood off your face?"

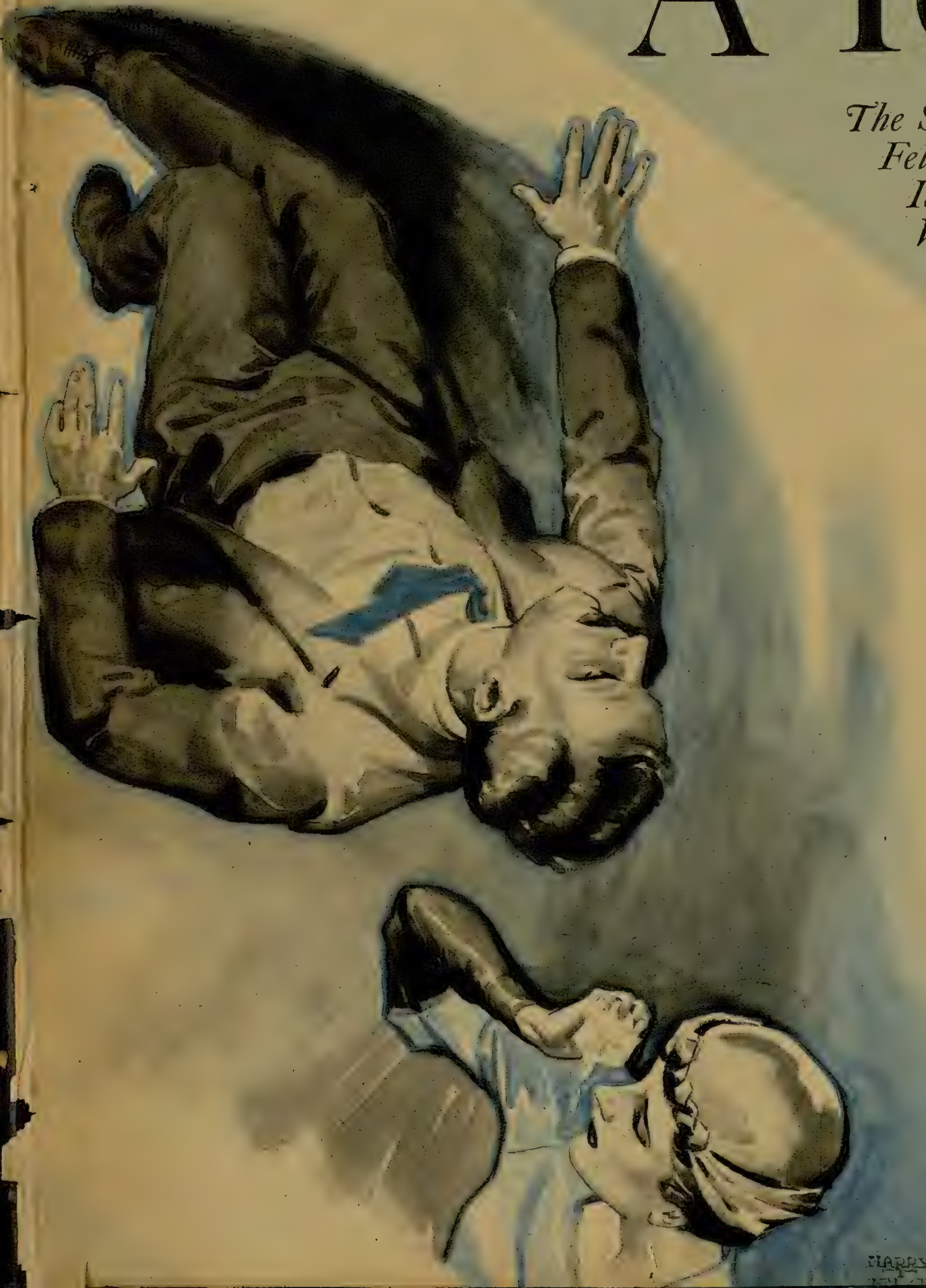
"The young woman," Wally said sadly, "picked my pocket while I was lying helpless in the gutter."

"That's too bad, Mr. Bentley. The doctor is now ready for you."

On the second visit Wally stopped on the way out

Two Fights A Year

The Story of a Little Fellow with a Big Idea and a Girl Who Was Hard to Convince



Wally hit him in the mouth with his fist. Roger lunged back and knocked Wally on the sidewalk.

and spoke to Minnie.

“Miss Sprayer,” he said hopefully, “when I get my new teeth in, will you go to a show with me?”

“Well, no. I can’t do that.” Minnie smiled at him. “You see, I never go out with Dr. McCurdle’s patients. It wouldn’t be right, mixing business with pleasure.”

“Then I can get another dentist,” Wally proposed promptly.

“I wouldn’t want you to do that,” Minnie hastened to say. “That wouldn’t be fair to Dr. McCurdle. It would be the same as me driving the doctor’s patients away from him.”

“Well,” Wally suggested, “suppose I just put off getting the teeth at all until you marry me. Then it would be all right, wouldn’t it?”

“Marry you!” gulped Minnie. “You’re a pretty speedy worker, aren’t you?”

“Of course that’s what I had in mind all along,” Wally defended himself. “Naturally I thought I would take you out to shows and things like that, and then after a while I would ask you to marry me. I thought that was the way to do it.”

Minnie laughed. She seemed pleased, but Wally noticed that she did not appear to be taking it very seriously.

“That’s nice of you, Mr. Bentley. But, after all, I—well, for one thing, I couldn’t think of marrying a man who—who gets into a fight every six months. Why, I would never know when I might be widowed.”

Wally nodded. This, on the face of it, was a serious objection.

“I would like to promise you not to fight,” he said, “but I would probably break the promise. I hate to fight, Miss Sprayer, but it comes over me all of a sudden, and I would forget all about the promise.”

“That’s honest of you, Mr. Bentley,” Minnie approved. “But I’m afraid—”

The door opened quickly and a young man came in. He was a large young man who looked like a college football player. He was beautifully dressed, with the corner of a silk handkerchief sticking out of his coat pocket, and he had black curly hair and strong white teeth.

“Hello, hello, hello!” shouted the young man. “Hello, Minnie, old kid!”

He took both Minnie’s hands in his and grinned down into her eyes.

“Why, hello, Roger!” cried Minnie.

Wally hated the young man at once.

Minnie turned to Wally.

“VERY well, Mr. Bentley,” she said primly. “The doctor will take you again at ten o’clock on Thursday morning. Is that all right with you?”

“I don’t know,” said Wally, “if it is. I don’t know if I can get up here on Thursday morning. Anyhow, I think I would just as soon get along without any more teeth.”

And before Minnie could say anything he backed out of the door and ran for the elevator. He pressed the button, but then, without waiting for the elevator, he ran back to Dr. McCurdle’s office and stuck his head in the door.

“Thursday morning at ten o’clock is all right with me!” he shouted, and then walked away again without actually looking into the office to see what Minnie and Roger were doing.

Indeed, he was there at ten minutes to ten on Thursday morning, expecting to get a chance to talk to Minnie before Dr. McCurdle started work on him. But Minnie was helping the doctor with a patient, so he had to wait until he was in the chair. Then the doctor disappeared into a little workshop to do something with an impression and left Minnie alone with him.

“Miss Sprayer,” he said, “is that young man Roger your—your brother?”

“No,” said Minnie, dipping some steel prongs into a liquid, “Roger is not my brother. Whatever gave you that idea?”

“Well, he seemed sort of familiar. Maybe he is a cousin?”

“Not even a cousin.” Minnie laughed. “Roger is just a friend.”

“Does he want to marry you?” asked Wally.

Minnie upset the bottle of liquid and it made a powerful odor in the office.

“Good Lord, Mr. Bentley! You certainly do ask questions. After all, you know, I really don’t know you very well.”

Wally sighed.

“I suppose that means that Roger does want to marry you. Of course he does. I’ll bet every man you know wants to marry you. Why wouldn’t they?”

“Lay your head back against the headrest,” Minnie said briskly, “and keep your mouth open.”

Wally could see no occasion for this, the doctor being still occupied in his workshop, but he obeyed. It was while he was in this position that the telephone bell in the waiting room rang. Minnie answered it and Wally could easily hear what she said.

Minnie was talking to Roger, and Roger was dating her for dinner. Minnie repeated the details, so that Wally understood that Roger was going to call for her at the office at five thirty and take her to Brummel’s Café for dinner.

When the doctor was through with him he got about half a minute with Minnie when she was putting down the time of his next appointment.

“You are going out to dinner with Roger tonight, Miss Sprayer?” he said.

“If it is anything to you, Mr. Bentley,” Minnie said rather sharply, “I am.”

“At Wilman’s Café?” said Wally.

“No. At Brummel’s—if it is anything to you.”

“At Brummel’s,” repeated Wally. “Good-by, Miss Sprayer.”

AT exactly five minutes to six Wally walked into Brummel’s Café. He wandered about the place aimlessly as if looking for a convenient table. The fact was that he knew just where he was going, since he had been standing across the street for twenty minutes watching the people go in.

Presently he bumped up against a table and turned as if to apologize.

“Why,” he exclaimed, “if it isn’t Miss Sprayer! Who would have thought of running into you here, Miss Sprayer? Right here in Brummel’s Café!”

Two pink spots of embarrassment appeared on Minnie’s cheeks. Roger, who was obviously of a jealous nature, glowered at Wally. Then Minnie smiled politely.

“Roger—Mr. Patterman, this is Mr. Bentley, who is a patient of Dr. McCurdle’s.”

Roger mumbled an acknowledgment of the introduction. Wally nodded pleasantly and sat down at the table—on Minnie’s side of the table.

“It is very nice to run into you like this,” he ran on cheerfully. “I hate to eat alone, and it is very nice of you to let me eat with you.”

“Who said anything about inviting—” Roger began belligerently.

“Did I tell you, Roger, that Mr. Bentley is a patient of Dr. McCurdle’s?” cut in Minnie.

Roger, who was clearly in a disagreeable frame of mind, subsided. Minnie’s idea seemed to be that it would be bad business to offend one of Dr. McCurdle’s patients.

It turned out to be a peculiarly satisfactory dinner. Roger seemed to be satisfied to just sit and make faces at Wally. Wally seemed to be satisfied to just sit and gaze at Minnie. And Minnie seemed to be satisfied to just sit and talk about her mother.

Minnie evidently thought a great deal of her mother. Her mother was a brave, sweet, charming woman. She had had a lot of hard luck, but bore up under it with beautiful tranquillity. She was now under the necessity, it appeared, of operating a small boarding house. Or at least she thought it was necessary. Minnie wanted her to just keep house for the two of them and they could live somehow on the salary she made with Dr. McCurdle, small though it was.

Wally was very much impressed by Minnie's mother.

"Did you say she runs a boarding house?" he asked.

"Yes. And—"

"On Farrell Street?"

"No, Mr. Bentley. On Grant Street."

"On Grant Street, of course. Number 1632?"

"No, Mr. Bentley. Number 736½. But—"

"Number 736½ Grant Street," repeated Wally. "Why, that is close to where I live!"

"Oh, do you live out that way?"

"Well, not exactly out that way. But close. Within three or four miles."

Roger laughed harshly. He did not seem to think that three or four miles was so very close.

"Well, Miss Sprayer and Mr. Patterman," Wally said about an hour after they were all through eating, "I think I will be going. No doubt you two will want to talk a little before Mr. Patterman takes you home, Miss Sprayer."

Roger said nothing at all.

"I suppose we can trust you to get home, Mr. Bentley," said Minnie, "without getting into a fight on the way."

"Why can you trust me not to get into a fight?"

"Well, I understand you get into a fight about every six months, so it wouldn't be time for the next one."

"I was only speaking in averages," explained Wally, shaking his head. "I might get into two fights on the same day, and then no more for another year. It is too bad, because I hate to fight."

"I should think you would," remarked Roger, contemptuously noting Wally's five feet five inches.

Wally may not have heard Roger's remark, however, since he was already backing away and his eyes were on Minnie alone. Indeed, he was looking at Minnie as if he did not expect to see her again for years, although as a matter of fact he saw her again the very next evening.

IT was about seven o'clock in the evening when he knocked on the door of Number 736½ Grant Street. Minnie herself opened the door.

"Well!" exclaimed Wally. "Think of finding you here! Think of finding you here at 736½ Grant Street!"

Minnie was staring at him as if she didn't know what to think of being found here. She was practically speechless. She looked quite as adorable when she was speechless as when she was talking. She had on a little apron of a checkered design, and it was very becoming.

"I was just going about looking for a room to rent and a place to board," Wally told her. "And I heard that—"

"You didn't need to hear it," Minnie retorted. Wally was looking into her eyes. They were the kind of eyes that can laugh and cry at the same time, and they were doing that now. "You didn't need to hear it. There's a sign in the window. I suppose I'll have to let you in and talk to mother."

Mrs. Sprayer said that she had one room and she showed it to Wally. Wally said that he liked it very much and also that he would be glad to board with Mrs. Sprayer.

"This would be a very fine room for your son-in-law, Mrs. Sprayer," Wally said.

"My son-in-law?"

"If you had one," added Wally.

"Oh, I thought you were talking about Mr. Kampler," said Mrs. Sprayer.

Wally stopped on the way to the door.

"Is this Mr. Kampler your—"

"Oh, no." There was a slightly worried look on Mrs. Sprayer's sweet face. "No; Mr. Kampler is not my son-in-law, but he—Well, after all, I shouldn't be talking to you this way."

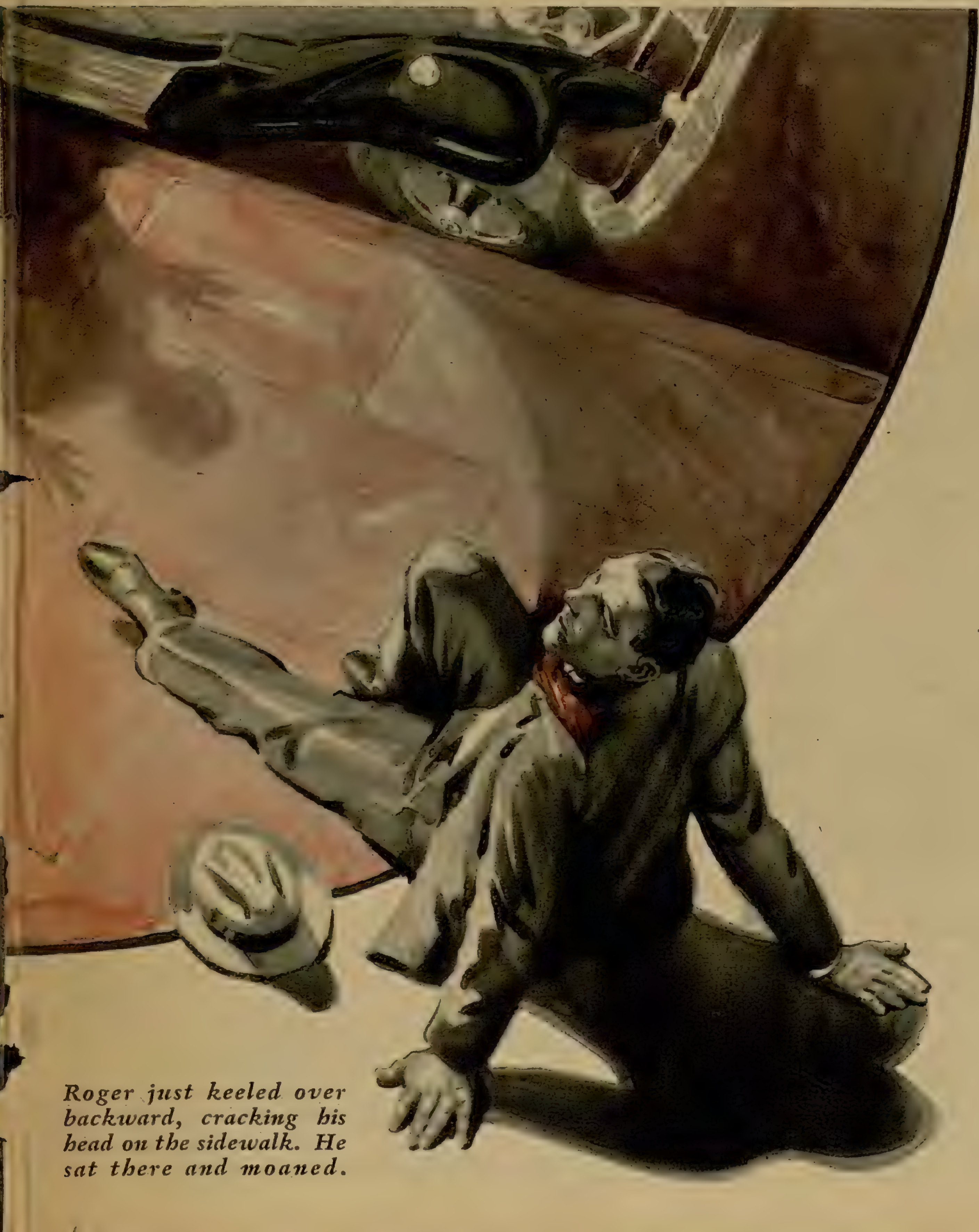
She smiled sadly.

"I see," said Wally. "Mr. Kampler would like to be your son-in-law. Does he live here?"

"Mr. Kampler is one of my boarders," admitted Mrs. Sprayer. "Will you move in tomorrow, Mr. Bentley?"

"Tonight," said Wally.

He was back in an hour with a taxicab full of suitcases and hand bags. But he saw no more of Minnie that night. He was down in the dining room at seven o'clock the next morning, and he sat there while the rest of the boarders were having breakfast. Most of them were middle-aged



Roger just keeled over backward, cracking his head on the sidewalk. He sat there and moaned.

women who worked in offices. The only man was Mr. Kampler.

Mr. Kampler was not as tall as Roger, but he was very broad and stocky and looked quite powerful. He had a wide, aggressive face and heavy brows. He had also a very good appetite. He paid no attention whatever to Wally. When he wasn't looking at his eggs or his hot cakes he was looking at Minnie, who was helping her mother with the breakfast.

Wally did not like the way Mr. Kampler looked at Minnie.

"Do you take the street car to work, Miss Sprayer?" he asked as Minnie gave him a second cup of coffee.

"No. It is not very far, so I walk," said Minnie.

This was the only time that Mr. Kampler looked at Wally, and he looked hard. Wally did not return the look, however, and as soon as he was through with his coffee he got up and went out. He was standing down on the next corner when Minnie came along on her way to work.

"Why, hello, Miss Sprayer!" he said as she drew near him. "Think of running into you here!"

"It is most astonishing." There was a faint tremor of annoyance in Minnie's voice.

Wally fell into step beside her.

"I suppose Mr. Kampler wants to marry you," he said almost at once. "I don't like him. Do you?"

"If it's anything to you, Mr. Bentley," Minnie said in a rather low voice, "I don't like him."

"Your mother should get rid of him," suggested Wally.

"She can't."

"She can't? Why—"

"Mr. Kampler has been staying at our place about a month. He met me in Dr. McCurdle's office. He found out where I lived and he went to mother and took a room and paid for three months in advance. Mother didn't know he knew me and she was glad to get the money. Now the money is spent and so Mr. Kampler has still two months to stay with us."

"That's too bad," said Wally. "I could pay three months in advance to your mother. Then she could pay Mr. Kampler back and tell him to leave."

They had by this time arrived in front of Dr. McCurdle's office building and they stopped walking. Minnie turned and looked at Wally as if she really ought to slap him. Then suddenly she smiled.

"You're sweet, Mr. Bentley," she said softly. "But you're already wasting your time and I wouldn't want you to be wasting your money too."

"Why, I—"

BUT Minnie walked into the building and left him standing there. She probably did not expect to see him again until she got home in the evening. But about eleven o'clock he walked somewhat unsteadily into Dr. McCurdle's office. Minnie looked at him in some bewilderment.

"Your next appointment, Mr. Bentley," she said severely, "is for next Monday afternoon at three o'clock."

"But I have to see Dr. McCurdle right away," contended Wally mildly. "I have to make new arrangements with him about my teeth."

"New arrangements?"

"Yes. You see, he was fixing me two new teeth. And now I've lost another tooth, so I will need three new teeth."

"You seem to lose teeth rather rapidly, Mr. Bentley. How did you lose this one?"

"Well, you see, Miss Sprayer, after I left you this morning I went back to see your mother. I offered to pay her three months' rent in advance so she could pay back to Mr. Kampler the two months' rent he has coming. But your mother said she couldn't possibly do that, so I found out from her where Mr. Kampler was working, and it turns out that he is some sort of a bootlegger. I went to see Mr. Kampler and offered to pay him his money if he would get out."

Minnie was interested in spite of herself. There was something about this Wally Bentley which rather compelled interest.

"Of course he refused," she prompted.

"Yes. And he called me certain names, but I did not let myself become angry. Then he said he thought he could get you if it wasn't for the old dame. By that he meant your mother. I did not like to hear your mother called an old dame, so I hit him on the nose. He knocked me down and threw me out on the sidewalk."

Minnie drew a quick breath.

"Now you need another tooth. You'll be needing a whole set of teeth, Mr. Bentley, if you don't keep out of these fights. You really shouldn't fight, you know. You're far too small. You should leave the fighting to big men like Roger."

"I suppose so," Wally agreed at once. "But I can't help it. Somebody does something or says something which I don't like and before I know it I am in a fight."

"Well, anyway," Minnie said hopefully, "you ought to be through fighting for the year. This is two fights in the last few days."

"I don't know." Wally wagged his head dolefully. "The trouble is that sometimes these fights pile up on me. I might have three fights inside of a week, and then no more for a year and a half. It averages about—"

"Did you ever win any of these fights?" Minnie queried.

"Not yet," Wally admitted. "But—"

"Here's the doctor," Minnie interrupted as Dr. McCurdle stepped in from the adjoining room.

THE doctor was pleased to see Wally and to arrange for another tooth. Minnie was busy in the workroom when Wally went out, so he did not see her again until dinner time. Mr. Kampler was at the table, and he looked as if he were going to throw dishes at Wally, but Wally ignored him.

Roger was also there as Minnie's guest. Mr. Kampler looked as if he would like to throw dishes at Roger too. But Roger seemed to be quite pleasant to Mr. Kampler. Indeed, Roger talked incessantly to Mr. Kampler in a low voice. None of them got much chance to talk to Minnie during dinner, however, since she was very busy helping her mother.

After dinner Wally went up to his room for a few minutes to brush his hair, and when he went down again Minnie was nowhere to be seen.

"Mrs. Sprayer," Wally asked Minnie's mother, "where did your daughter go?"

"Oh, she is in the private living room, I think, with Roger," said Mrs. Sprayer.

The private living room was down the hall, and Wally went there at once. He opened the door and walked in, to find Roger talking very earnestly to Minnie. Minnie did not seem so displeased to see Wally, but Roger was furious.

"Does this little winkle have to keep butting in?" he demanded angrily.

"Excuse me," said Wally, "but it is very lonesome up in my room. I hate to spend my evenings alone, don't you, Miss Sprayer?"

Minnie laughed and said nothing.

"What do you do for a living, Mr. Patterman?" Wally asked Roger.

"I don't see that it's any of your business," growled Roger, "but I'm a bond salesman."

"A very good business," commented Wally, "if you can sell the bonds. I once sold brushes, but I was insulted many times. I do not like to be insulted."

"What do you do now, Mr. Bentley?" asked Minnie.

"I am a song writer, Miss Sprayer," Wally answered. "It is a very uncertain business. You write a song, and maybe you make a fortune and maybe you make nothing. Most of the time you make nothing. The trick is to make it average up."

"And how is your average on songs?"

"Well, it is not very high. But more than a year ago I wrote a song which made quite a hit. It was called A Cottage, a Baby, and You. I put my heart into that song, Miss Sprayer. It had a very big sale. It netted me, at last report, seven thousand three hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

"That's a lot of money, Mr. Bentley," said Minnie, not without admiration.

"And I still have most of it," Wally went on. "You see, I expect to get married some day. I do not believe in asking a girl to marry me unless I can take care of her—and her mother too, if necessary. Do you, Mr. Patterman?"

"None of your business!" barked Roger. "And, furthermore, I don't care anything about song-writing, or how much money you have, or your opinions on marriage—"

"I think his opinions are rather good, Roger," put in Minnie sweetly.

"A lot of sentimental hooey!" yelled Roger. "Come on, Minnie. Let's go to a movie."

"I could sing you one of my songs," Wally offered. "Of course I can't sing so well with three teeth missing, but—"

"Thank you." Minnie smiled at him. "But I've already promised to go to a movie with Roger. Some other time."

"There's a good picture at the Palace tonight," said Wally.

"Yeah? Well, we're going to the Mirror," snapped Roger.

Minnie had been putting on her hat, and Roger took her by the arm and they walked out. The Mirror was playing a very fair picture of the musical type, and Roger's temper settled down a little during the first part of the picture. Then the hero began to sing a song called A Cottage, a Baby, and You. Someone leaned over from a seat behind them and tapped Minnie on the shoulder.

"That's my song!" he said in a loud whisper.

It was, of course, Wally. Roger didn't seem to be able to find any pleasure in the picture at all after that. Indeed, the whole picture seemed to have been built around Wally's song. Minnie applauded at frequent intervals. Wally joined them in the aisle as they went out.

"I thought you might like some refreshments before going home, Miss Sprayer," he suggested. "You could come along too, Mr. Patterman."

They were out on the sidewalk by this time. Roger stopped dead in his tracks, pushed his hat back over his head, and glared down at Wally.

"See here, you little pest! If you don't get—"

"I think," Minnie cut in hurriedly, "that, at least out of respect to Dr. McCurdle, we should be courteous to Mr. Bentley. Yes, Mr. Bentley, we will join you in an ice-cream soda."

THEY went to a drug store on the corner and sat down at a small table.

"How is the bond-selling business, Mr. Patterman?" Wally asked courteously.

"Rotten," grumbled Roger.

"You'll sell bonds to most anybody, won't you, Mr. Patterman?"

"Anybody that's got the dough."

"Well, I wouldn't do that," said Wally. "There are some people I wouldn't sell bonds to. For instance, I wouldn't sell bonds to Mr. Kampler."

A funny color came into Roger's face. Minnie turned and looked at him quickly. "Roger!" she said, catching her breath. "You—you're really not trying to sell bonds to that man Kampler, are you?"

"Of course he is," Wally said blandly. "I heard him at the dinner table."

"Why, sure," Roger admitted grudgingly. "After all, he's got the money."

"But—but Mr. Kampler wouldn't be interested in bonds unless—well, unless he had some sort of an understanding with you about—about me."

Roger laughed hoarsely.

"That's all right, isn't it? If I get to sell him a big block of these bonds I'll have enough money to get married on—and we can just give Kampler the old raspberry."

Minnie sucked at her ice-cream soda very thoughtfully and said nothing.

"In fact," Roger continued defensively, "I have already sold the bonds to Kampler!" He laughed again. "He thinks now I am going to step down and leave the way clear for him! Well, we'll just give him the old ha-ha."

Still Minnie said nothing. Soon they were through with their ice-cream sodas and went outside. Roger's dislike for Wally seemed to have thickened very much in the last few minutes. On the street corner Roger turned to Minnie.

"Isn't there some way," he said, "that we can get rid of this little half pint?"

He was evidently referring to Wally.

"Listen, Mr. Patterman," Wally said very quietly. "You have called me a winkle, you have called me a pest, and you have called me a half pint. I don't like such names. Please don't do it again."

Roger doubled up with laughter.

"All right," he said. "I'll call you a scrawny little undersized rooster! How do you like that?"

"I do not like it," said Wally solemnly.

AND before Roger could think of anything else to call him Wally jumped at him and hit him in the mouth with his fist. It was not a hard blow, but it angered Roger, so that he lunged back and knocked Wally down on the sidewalk.

"Oh!" cried Minnie, with half a sob. "You brute!"

Wally pulled himself together and got unsteadily to his feet. Roger grasped Minnie by the arm.

"Aw, come on home," he urged. "Come on before I step on it and kill it!"

He was obviously intimating that Wally was nothing more than an insect. Minnie pulled away from him. For a moment Wally stood and stared at him. Then, very suddenly, Wally hurled himself at Roger again.

This time something seemed to have got into him, some sort of electric force. He crashed his fist straight against Roger's jaw. Roger was standing with his feet apart, so that being hit from the front he just keeled over backward, cracking his head on the sidewalk.

He sat there and moaned. Wally looked at him for a little while, then he walked back into the drug store and handed a two-dollar bill to the clerk.

"There is a sick-man out on the sidewalk," he said calmly. "Fix him up."

Back outside he took Minnie gently by the arm and they walked home together. When they were almost home, Wally stopped walking.

"Minnie dear," he said, "when we are married—"

"Married!" Minnie shook her head sadly. "Now, if I hadn't known you had seven thousand dollars in the bank—"

"But I won't have," Wally pointed out, "after I have paid for the wedding and the honeymoon and three months' rent in advance and five new teeth—"

"*Five* new teeth!" exclaimed Minnie.

"I just lost two more," Wally explained apologetically.

"Well," murmured Minnie, "I am afraid you are so much of a fighter, Wally dear, that you would want to fight me too."

"Only in a clinch," said Wally.

"A clinch?" queried Minnie.

"Yes," said Wally, and showed her all about clinches.

THE END

Next Week—

The Inside on the Banking Investigations

By

Fiorello H. La Guardia

An ex-Congressman reveals how unscrupulous bankers used depositors' money to bolster unsound securities and brought about the financial crisis.

And beginning

The Private Life of Marie Dressler

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

The extraordinary career of the beloved screen star who has become the world's greatest box-office attraction.

I *Saw* What the NAZIS Did to the JEWS

A First-Hand Glimpse of What Is Going on Behind the Scenes in Germany and a Prediction as to What Will Happen

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Liberty is well aware, not only that leading Jews in Germany have decried as gross exaggerations the stories of Nazi atrocities against their race, but also that our State Department has discounted many of the same charges.

Mr. Bercovici, a reputable and distinguished author, is quite at home in Germany and was there at the time. But his statements and his views are his own; Liberty takes no responsibility for them, and in accordance with its policy of presenting both sides of any important controversial question it gives space on the opposite page to a reply by Dr. Fred H. Hagedorn, the American-born brother of Hermann Hagedorn, the biographer of Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Hagedorn is a personage of considerable importance in Germany.

SIX hundred thousand Jews live in Germany. The first Jewish settlements on the Rhine are more than a thousand years old. Representing less than one per cent of the total population of Germany, the German Jews have given to their country more than their quota of statesmen, musicians, artists, poets, and scientists. Fighting as German soldiers in the last war, the number of their dead attests their bravery. If twelve thousand German Jewish soldiers could call from their graves to Hitler, who was a courier during the war, they would say: "You went back. We didn't."

Anti-Semitism has at all times been an active germ in Germany. To succeed in any walk of life, the German Jew had to surmount greater difficulties than are met with by Jews in other civilized European countries. The

Underwood & Underwood News photo

An anti-Semitic demonstration in Berlin in front of a large Jewish-owned department store.

theoretical foundations of the so-called scientific anti-Semitism were first laid in Germany.

Germans were taught to look with horror at the dirty quarters of Frankfurt and Cologne and Berlin in which the poor Jews lived, and to look with still greater horror at the palaces in which lived Jews who had succeeded.

In Berlin I heard Goebbels, one of Hitler's right-hand men, bellow to a Nazi audience:

"When our day, *der Tag*, comes, and you get a Jewish head under your heels, press hard, crush it until the stillness of the limbs tells you it is dead. No sympathy with women and children. We call for barbarous ruthlessness to exterminate the alien race that is attempting to pollute our Germanic blood. Germany for the Germans! We shall also crush those who have allowed the Jews to live so far."

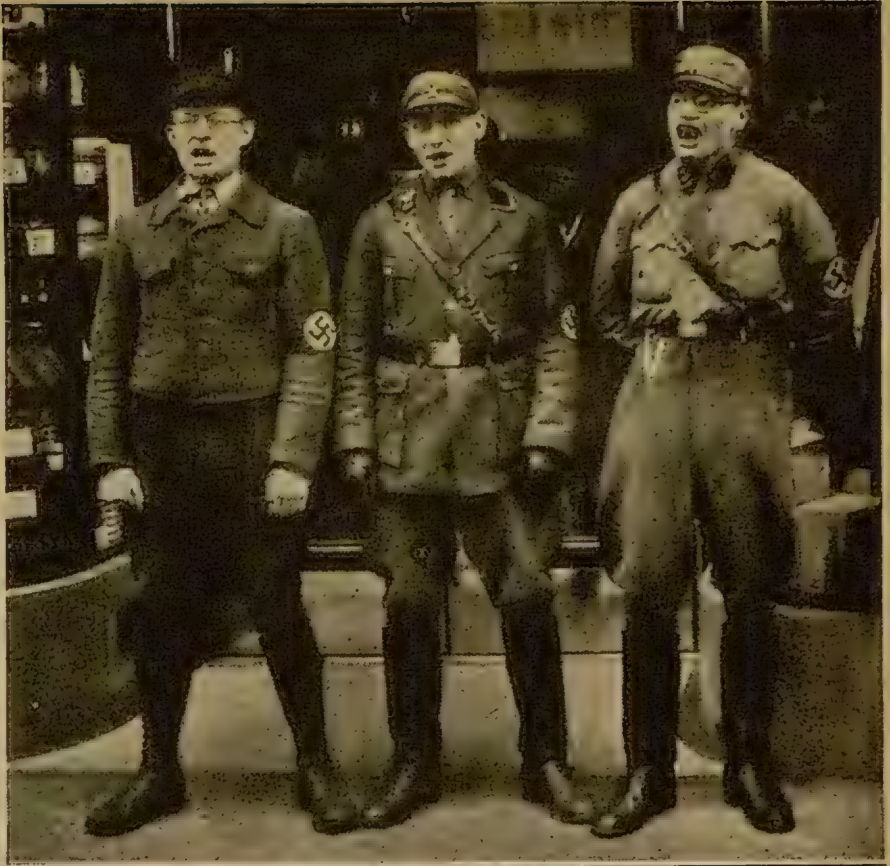
To destroy these six hundred thousand Jews—men, women, and children—there are five hundred thousand armed Nazi storm troops in uniform who have had it drilled into their heads for well-nigh fifteen years that the plight in which Germany finds herself is not due to the war she lost or the industrial cataclysm that followed, but to the Jews. These five hundred thousand men, recruited for three marks a day from the lowest elements of Germany, have bludgeoned sixty million Germans into silence and submission.

For fifteen years Hitler and his henchmen have said and written: "The Jews are responsible for the loss of the war. The Jews are responsible for the infliction of the Versailles Treaty, the Dawes Plan, the Young Plan, the loss of our Kaiser, and our humiliation. The Jews are responsible for the inflation which destroyed the German mark. The Jews of America have loaned billions of marks to Germany and its industrialists at usurious rates to foster the growth of Socialism, Communism, and unemployment. Communism and Socialism are alien to the Germanic race. They are deadly germs with which the Jews have inoculated us. The Jews want to destroy Germany."

The Nazi publishing bureau has sold and distributed millions of books and pamphlets covering those weighty subjects, and has sold and distributed tens of millions of illustrated post cards to the illiterate and to children, showing Jews cutting the throats of naked Christian women and children.

Despite this anti-Semitic propaganda, the German Jews and Jews the world over were inclined to treat Hitler as a mountebank. They had too much faith in German culture and good sense to allow themselves to believe that Hitler and his band could ever become the masters of one of the most civilized countries in the world.

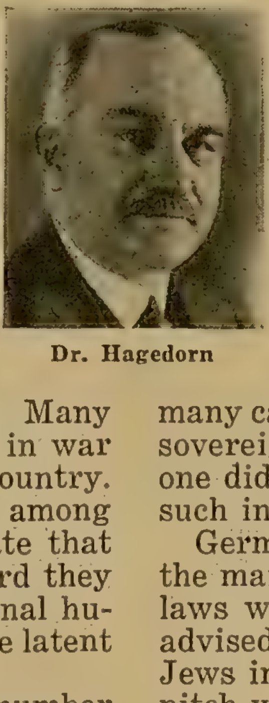
Nazi pickets supposed that this branch store's American ownership was Jewish.



"Mr. Bercovici Misjudges"

By Fred H. Hagedorn

Former Secretary of State in the German Ministry of Agriculture



Dr. Hagedorn

MR. BERCOVICI misjudges both the character of Adolf Hitler and the situation in Germany. Hitler owes his rise to power not to brute force but to the overwhelming vote of the people. Whether we agree with him or not, we cannot deny that his is the first German government in five years which has actually behind it a majority in the Reichstag as well as in the popular vote. From the point of view of democracy his mandate is unimpeachable.

It is impossible in the brief space at my disposal to discuss Hitler's career, but I must point out that the writer is wrong in discrediting the Chancellor's war record. Hitler served as a volunteer in the German army, was wounded, and received the Iron Cross of the First Class.

The Jewish question bristles with difficulties. Many thousands of Jews served Germany faithfully in war and peace and look upon her as their own country. However, there always were a few intellectuals among them who recognized no obligation to the state that harbored them. During the war and afterward they became the spokesmen of defeatism and national humiliation. This contributed largely to re-arouse latent anti-Semitic prejudices.

Many Jews—far out of proportion to their number—held office in the German Republic. Now that the pendulum has swung in the other direction, it is almost inevitable that they should suffer, just as they prospered before.

Another factor that must be considered is this: After the war many Jews came into Germany from Poland and Russia. These were largely indigestible elements. Their presence fed the anti-Jewish feeling among the Germans. This feeling is intensified by the demands of their coreligionists, voiced recently in Madison Square Garden, that Germany must permit all these immigrants to remain in Germany, even if they have not acquired German citizenship. The United States weeds out every month thousands of aliens who, for some reason or other, are regarded as undesirable. No one in Germany calls mass meetings to protest against this act of sovereignty on the part of the United States. If anyone did, the American people would rightfully resent such interference.

Germany is equally proud and equally insistent upon the maintenance of her own sovereignty and her own laws within her borders. If it had not been for ill-advised protests of this type, the feeling against the Jews in Germany would never have reached the high pitch which at this moment gives to the question an exaggerated importance.

But now Adolf Hitler is Chancellor and Dictator. His lieutenants, Goebbels, Goering, and Hugenberg, are at his side. Ernest Hanfstaengl, who once owned an art gallery in New York, is his confidential secretary; Max Amann is the business manager of the Hitler press and publishing house; the master of the Krupp ammunition factories has a hand in the government; a Prince Gotha is the dictator of roads and communication; and President Hindenburg's signature is no longer needed at the bottom of decrees and treaties. Hitler and Hitlerism are there to stay—unless—unless the old Kaiser comes back.

The Nazi movement is first of all a gigantic publishing business. The five hundred thousand storm troops of Hitler are five hundred thousand book agents. The swastika is a trade-mark. Hitler's profits from that business are so tremendous that he has been able to refuse to accept a salary as Chancellor of the German Reich.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

the author of this article, is widely known for his stories of Roumanian gypsies. He came to America from his native Roumania in 1916, and has since lived either in New York or near by on his Connecticut farm.

The son of a small Austrian employee of customs, Adolf Hitler arrived in Vienna in 1910, a young man of twenty, without trade or profession and practically illiterate, for he had not finished grammar school.

For a year he worked at whatever he could lay his hands on—house-painting, dish-washing and errand-running at hotels. Though born in Austria, he hated his fatherland with an unreasonable, almost insane hatred. He never associated with women and never joined the gay Viennese in their lighter gayeties. He was a peculiar youth and worked only occasionally —when he had to. Men who knew him then remember him only because of his clumsy attempts at drawing. When he had become involved with the police because of his singularity and his expressed hatred of his fatherland, some Jewish workingmen speeded Adolf across the border into Germany.

In Munich, Adolf the Slovak, as they called him, lived as a vagabond, worked occasionally, and spent most of his days and nights at the beer houses, where he is remembered because of brawls in which heads were smashed by heavy beer glasses.

When the war broke out, Hitler enlisted in the German army. Notwithstanding his mouthings that he was a valiant soldier, the fact is that he spent more time in hospitals, to heal minor wounds and to cure an inflammation of the eyes, than at the front.

The Armistice. The end of the war. Picture for yourself the disbanding of the enormous German army after its defeat and the chaotic condition then prevailing in Germany. Adolf Hitler had no home to go to. He could not return to Austria; technically he was a deserter from the Austrian army. He had no home in Germany. He belonged to no organization. He was a starved misfit vagabond in rags, with no money, no country, and no profession. And he was practically an illiterate. Always a good hater—for he hated his own country and kin when he had nobody else to hate—he had added to his baggage hatreds for the French and the English and the Americans. If he liked the Italians it was chiefly because they had beaten the Austrians.

QUITE by accident he ran into six other men like himself—social misfits left over from the war—in a beer cellar known as the Alten Rosenbad in Munich. These boys accepted him as their seventh. Between beers they talked politics. Adolf listened. One day they decided to rowdy up the street a bit. When a crowd had collected, Hitler, like Balaam's ass, found his tongue; and to his own surprise and the surprise of his six friends, the people were willing to listen.

Drunk with his first success as a speaker, Hitler and the six repaired to the street the following evening, and then Hitler had an inspiration. He denounced the Jews. It was sweet music to the ears of the crowd of defeated German soldiers. Hitler told them that they and their generals had been valiant on the battle front but had been defeated because the Jews had betrayed them. The German Jews had sold the German army to the Allies. The American army was really the army of the Jews.

A few broken windows, a short scrimmage with the police, and the seven friends found themselves back at the Alten Rosenbad, where they were soon joined by a number of other young men. The Nationalist Party was organized then and there. Because of his powerful voice, Hitler was nicknamed *der Trommler* (the drummer), a nickname he accepted and cherishes to this day.

Hitler's original party platform had only four words: "Down with the Jews." All the rest of the Nazi program was later furnished by Gottfried Feder, an engineer who took charge of Hitler's political education and wrote most of his speeches. Ludendorff, Goebbels and Goering, and all the others climbed on to the Hitler wagon at a much later date. When they took him in hand the Nazi leader included in his program the abolition of the German Republic, the destruction of Communism, the abolition of Parliament, and the restoration of the monarchy, as well as the cancellation of all the external debt of Germany. Republicanism, Communism, parliamentarism were denounced as Jewish inventions.

THERE has been much speculation, in and out of Germany, about where the Nazis got twenty-five million dollars last summer to put four hundred and fifty thousand men in new uniforms and to arm them in one single day. Max Amann could furnish the answer to that. But he won't.

In Germany those who know say that the money came—

First, from the ammunition manufacturers, hopeful of rearming Germany.

Second, from the profits of the enormous sale of Nazi pamphlets, books, newspapers, and uniforms.

Third, from monarchist sympathizers anxious to restore to power the Hohenzollern dynasty.

Fourth, from blackmailing wealthy Jews.

People also speak of funds put at Hitler's disposal by the Italian Fascisti. I am disinclined to believe this rumor. Mussolini was undoubtedly sympathetic to the anti-Communistic policy of the Nazis, but it is highly improbable that he subscribed to Hitler's savage anti-Jewishness. Hitler poses as a second Benito; but the only point of resemblance between the two is in their ability to sway the masses. True, both men once professed Socialism. But there is no comparison between the intellectuality of Benito Mussolini and that of Hitler.

Until von Papen's advent to power the Nazis had been forbidden to wear uniforms or to walk about armed. Officially von Papen and Hitler were on opposite sides of the fence. Actually von Papen procured for him the decree signed by President von Hindenburg allowing the Nazis to wear uniforms. Thereupon Berlin was overrun by Nazi storm troops dressed in that peculiar, effeminate brown military uniform designed for them by Adolf Hitler.

Though von Papen was still Chancellor, the excesses against the Jews date from the day the Nazis were put in uniform. Jewish heads were smashed. Jewish doors were broken down. Jewish beards were torn. And a celebrated Spanish architect was beaten on the streets of Berlin because of his Semitic appearance.

Ardent Nazis broke into workingmen's centers, destroyed printing presses, and broke the heads of men working for a Socialist paper. The Socialists as well as the Communists had not yet been outlawed. They were political parties with several hundred seats in the Reichstag.

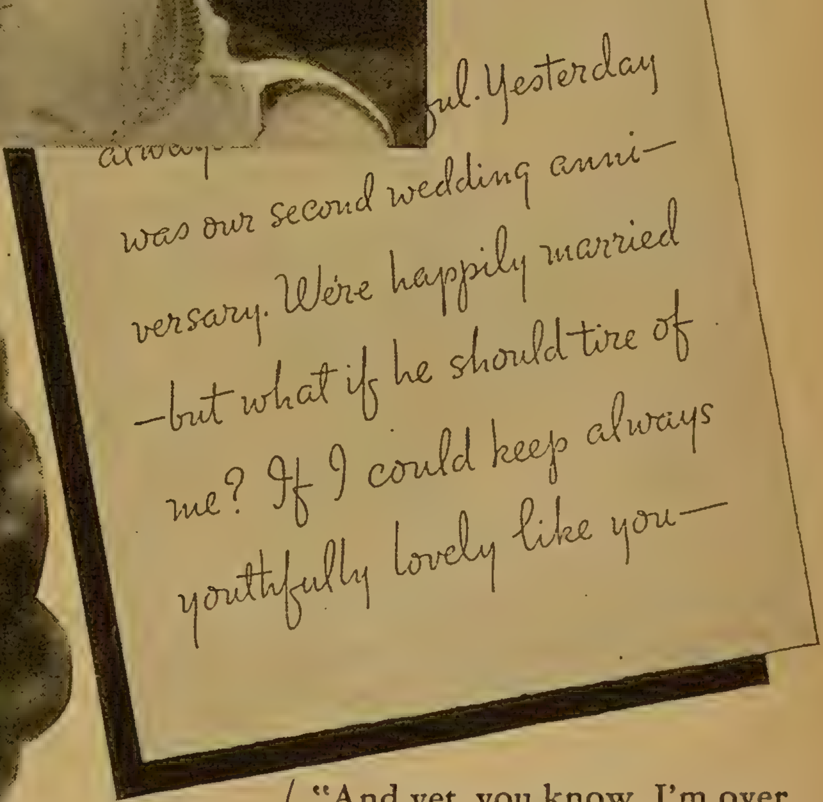
I was present during the Moabit disturbances. To protect themselves against the Nazis, the workingmen erected barricades in the street. The police counted sixteen dead at the end of that fight. When the Nazis met revolver shot for revolver shot, they dispersed and wandered into the Jewish quarters. The Jews killed on that occasion were counted as among the Communist dead, though Berlin Jews knew better.

I spoke to many representative Jews. They begged me not to tell or write about what I had seen. They were, first of all, Germans, they

(Continued on page twenty)

"what if he should tire of me?"—

From
Aileen
Pringle's
Fan Mail



ful. Yesterday was our second wedding anniversary. We're happily married —but what if he should tire of me? If I could keep always youthfully lovely like you—

Aileen Pringle's Answer:

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your *skin* young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

OF the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fragrant white soap—why not begin today to use it for *your* skin? Why not make *your* skin as smooth and radiantly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly for a month. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

"Right in the mitt"

Real savings on SHOE BILLS!

YOU can't expect a fellow to be careful of his shoes when he knocks a homer—but *you* can be careful of costs by putting him on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

Tough? No sole ever built will outwear them. And boys like them because they're sure-footed, comfortable, waterproof.

Soles that wear longer make shoes wear longer. So be thrifty by asking for Goodyear Wingfoot Soles when you buy new shoes — or when you get shoes repaired. They wear longer, but they cost no more.

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot

SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

(Continued from page eighteen) told me. The dissemination of the truth would give Germany a bad reputation, they argued. They assured me that this was only a sporadic outburst. They had faith in the German police; Dr. Weiss, a Jew, was still vice president of the police. They had faith in Hindenburg. Hitler himself might yet be brought to listen to reason. Nothing further would happen. Anyhow, it was a German affair that the German Jews knew best how to handle.

There were Nazi outbursts in Frankfurt and in Hamburg and in Cologne. In Spandau only the very close members of a Jewish family knew that the woman they were burying had been horribly mutilated and killed in the street. The Jews did not want anything said about what was happening. They were too proud of being Germans. The Nazis, they said, were not Germans—they were degenerates. Hitler was not a German but a Slovak. A German would not have incited a mob to fall upon unarmed and innocent victims. Jewish corpses were found on streets, here and there and everywhere. And still German Jews refused to make any outcry.

Later on wealthy Jews I met in Berlin told me that they hoped Hitler would come into power soon. In power he would not be the same demagogue and Jew-baiter. The responsibilities of government would tame him.

When I suggested that though Hitler might change his attitude once in power he would not be able to restrain the half million uniformed beasts he had created, I was told to show more faith in German good sense.

Meanwhile the excesses continued. And then some of the Jews protested. What happened to these protestants is now part of the history of the Nazi cruelties.

These were only preliminaries for "the Day." Or, as one of the Nazi lieutenants told me, "We are only practicing now for the great concert."

ONE of Germany's great poets told me: "Look at the faces of the storm troops—the degenerate ugly faces. You can't associate them in your mind with the German nation. Hitler has combed the dregs of Germany for his army. And we will stand accused for what they will do."

I have never seen uglier or more deformed faces. At a Nazi meeting I was paralyzed with horror when I faced ten thousand pairs of staring insane eyes and ten thousand mouths that frothed every time a speaker drove home a point against the Jews—the Jews and the Socialists and the Marxists and the Republicans rolled into one.

There are only about a hundred and fifty thousand adult Jews in Germany. There are probably more than twelve million Communists, and if we count the Socialists and the Republicans with them the figure would surely be over twenty million. And yet Communists, Socialists, and Republicans were all lumped together as Jews.

Frightened by the storm of indignation, the Hitlerites have coerced the German Jews into denying that any atrocities have been committed against their coreligionists. But what are such denials worth? Hitler has risen to power on the strength of an anti-Jewish platform. He promised his followers that when he came into power he would allow them to take freely of Jewish blood and Jewish wealth. Should he now refuse them what he has promised, he would himself be accused of selling out to the Jews and his life would be endangered.

WHILE von Papen was still Chancellor, and the best Germans still doubted that von Hindenburg would permit Hitler to come into power, representatives of Nazi-fied financial interests were bringing pressure on Jewish business men, pointing out that it would be better for them to sell out than to wait until it was taken away from them. The Hugenberg agents were at work; so were the agents of the von Bohls and the agents of the mammoth glass factories in Silesia. Attacks on Jews all over Germany coincided with transfers of Jewish interests.

Under threats of what would be done to them when Hitler came into power, the Jews sold out to their non-Jewish competitors. The Nazi régime will attempt to deny this and the Jews themselves will be made to deny it. But I know from first-hand information of the extortionist methods of those who are ruining Germany. I know what I know and I have seen what I have seen. The excuse of the Nazi government that American citizens have been maltreated without the assailants knowing that they were Americans speaks for itself. The only regret is that they were Americans—not that they were tortured.

Von Papen was still Chancellor and the storm troops had no official standing; yet the *Schützpolizei*—the official police—refused to interfere at my request when Hitlerites were beating up an old woman on Pariser Strasse. The word was out that police who interfered with Nazi troops would be displaced the moment Hitler came into power. Hitler has already fulfilled that promise. His opponents are dead, exiled, or in jail.

When I refused to buy the Völkischer Beobachter and Der Angriff offered to me in front of the Zoo by a brown-shirted fool, I was surrounded by half a dozen brown-shirts, and only the presence of a monocled friend saved me from greater unpleasantness.

Von Papen was still Chancellor, but the military barracks of Spandau were used by Hitler's army, who stored there their machine guns and herded within the walls the Jews they tortured and from whom they extorted money and sales bills. Jewish doctors told me they were made to sign death certificates giving heart disease as the cause of death when the actual causes were searing irons and even more unspeakable tortures.

No one who knows Count Hilldorf, the commander in chief of the Berlin storm troops, can have any illusion as to what happened the day Hitler came into power.

The same men who misinformed Germany about America during the World War are now in charge of German propaganda in America and direct the German news for American consumption as well as the American news for German consumption. The same policy of bluff and denials is pursued as was followed during the World War with so disastrous an effect for Germany.

Letters from Jews now in Switzerland and France bring the information that the swastika crowd is reaping a heavy harvest by buying out for little money hotels, stores, restaurants, and other businesses owned by Jews. Homes are sold for nominal prices. Local Nazis in small German towns are selling protection to Jewish merchants and heads of families at so much per head. The Jews are forced to subscribe three and four times over to all the Nazi newspapers and publications. No one dares to protest. The Hitlerites cry, "Out with the Jews!" But Jews are not permitted to leave the country at will. And people continue to disappear—no one knows where.

EVEN the sons and daughters of baptized Jews are not exempt from persecution and torture. In Spandau, Nazi troopers waited outside a church on a Sunday to drag away into the woods a man and his wife, to punish them for desecrating the church with their presence. Both of them were released after being beaten and after they had made a heavy contribution to the Nazi fund.

The Jews who had sought refuge from Polish persecutions in the Palatinate are plunged in a plight worse than that of the Jews of the rest of Germany. They are not only Jews in Germany, but also strangers—and Poles at that. Polish Jews still wear outlandish clothes and beards and side locks. They are easily recognizable. They don't dare go out into the streets. The German Jews have refused to interfere in their behalf.

But the Hanfstaengls and the Goerings and the Goebbelses and all the other apologists of a régime they, as good Germans, ought to be ashamed of, will step forward on the stage of the world and brand everything I have said as malicious lies spread by the enemies of Germany. When the smoke clears, the Angriffs and the Beobachters will have a million more subscriptions, the Hugenbergs and the Krupps will own a few more factories. Thousands of homes will mourn their dead, and a black shroud will be drawn over an epoch that Germany will want to forget.

THE END

Remarkable offer introduces important Kotex discovery The PATENTED* EQUALIZER

3 KOTEX with Patented Equalizer for only 59c

(*in United States only*)

A RADICAL innovation! . . . Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection . . . but something new, different. Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer! And—look!—offered at a sensationally low introductory price.

Insured safety

Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The center equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry. An intimate explanation of the new equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special non-revealing protection. Absorbency, softness, disposability remain unchanged. Remember, too, that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. Try Kotex with Patented Equalizer!

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a story booklet, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2100B, care of Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**The New Patented Equalizer cannot be duplicated in any other pad—it is protected by U. S. Government Patent No. 1,863,333. For your own protection always make sure you get the genuine Kotex with Patented Equalizer.*

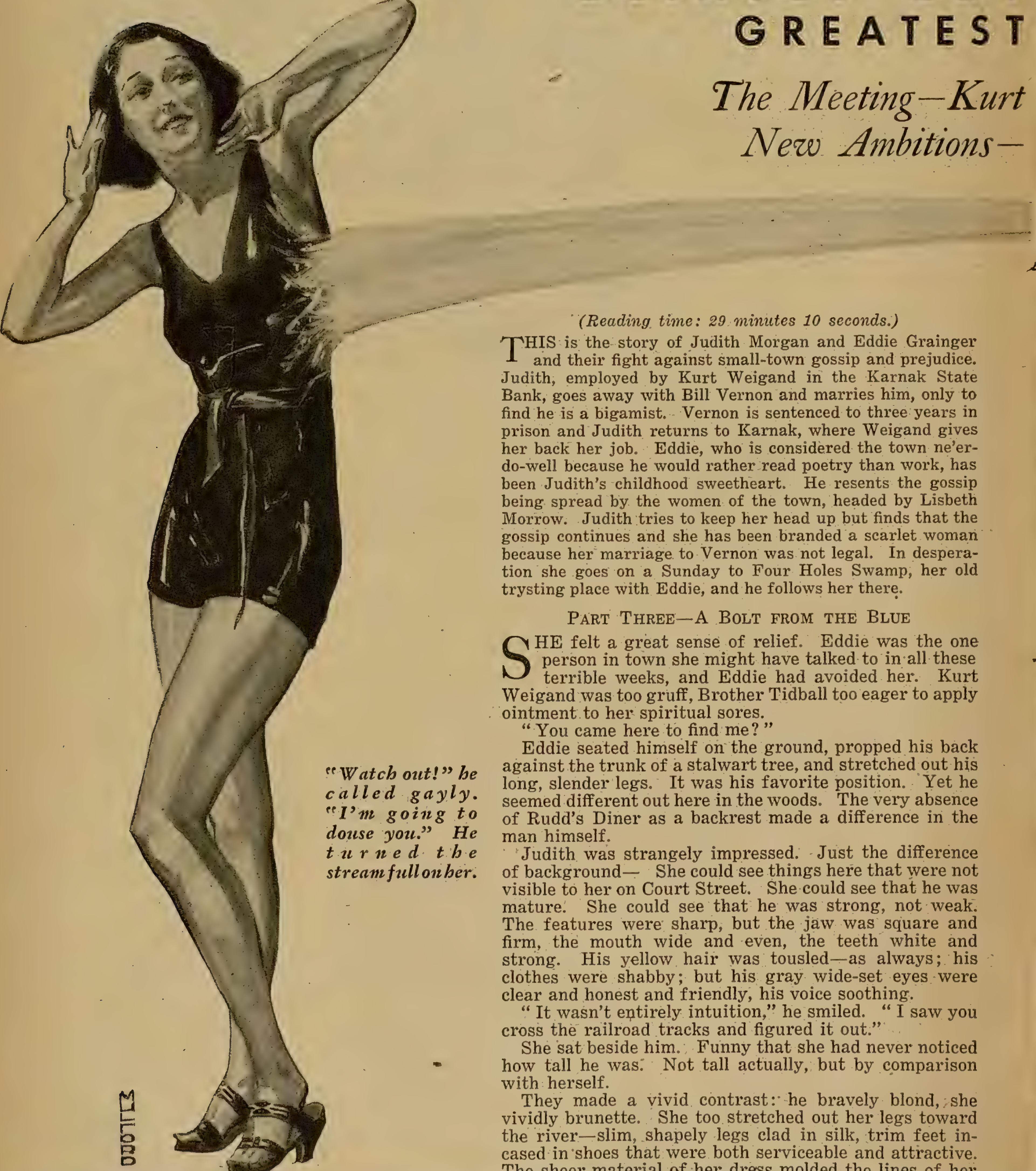
Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

KOTEX
KOTEX
KOTEX
KOTEX

SCARLET

OCTAVUS ROY
GREATEST

The Meeting—Kurt
New Ambitions—



"Watch out!" he called gayly. "I'm going to douse you." He turned the stream full on her.

(Reading time: 29 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith Morgan and Eddie Grainger and their fight against small-town gossip and prejudice. Judith, employed by Kurt Weigand in the Karnak State Bank, goes away with Bill Vernon and marries him, only to find he is a bigamist. Vernon is sentenced to three years in prison and Judith returns to Karnak, where Weigand gives her back her job. Eddie, who is considered the town ne'er-do-well because he would rather read poetry than work, has been Judith's childhood sweetheart. He resents the gossip being spread by the women of the town, headed by Lisbeth Morrow. Judith tries to keep her head up but finds that the gossip continues and she has been branded a scarlet woman because her marriage to Vernon was not legal. In desperation she goes on a Sunday to Four Holes Swamp, her old trysting place with Eddie, and he follows her there.

Part Three—A Bolt from the Blue

SHE felt a great sense of relief. Eddie was the one person in town she might have talked to in all these terrible weeks, and Eddie had avoided her. Kurt Weigand was too gruff, Brother Tidball too eager to apply ointment to her spiritual sores.

"You came here to find me?"

Eddie seated himself on the ground, propped his back against the trunk of a stalwart tree, and stretched out his long, slender legs. It was his favorite position. Yet he seemed different out here in the woods. The very absence of Rudd's Diner as a backrest made a difference in the man himself.

Judith was strangely impressed. Just the difference of background— She could see things here that were not visible to her on Court Street. She could see that he was mature. She could see that he was strong, not weak. The features were sharp, but the jaw was square and firm, the mouth wide and even, the teeth white and strong. His yellow hair was tousled—as always; his clothes were shabby; but his gray wide-set eyes were clear and honest and friendly, his voice soothing.

"It wasn't entirely intuition," he smiled. "I saw you cross the railroad tracks and figured it out."

She sat beside him. Funny that she had never noticed how tall he was. Not tall actually, but by comparison with herself.

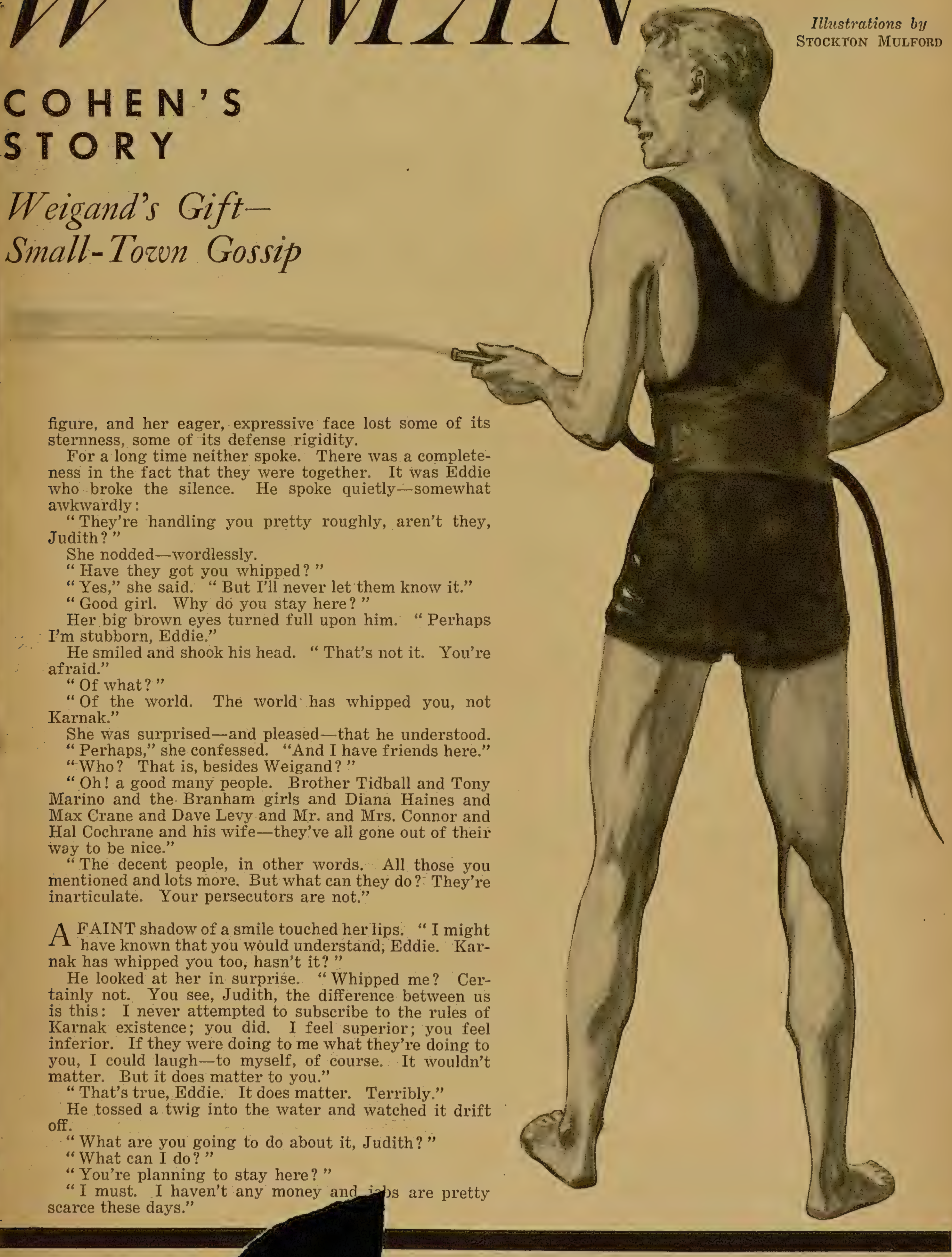
They made a vivid contrast: he bravely blond, she vividly brunette. She too stretched out her legs toward the river—slim, shapely legs clad in silk, trim feet incased in shoes that were both serviceable and attractive. The sheer material of her dress molded the lines of her

WOMAN

COHEN'S STORY

Weigand's Gift—Small-Town Gossip

Illustrations by
STOCKTON MULFORD



figure, and her eager, expressive face lost some of its sternness, some of its defense rigidity.

For a long time neither spoke. There was a completeness in the fact that they were together. It was Eddie who broke the silence. He spoke quietly—somewhat awkwardly:

"They're handling you pretty roughly, aren't they, Judith?"

She nodded—wordlessly.

"Have they got you whipped?"

"Yes," she said. "But I'll never let them know it."

"Good girl. Why do you stay here?"

Her big brown eyes turned full upon him. "Perhaps I'm stubborn, Eddie."

He smiled and shook his head. "That's not it. You're afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of the world. The world has whipped you, not Karnak."

She was surprised—and pleased—that he understood.

"Perhaps," she confessed. "And I have friends here."

"Who? That is, besides Weigand?"

"Oh! a good many people. Brother Tidball and Tony Marino and the Branham girls and Diana Haines and Max Crane and Dave Levy and Mr. and Mrs. Connor and Hal Cochrane and his wife—they've all gone out of their way to be nice."

"The decent people, in other words. All those you mentioned and lots more. But what can they do? They're inarticulate. Your persecutors are not."

A FAINT shadow of a smile touched her lips. "I might have known that you would understand, Eddie. Karnak has whipped you too, hasn't it?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Whipped me? Certainly not. You see, Judith, the difference between us is this: I never attempted to subscribe to the rules of Karnak existence; you did. I feel superior; you feel inferior. If they were doing to me what they're doing to you, I could laugh—to myself, of course. It wouldn't matter. But it does matter to you."

"That's true, Eddie. It does matter. Terribly."

He tossed a twig into the water and watched it drift off.

"What are you going to do about it, Judith?"

"What can I do?"

"You're planning to stay here?"

"I must. I haven't any money and jobs are pretty scarce these days."

“ Hm-m-m. And dash your brains out against the granite wall of intolerance? ”

“ There’s nothing else I can do. Nothing. It isn’t what I want: it’s what I must! Do you realize that you’re the first person I’ve been able to talk to since I got back here? Kurt Weigand is fond of me, but nobody can talk to him: he just isn’t built that way. And it isn’t enough just to know that someone understands and sympathizes. I’ve got to talk things out or—or I’ll explode! ”

“ That’s why I followed you, Judith. I figured it might be good to get things off your chest.”

There were tears in her eyes, not of cowardice but of relief—relief that to Eddie she could say the things she dared not tell even herself. She confessed her misery, her loneliness.

“ That’s the worst part of it, Eddie: the loneliness. People all around me, folks I’ve known all my life, boys and girls of my own age—that I grew up with. And I’m on guard all the time. I’m acting. I’m under a strain. They speak to me—but even when they do I’m alone. More then than ever, I think. It isn’t fair! ”

“ It’s rotten,” he agreed simply.

“ Will it get better? ” she inquired eagerly.

“ No-o. It won’t get better. Regarding you as a fallen creature is becoming a habit. Or should I be less honest? ”

“ Not less honest, Eddie. Not ever.”

“ Very well. You see, I’ve understood from the beginning. I’ve been this town’s only spectator for years. It’s good enough; about as good as any other town. It has some fine people. But the ones who make the most noise are not fine—people like Lisbeth Morrow.”

“ But I can’t stand the loneliness, Eddie! ”

“ I don’t believe you can.” His voice shook just a trifle. “ I waited until I was sure that you were lonely, that you understood exactly what you were up against. Then I followed you down here—to suggest something.”

She looked at him gratefully, hopefully. “ What, Eddie? ”

“ It occurred to me,” he said evenly—not daring to meet her eyes squarely—“ that perhaps, under the circumstances, you might be willing to marry me.”

For a long time neither spoke. Then with a shy grateful gesture she reached out and touched his hand.

“ You’re really serious, aren’t you, Eddie? ”

He struggled to maintain his cherished calm, to keep his voice steady—and casual.

“ Of course I’m serious. I haven’t much to offer. I’m the town character. Which has always amused me till now. You’ll have to take my word for it, Judith, that if I were the most successful man in town I’d still make the offer.”

“ Yes—you would. You’re that kind.”

“ PERHAPS,” he explained slowly—“perhaps you don’t understand clearly what you’re facing in Karnak. Each day that passes is going to be harder for you. These things pile on each other They have what the doctors call a cumulative effect. It’s wearing you down now—and in the end it will break you.”

“ I realize that, Eddie.”

“ In a certain way, we’re the town outcasts. I’m worthless and indifferent. You—well, they’re pointing fingers at you. They’re not more hostile only because they’re afraid of Kurt Weigand. Except for Ernie Rudd, I have no real friends. The few you have can’t go on defending you forever. It just struck me that perhaps—by sharing our loneliness—we might beat this thing. And when we do I—I’ll let you go.”

Judith wondered why she was trembling, wondered why she wanted him to say more than he was saying. She looked at his strong, sensitive face, at his lithe figure, his delicate hands.

“ It’s wonderful of you, Eddie. But of course I can’t.”

“ Certainly not.” He flushed. “ I probably shouldn’t even have offered. It would give them something to talk about, wouldn’t it? My effort to make an honest woman of you! Eddie Grainger, the town bum, married to the scarlet lady! ” He gave a short bitter laugh.

“ Don’t! ” She caught his arm. “ That isn’t fair, and you know it. I’m not refusing for my own sake; I’m thinking of you.”

“ No. That don’t go, Judith. You see, I’ve always loved you—” He stared toward the bend in the river—stared at the red waters turned golden under the morning sun; at the deep black pools in the shadows of cypress trees. “ Let me make something clear: I wasn’t asking you to be my wife—really. I was only suggesting that we marry. Then we could live under the same roof; we could provide each other with the companionship, the sympathy and understanding, which we both need. The town would laugh. It would sneer. But perhaps, between us, we wouldn’t care.”

“ You—you make it sound very attractive.”

“ You don’t have to decide now. I’m here all the time—any time. And I’ll do something for you, Judith, that I wouldn’t do for anybody else in the world. I’ll work. I will bow down before the gods of success. I will become the ambitious young man.”

“ That would be a sacrifice, wouldn’t it? ”

HE nodded. “ Yes. I don’t care for that sort of thing. Perhaps I’ve been wrong.”

“ You have been, Eddie—you have. You can’t be different from the rest of the world and get away with it.” She gave a choky little laugh. “ Perhaps it would be good for you if I did marry you. Once you found yourself, you’d also find happiness.”

“ I would be happy married to you, Judith. But that isn’t the point. Even you have never quite understood me. It isn’t that I’m afraid of work. I don’t cringe from physical effort. It’s just that the thing seems so senseless: this rushing around from morning until night doing the same things in the same way every day, discussing the same topics, immersing yourself in petty details that are never new and never old.”

He rose and stood before her, his face alive and alight.

“ For six years I have lived placidly. I haven’t been worried or troubled. I’ve taught myself to be indifferent to the sneers of inferiors. I haven’t concerned myself with the mad rush to get nowhere. And here I am, healthy and happy, and wiser for the reading and thinking I’ve done. Don’t you think I’m better off than if I’d been slaving in a store or grubbing in a law office? ”

She regarded him with wide, serious eyes. “ You may be right, Eddie. Perhaps you are. But why do you offer to work—if we should marry? ”

“ Because I would want to command the respect of the town for your sake. Because they would understand that, where they don’t understand me now. I’d have to give ’em something to tie to. Maybe ”—and he grinned infectiously—“ maybe if they thought you were saving me from perdition they’d feel more kindly toward you.”

“ I’m not thinking of myself—entirely.”

“ You never do. You see, Judith, this is the first time in my life—since father died—that I’ve ever figured I might be of use to somebody. You might give me the chance. And you needn’t be afraid that I would—would presume on the fact that we were married.”

She smiled shyly. “ I wouldn’t be afraid, Eddie.”

He turned away, that she might not see his eyes. “ I’m trying to be practical—not sentimental.”

“ Are you afraid of sentiment? ”

“ Perhaps. And certainly you are. Think it over—and then let me know.”

She stood before him and reached up so that her hands were on his shoulders.

“ You know what it would mean, Eddie? ”

“ Do I know what *what* would mean? ”

“ Your marrying me. It would mean that you would try to make a place for yourself in the community, and that you wouldn’t succeed. It would mean that you would be subjected to unpleasantness because of the town’s unjust attitude toward me—”

“ It would mean,” he interrupted, “ that every evening we would be together. Alone. That we could see eye to eye and forget the town just outside our gate.”

“ Yes—it w[illegible]an that. Oh, can’t you see that I want to do it? [illegible]nderstand that you’re offering a wonderful s[illegible]therwise unsolvable problem? I'd say yes, Eddie—I'd say yes right now—if I didn't believe I'd be hurting you."

His hands tightened on her arms.

"Look at me, Judith."

She stared straight into his gray eyes.

"Now," he ordered tensely, "tell me whether you think you'd be hurting me."

The color crept upward from her throat. "Why didn't you tell me this before—before—"

"You didn't need me then. Perhaps you don't need me now."

"But I do! I do need you!"

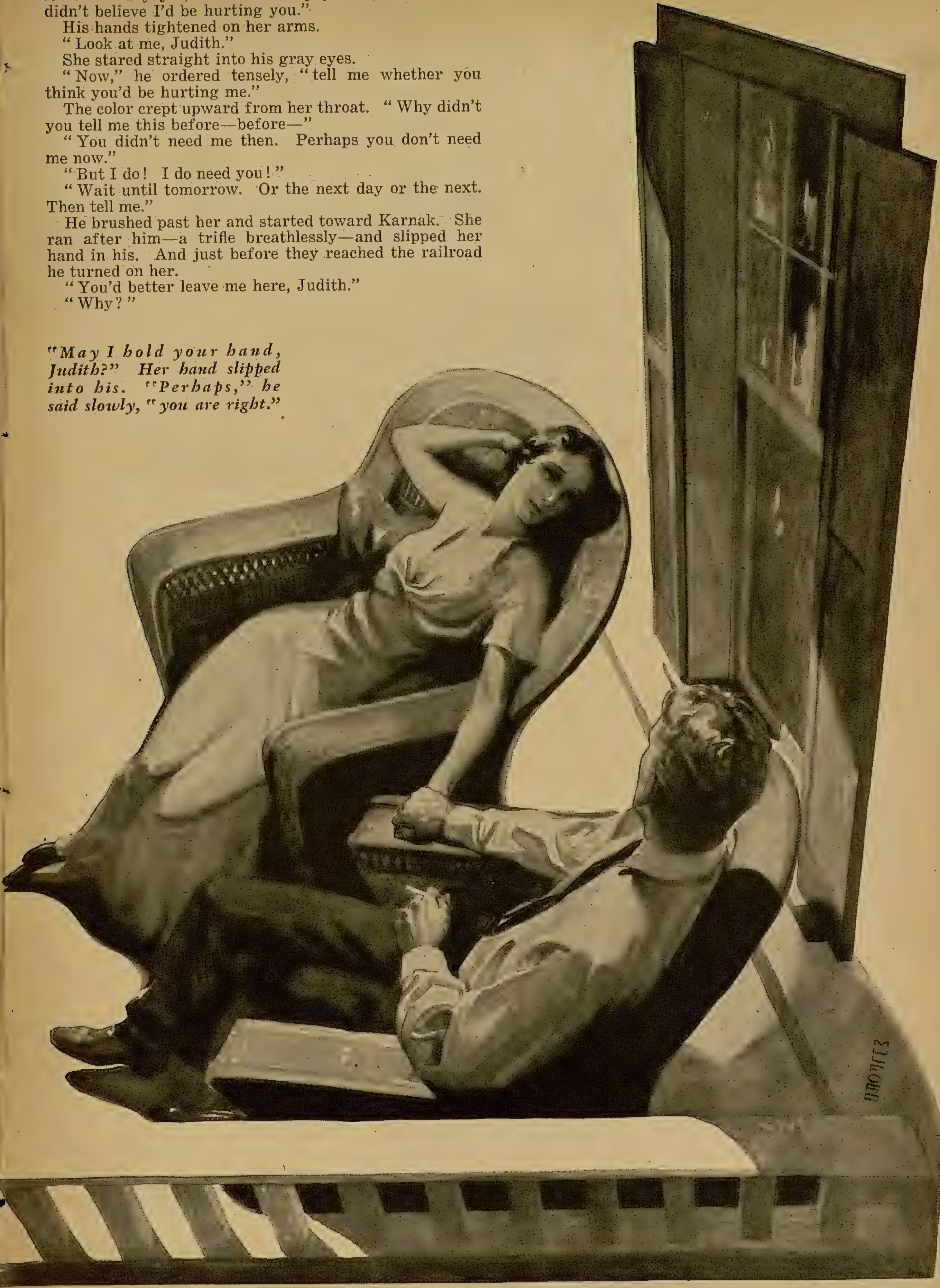
"Wait until tomorrow. Or the next day or the next. Then tell me."

He brushed past her and started toward Karnak. She ran after him—a trifle breathlessly—and slipped her hand in his. And just before they reached the railroad he turned on her.

"You'd better leave me here, Judith."

"Why?"

"May I hold your hand, Judith?" Her hand slipped into his. "Perhaps," he said slowly, "you are right."



“Because church will be out. People will see us together.”

Her brown eyes sparkled.

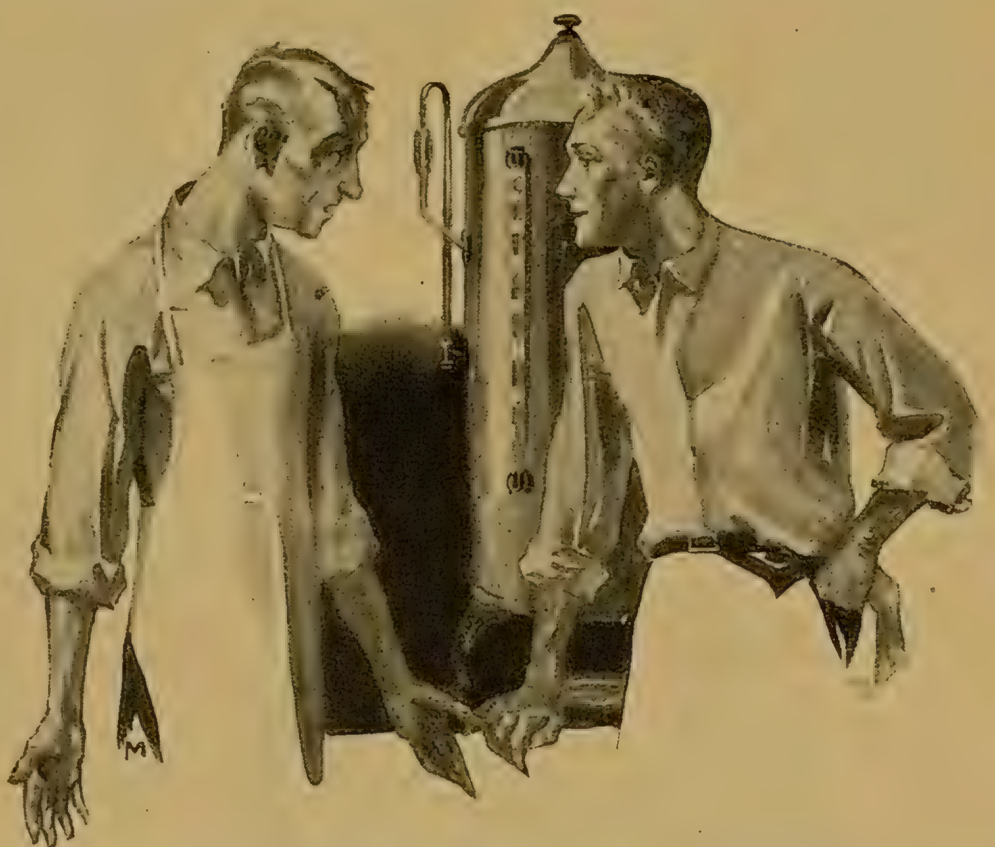
“They'll be seeing us together a good bit after we're married, won't they, Eddie?”

And the next night they were married.

At four o'clock they visited the Court House and demanded a license. Smith Edge goggled at them and rushed out to spread the news. It swept through Karnak like a high-voltage current.

Apparently there was no end to the benefits which Judith Morgan could confer upon gossip-starved Karnak. Sensation piled on sensation. Women like Lisbeth Morrow blessed her even while they condemned. The populace was pleased to snicker and sneer. Vitriol dripped from a hundred tongues. The crowd at Lefty Bragan's poolroom made remarks and passed filthy innuendo.

They were married in the parlor of Kurt Weigand's tiny cottage on Court Street. Kurt was there, snarling and snapping—and beaming. Brother Tidball performed the ceremony. He prayed that these fine young folks might be saved—though he neglected to mention just what it was they needed to be saved from. Weigand's housekeeper and Ernie Rudd were the witnesses.



“You'll ruin me,” groaned Ernie. “The old bunch will think I'm high-hattin' 'em.”

During the ceremony Eddie Grainger stood rigidly, his eyes never wavering from an ancient lithograph depicting the final and unhappy demise of General Custer. Judith, too, was like a miniature statue. Her body felt alternately cold and blazing hot.

“. . . and I pronounce you man and wife.”

Kurt Weigand called Judith aside. He shoved something into her hands.

“Wedding present,” he said brusquely.

Her eyes filled with tears and she shook her head.

“'Tain't much,” growled Kurt. “It's a deed to the old Givens cottage on Railroad Avenue. Away from everything. It's just been done over. Had some furniture moved in there this afternoon.”

She tried to thank him, and choked.

Kurt Weigand touched Eddie on the shoulder. “There's a high fence around that cottage,” he snapped. “Keep it there. And stay inside. It's tall enough to keep the jackals out.”

OLEANDERS, japonicas, azaleas, Cape jasmine, and hundreds and hundreds of roses bloomed lavishly behind the high fence which isolated Eddie and Judith from the rest of Karnak. The plot of ground was small, the house modest; but it was an island of serenity in a sea of bitterness.

Lisbeth Morrow coined a phrase: “The outcast has married the town magdalen.” She was a trifle surprised when she first uttered it—surprised and pleased—and she took pains to repeat it frequently and with gusto. She said it once—just once—to her husband. Quincy Morrow frowned.

“You have a poisonous mind, Lisbeth.”

“I suppose you're standing up for that disgraceful girl.”

“I am.”

“Hmph! You men will do anything when your pocketbook is threatened. You're afraid of Kurt Weigand. Well, I'm not, and I'd just as soon tell him right to his face what I think of him for flaunting her before decent people!”

Morrow shrugged. “That might not be a happy idea, Lisbeth. Weigand can break me tomorrow—if he cares to.”

During the long summer evenings Eddie and Judith worked in their garden. Invariably it took them an hour or more to throw off the melancholy begotten by a day of caustic comment, sidewise glances, and overt hostility. Then inevitably their sense of humor would save them and, like tonight, they would finish their supper, wash the dishes together, and seat themselves on the veranda which spanned the front of their modest home. Their home was on the corner of Cypress and Railroad avenues. Across the street from the side of the cottage was the Parkers' cotton gin, and a half hundred yards to the north was a yellow section house occupied by the section foreman and his incredibly fecund spouse.

THEY were nice enough people; friendly and neighborly and not too righteous. For the most part, however, the young couple preferred to isolate themselves.

The high fence separated them from the railroad right of way, though not entirely from smoke and cinders. But on evenings like this they could see over the fence. They could see the purple haze which hung always over the vast expanse of Four Holes Swamp.

Tonight Eddie was a trifle despondent. “I'm beginning to think Karnak was right, Judith.”

“About what?”

“Myself. Try high, try low, I can't land a job—not any sort of a job.”

She touched his hand. “Don't let that worry you.”

“But it does worry me. You're supporting the family.”

“What difference does that make? I have more than enough for both of us, the house is ours—”

“Yours!”

“Ours! And one of these days some citizen will have a brain wave and give you a job.”

“Wrong, young lady. With the result that I shall probably take up regular work with Ernie Rudd until something better offers.”

“Good boy! And just what do you expect to do?”

“For one thing, I can keep his place clean. Ernie is a gorgeous old chap, but his ideas of sanitation are simply nonexistent. Of course he'll resent cleanliness, but I shall fight stubbornly for what is right and antiseptic. I shall sacrifice even his happiness on the altar of civic betterment. Which should give Lisbeth Morrow something more to talk about.”

Judith laughed.

“She *is* rather vicious, isn't she?”

“Ghastly. Every time I look at her I get a fresh understanding of the delights of homicide.” He rose suddenly and walked to the end of the veranda. She looked after him in surprise, then rose and joined him.

“What's the matter, Eddie?”

He whirled, his face livid. “I can't stand much more of this, Judith. It's all very well for you to be a good sport—but the thing is breaking me! I thought the town might lay off after we were married. I thought anyway, that we could escape from it here together. I never cared what they said about me, what they thought of me. But every day now when I walk through the streets hunting a job—any sort of a job—I am cringing away from sneers against you—against myself because of you. I'm afraid that some day I will do something— Damn it! They're a rotten lousy crowd! I hate the whole putrid gang of 'em!"

"Eddie—please!"

"Don't stop me! I'm going to get it off my chest once and for all. Can't you see what they're doing? They're whipping you down through me. They can't persecute you direct because they're afraid of Weigand. They know he controls the whole county, that his bank is the heart and soul of every rotten little business and industry in the place. It isn't what they say to me or how they say it—I don't mind that. But some day I'll kill somebody who says something about you!"

"Eddie!" she chided. "And I thought you were a philosopher."

"I thought so too. And I was, when I was the only person concerned. But I'm married to you now. I love you. I'm not asking you to love me. God knows you couldn't, as worthless and useless as I am. But you can't keep me from caring for you."

"Perhaps I do love you, Eddie."

"Don't talk like that!" His voice was harsh and bitter. "I'm not blind, Judith. I know what sort of a girl you are. I realize that you are sorry for me, that you feel you owe me something for what I've tried to do, and that you'd be willing really to be my wife if I asked it. Well, I'll never ask it. And, by God! I'll never even permit it."

HER shoulders drooped. "You think I'd lie to you—about that?"

"Certainly you would. You're trying to now—but you're not convincing." He lighted a cigarette and puffed frantically. When he spoke again his voice was steadier: "I don't know what to suggest, Judith. I thought this was going to work out—but it hasn't."

"Aren't you happy?"

"Happy? What does that mean? How can I answer? There are hours alone with you when I feel that I'm happier than I ever expected to be. I thought I could give you something that you needed—"

"You have, Eddie; truly you have."

"But the situation has made me a nice, normal person. I love you and therefore I wish to protect you. And I'm helpless. I can't go around fighting with everybody who looks at me with a smirk or a sneer—and if I did I wouldn't accomplish anything. I had visions of taking my place in the community; of starting humbly and winning out by sheer energy and perseverance. I wanted to be a true Horatio Alger hero. I still want to. But they won't give me the chance. Instead of solving the problem, our marriage has complicated it."

"Not for me it hasn't. Now get this, Eddie—and get it straight." She stood very close—dangerously close—

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY NOW. JUST FOLLOW MY ADVICE
NEW WAY FILLS OUT SKINNY FIGURES
IF I ONLY WEREN'T SO SKINNY AND WEAK I'D HAVE A CHANCE WITH YOU
quicker than BEER
Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

FOR years doctors prescribed beer to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin becomes fresh, radiantly clear. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, comes in pleasant little tablets. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding new pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear, indigestion fly away—you're a new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I Y" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 25, Atlanta, Ga.

to him and her eyes were level and honest. "You never did understand, and you don't understand even now, what I went through before we married. But our marriage has done this for me: It has given me a shelter to which I can return at night. It has given me a companion to whom I can talk—with whom I can forget the meanness and narrowness of the town. I admit that things are worse outside that fence. But the fence is there, and Kurt Weigand was right: it's high enough to keep the jackals out."

"What sort of work can I do, Judith? I've tried everything—or at least I've tried to try. I've run out of ideas."

"Work for Ernie Rudd, then," she said promptly. "You'll be working—and that will help."

"I've already arranged that." His sense of humor again came to the rescue. "Eddie Grainger the hamburger king! Fried country steak my specialty! Sweeping neatly and thoroughly done. Kindly patronize our sanitary lunch wagon."

She laughed—rather too merrily. "You've done everything you've set out to do, Eddie. Everything."

And for just an instant he grew serious again.

"That's not true, Judith. But some day it will be. Some day, somehow, this town is going to pay for every unkind thing it has said about you, for every insult it has given, for every injustice it has done. In all these years, Judith, I've learned one thing. I've learned how to be patient."

Dusk merged into darkness. An express train shrieked disdainfully through the town. They sat side by side in wicker chairs.

"May I hold your hand, Judith?"

Her hand slipped instantly into his.

"Perhaps," he said slowly—"perhaps you are right. Just at the moment there is no world beyond that fence."

Eddie Grainger went to work for Ernie Rudd. Mr. Rudd, long and lanky and superbly indolent, was pleased and bewildered. Eddie set diligently about the task of cleaning up Ernie's place of business. He bought white and yellow paint and startled the town—and Mr. Rudd—with his energy. Rudd's Diner shone in the sunlight and gleamed whitely when the moon hung over Four Holes Swamp. The floor inside was scraped and scrubbed. Mr. Rudd's counter was varnished. His huge coffee percolator was polished until it looked like new. His stock of crockery and near-silverware was replenished from the ten-cent store.

Eddie studied the restaurant business—as applied to the lunch-wagon profession—made an accurate and scientific compilation of the amount of food needed by Ernie, and took on his own shoulders the task of doing the daily shopping. He learned to buy fresh products cheaply. He made the place immaculate and attractive. He worked hard and steadily, much to the bewilderment of Mr. Rudd.

THAT estimable gentleman felt like a stranger in his own place. He hung around like a gangling shadow, nervous and ill at ease. He protested violently against this onslaught of cleanliness. He argued that he had made a fair living for many years and that his patrons would neither understand nor appreciate a railroad lunch wagon that was too sanitary.

"There's such a thing as bein' clean," argued Ernie, "but dawg-bite it, Eddie, you're overdoin' it!"

"Got to earn my living," said Eddie brightly. "And, goodness knows, this shack needed everything I've done."

"Why?" Ernie was unconverted. "Wasn't folks eatin' here regular? Wasn't they satisfied?"

"Maybe. But now we're going to cater to others. We'll make the place really popular."

"Hawssfeathers!" snapped Ernie, having appropriated that expression from a movie recently on display at the Hollywood. "Hawssfeathers an' tripe! Folks that eat in lunch wagons don't want things so terrible clean."

LEFTY BRAGAN'S POOL HALL

"Want it or not, they're going to get it, Ernie. And what's more, they're going to get fresh meat and vegetables—and clean china."

"You'll ruin me," groaned Ernie. "The old bunch will think I'm high-hattin' 'em."

Eddie Grainger's only regret was that his work was completed too soon. Judith had noticed a transformation during the brief period of hard labor. Eddie had been less inclined to chafe at the cruel, vicious injustice of the town, more inclined to look on the brighter side of the picture. She was afraid—now that the work was ended and the Diner shining like a bright new penny—that the old despondency would return; that Eddie would once again become victim to the condition of utter futility.

Summer was at hand—the summer of 1931. The depression was becoming more acute. It was questing for men hitherto untouched by its insidious progress. Then the heat blasted down. Day after day the thermometer in front of the Elite Drug Store stood at 112°. The town sweltered and gasped.

EVEN contract bridge—that anæsthetic pastime of the small-town dweller—became almost impossible. The cards were sticky, the players more cross and irritable than customary at a game which breeds irritability in the pleasantest of weather. The Ladies' Culture Club met steadfastly and discussed the heat on terms of equality with the Judith-Eddie marriage.

The town suffered atrociously. At night a miasma hung over the swamp; no breath stirred the tips of the stalwart pines. And then one evening Judith appeared with two bathing suits, one for herself and one for Eddie. They donned the suits, went into their little garden, and turned the hose on each another.

It was glorious fun. They romped like children and laughed gleefully, so that one of the Parker boys—age fifty-one—ambled across from his cotton gin and peeped over the fence to investigate the unseemly merriment.

The Parker boys owned the cotton gin on the corner opposite the Grainger home. They were cousins—not brothers—and each bore the first name of Bill. Karnak, always quick to catalogue marked characteristics, had many years before learned to differentiate between the two. The tall one, who now spied upon Eddie and Judith, was known as Turkey Bill Parker—presumably from his manner of walking. The other, for reasons decidedly more obvious, was known as Lying Bill Parker.

They were energetic at times, indolent at others, and they knew their own business as well as the business of everybody else in Karnak. They were eager to be regarded as hard characters—in moderation, of course. They wore blue overalls habitually, and vied with each other in their superb disregard of truth.

Turkey Bill peeped into the Grainger yard. He was impressed with what he saw. So impressed, in fact, that he continued to stare. Lying Bill roused himself from a state of torpor to discover why his partner was so absorbed. One glimpse was enough.

"Purty neat figger," grunted Lying Bill, for once compelled to tell the truth. "Purty neat."

Eddie, ignorant of the fact that they were being spied upon, was in the process of making similar comment to his wife:

"You look beautiful, Judith."

She sparkled and shook the water from her shoulders.

"You think so, m'lord?"

"I never realized— In high school I used to think you were just a skinny kid. Nice but scrawny."

"I'm older now—shall I say more mature?"

"No matter what you call it, you're beautiful. I feel right proud of myself for having married you."

She regarded him speculatively. "You're no mean physical specimen yourself, Eddie."

He looked down at his tall, straight blondness, then at her darker skin—at the curves of her figure. His lips tightened suddenly and he turned away, reaching for the hose. "Watch out!" he called gayly. "I'm going to douse you."

He turned the stream full on her body. The drops splashed against the firm, pliant figure, revealed rather than concealed by the suit she wore. The Messrs. Parker turned thoughtfully away and walked uptown. They dropped in at Lefty Bragan's poolroom and gave a graphic description of what they had witnessed. "Very passionate," vouchsafed Lying Bill—"very passionate indeed."

Eventually, and by a circuitous route, the story came to the eager ears of Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow. She told it to the Ladies' Culture Club in a manner quite classic:

"Eddie and Judith Grainger were having a bacchanalian revel," she declared — neglecting to mention that the source of her information was Lying Bill Parker.

But the two young people were unconscious of this new injustice, this fresh cruelty. Evening after evening during the terrific hot wave they indulged themselves under the hose in the garden. Twice they slipped away and went swimming in the sluggish waters of the Catbill River. Their mutual hatred of the town was drawing them closer together. Day after day they were finding happiness with each other, were learning to ignore the community antipathy which they could not successfully combat. There were sleepless hours when Eddie gazed into the darkness of his lonely room and thought of the girl on the other side of the closed door and of the burden she was being forced to bear, and when he railed against his own helplessness.

The bitterness of the two drew them closer together. Occasionally Judith made timid advances to her husband —advances which he could not, or would not, understand. He persisted somewhat stubbornly and obtusely in believing that she offered herself in a sense of fairness and not because she really cared. Judith was helpless. She could not make him understand what he would not understand. And night after night she lay alone and probed with her thoughts beyond the door that separated them.

The summer dragged away, slowly, tediously, stiflingly. Karnak was gripped by inertia.

Then, suddenly and terrifically, the thunderbolt struck. It was as though the Rock were suddenly removed from Gibraltar.

Kurt Weigand died.

In next week's installment you will read of the strange bequest in Kurt Weigand's will.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was the author of the World War poem In Flanders' Fields?

2—What is a cenotaph?

3—What is vigorite?

4—Which holds more beer, a stein or a seidel?

5—Was Noah Webster, the lexicographer, a son of Daniel Webster, the statesman?

6—What is a solecism?

7—Who wrote The Swiss Family Robinson?

8—Why are snowshoe rabbits so called?

9—What river whose source and mouth are both in the United States flows for many miles through another country?

10—In what country is Mount Ararat located?

11—What color is Cain-colored?

12—What is meant by "first water" in reference to diamonds or pearls?

13—Are there more men or women in the United States?

14—What are prawns?

15—What was an early meaning of the phrase "true blue"?

16—What race of men are generally considered to be the tallest in the world?

17—What was the significance once attached to a rose hung up at entertainments?

18—Who was Noah's father?

19—What is a marron?

20—What is the origin of the symbol for the dollar?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

QUESTION—Why is Chocolate flavored Vitavose called an "appetite-building" drink? *See page 45 for answer.*

End this unhappy daily scene!..

See if this isn't the reason she won't eat

"FINISH YOUR VEGETABLES, OR GO STRAIGHT TO BED!"

SHE MIGHT FINISH her meal quickly enough if only she were hungry. But her appetite may first have to be built up!

What is often needed is more of an important factor which stimulates appetite—*Vitamin B!*

Now there's a pleasant way to provide it for your child! With a delicious, appetite-building drink—*Squibb Chocolate flavored Vitavose!*

Three heaping teaspoonfuls in a glass of milk supply as much Vitamin B as a *whole quart* of milk. Chocolate flavored Vitavose also furnishes iron for the blood, and other valuable elements.

Have your child drink it after school *every day.* It will do her so much good! And she will like its delicious flavor. Now at any reliable drug store.

Sluggish? Faulty elimination in grown-ups is often traced to lack of Vitamin B. Drinking Vitavose daily helps prevent this trouble. Grown-ups should try it.

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE *flavored* VITAVOSE

A delicious appetite-building drink for the child who won't eat

SIN, Hokum, and Horror

George Brent and Barbara Stanwyck in Baby Face, a film which shows what an unscrupulous gal can do.

(*Reading time: 9 minutes 57 seconds.*)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ + BABY FACE

CAST

Lily, Barbara Stanwyck; Trenholm, George Brent; Stevens, Donald Cook; Ann Carter, Margaret Lindsay; Sipple, Arthur Hohl; Jimmy McCoy, John Wayne; Carter, Henry Kolker; the Brakeman, James Murray; Nick Powers, Robert Barrat; Brody, Douglas Dumbrille; Chico, Theresa Harris; the Girl, Renée Whitney; Stolvich, Nat Pendleton; Cragg, Alphonse Ethier; Doorman, Harry Gribbon; Lutza, Arthur de Kuh.

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Three cheers for Sin! If you don't think it pays, get a load of Barbara Stanwyck as she sins her way to the top floor of Manhattan's swellest bank. Brought up by a rotten father in a small-town beer joint, Barbara hates men and, realizing that her body means power, she decides to enslave men rather than let them enslave her. She sets out for New York in a box car, paying her fare to the brakeman in the old, old way.

Don't squidge; she has just begun. She applies for work to a lowly file clerk. No. She suggests going into a private office to talk it over, and emerges hired. She next makes the escrow manager on the floor above. Up again, this time to the secretary of the vice president. Then the vice president himself. Drama.

The secretary shoots the v. p. and then suicides.

Barbara offers her diary to a tabloid. To avoid scandal, directors ship her to the Paris office on a big salary. George Brent, president of the bank, visits Paris office, and *he* is sunk! Wall Street crash. Return to New York. George is ruined. Barbara walks out on him with half a million. Then, realizing he's the only one who ever offered to let her write "Mrs." on her tombstone, she returns to help him.

This is about the roughest story that has come to the screen, but done disarmingly well. Miss Stanwyck is hard, brittle, and magnificent. The direction is superb. No embarrassing sin scenes; only the results shown.

Horrors galore feature Murders in the Zoo. The photo pictures Kathleen Burke and Lionel Atwill.

★ THE KEYHOLE

CAST

Anne Brooks, Kay Francis; Neil Davis, George Brent; Dot, Glenda Farrell; Hank Wales, Allen Jenkins; Maurice Le Brun, Monroe Owsley; Portia Brooks, Helen Ware; Schuyler Brooks, Henry Kolker; Frank O'Hara, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Kay Francis, thinking she is divorced from Monroe Owsley, her former dancing partner, marries the rich Henry Kolker. Owsley keeps blackmailing her for increasing sums, so Henry's rich sister, Helen Ware, suggests that Kay lure him to Cuba, and that she, Helen, will fix it in Washington to forbid his reëntry into the country. Off goes Kay, followed by her Nemesis. Henry suspects something, and employs George Brent, a detective, to trail her and report her doings. George takes with him Allen Jenkins, a dumb flatfoot, so that he can pair off with Glenda Farrell, a steamship chiseler, and make us laugh.

When a beautiful fellow like George Brent and a ravishing creature like Kay Francis are cast in the same picture, what's the answer?

You're right; they've gotta fall in love, especially where there's moonlight and rhumbas.

Friend husband Henry arrives in Havana in time to find the two beautiful stars merging in a clinch and that horrid old Owsley fellow dead from a jump out of the window. So everybody is happy except Henry, Monroe, Glenda, Allen, and the Warner Brothers, who no doubt regret that they gummed up a good story with a lot of bum comedy by two of our most popular comics.

★ MURDERS IN THE ZOO

CAST

Peter Yates, Charlie Ruggles; Eric Gorman, Lionel Atwill; Jerry Evans, Gail Patrick; Dr. Woodford, Randolph Scott; Roger Hewitt, John Lodge; Evelyn Gorman, Kathleen Burke; Professor Evans, Harry Beresford; Dan, Edward McWade.

Directed by Edward Sutherland.
Produced by Paramount.

If this thing goes on, Hollywood won't need any human actors—just lions, taggers, hippos, and pogsnoggles. Snakes are usually the heavies in these animal pictures, but in this one a snake is the hero! Cheers greet a huge python as he winds himself around Lionel Atwill and crushes him to a horrid death.

The fun begins when Lionel, catching a fellow a-kissing of his wife, sews up his mouth and leaves him to die in the jungle.

Barbara Stanwyck in a Hit; A Marital Mix-up; An Animal Thriller; and New Pictures for Betty Compson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

By

ROB WAGNER

Lionel is a rich patron of the municipal zoo. He brings a shipload of animals home. He is insanely jealous of his wife, and, having a jolly nature, he suspects John Lodge, and poisons him with snake venom. Next he tosses his loved one to the crocodiles. Finally, when he is intercepted poisoning Randolph Scott, he turns all the animals in the zoo loose on the police. In the brawl he is driven into a big cage, where the python does its stuff.

Charlie Ruggles is introduced as comedy relief, but the comedy handed to him is so bum that you're glad when he alcoholically passes out and lets the carnage progress.

If you like horrors, help yourself, but don't take the kiddies.

★ Destination Unknown

CAST

Matt Brennan, Pat O'Brien; the Stowaway, Ralph Bellamy; Lundstrom, Alan Hale; Georgie, Russell Hopton; Johnny, Tom Brown; Dr. Fram, Rollo Lloyd; Maxie, Noel Madison; Gattallo, Stanley Fields; Ruby Smith, Betty Compson; Joe Shane, Willard Robertson; Turk, Charles Middleton; Alex, Richard Alexander; Ring, Forester Harvey; Tauru, George Rigas.

Directed by Tay Garnett.
Produced by Universal.

The human half of this story is pretty darned good; the "divine" half not so convincing. A rum schooner, battered and torn after a hurricane, drifts helplessly in the doldrums. The armed rumrunners control the small amount of water. Conflict with the thirsty crew. Rough stuff, well done.

Suddenly the Stowaway appears, preceded by a flaming cross. You're right; it is "the Servant in the House." The Master's identity is further established by oblique references to His carpenter's trade and by significant allusions to the twelve derelicts. (Though it seems stretching it a bit to include Betty Compson as one of the Apostles!)

If you are still in doubt, the Master cures one fellow of paralysis, another of fever, and actually changes rum into water. (Or perhaps the rumrunners had been cheated!)

At last He takes command, and does He steer the ship into a quiet harbor? He does not. He piles it on to the rocks, where it pounds itself to pieces! Also He sticks right by the wheel during the pounding, just as though it had steerageway. It is to be feared that sailors will regard the Master's seamanship as anything but divine.

Yet the gang lands. How? Ask the film cutter. But there they are on the beach, with Betty Compson in the pose of the Sistine Madonna looking heavenward. All of which is rather blah.

Betty Compson plays the "Magdalen" in Destination Unknown. Behind that there beard is Pat O'Brien.

The Life of Jimmy Dolan

(No Stars)

CAST

Jimmy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Peggy, Loretta Young; the Aunt, Aline MacMahon; Phlaxer, Guy Kibbee; Doc Woods, Lyle Talbot; Budgie, Fifi Dorsay; Reggie Newman, Harold Huber; Goldie, Shirley Gray; Magee, George Meeker; George, David Durand; Sam, Farina; Freckles, Mickey Rooney; Mary Lou, Dawn O'Day; Malvin, Arthur Hohl; Luis Primero, Arthur de Kuh.

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

If you can imagine a tough, cynical, drunken bum pug who doesn't know a bull from a cow, and when a little boy points out his milking error places his bucket on the ground and orders the cow to "commence," you may decide that a picture couldn't be much worse.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a dumb, hard-drinking prize fighter. He flees West to avoid a murder charge, finally arriving at a farm for crippled children run by Loretta Young and Aline MacMahon. But there are two flies in the bucolic ointment—Doug's secret sin and the mortgage due on the dear old farm. What to do? Doug must fight a huge bimbo called "King Cobra" and get the money. He does, but what of it?

Doug is again punished with a terrible picture. Loretta is pretty but that's all. Miss MacMahon works hard, and four Our Gang stars are introduced for pathos and comedy.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage.

George Brent again; this time in The Keyhole. The lady he's biting—is he biting?—is Kay Francis.

The Ocean-

By HARRY A. BRUNO *with* WM. S. DUTTON

Roger Q. Williams, Yancey's team mate in a great transatlantic flight, has been his rival ever since.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 35 seconds.)

"I'VE a hunch something is going to go wrong with that motor. It's been growing on me for two or three days. I can't shake it."

It was nearing midnight. We were seated in a little inn on a street that skirts Harlem—James D. Hill, Lloyd Bertaud, Mrs. Bertaud, Miss Ruth Oleson, and myself. Hill—"Jud" to his flying friends—was talking. In the morning he and Bertaud, with Philip Payne as a passenger, were to take off for Old Orchard, Maine, from where they intended to fly across the Atlantic to Rome.

Hill had been silent most of the evening. Then suddenly he had begun to speak in a low tone aside to me so that Mrs. Bertaud would not overhear.

"Oh, I'm not looking for an alibi," he went on. "When the time comes to make the big hop I'll be in the cockpit r'arin' to go—you couldn't stop me. But if you don't hear from us again, Harry, just remember my hunch. That motor is going to conk."

"But if you don't trust the motor, why leave here tomorrow?" I demanded. "You can delay for more tests."

"That's the odd part of it," he answered. "Every reasonable test has been made and in each the motor has functioned perfectly. My hunch has no basis in fact."

"Suppose you leave Payne behind," I suggested. "That will lighten the load and relieve the risk."

Jud shook his head. "We've no reason to leave Payne. He's entitled to go and is all set for it."

Once more he was silent. Bertaud and his wife joined the whirl of dancers that packed the center of the floor. Hill's eyes followed them musingly.

"What if the motor does conk, Jud, out over the water?" I said. "What have you planned to do?"

"If I'm doing the flying," he replied with a shrug, "and Lloyd and Phil say O. K., I'm going to send the ship straight into the ocean in a hurry. You can't cheat Davy Jones with a dead motor, so why prolong the agony!"

Four days later, on September 6, 1927, the three took off from Old Orchard beach in their single-motor plane, the Old Glory. A radioed S.O S, picked up by a steamship at sea, was the last word heard from them. Days of search passed without news. On the sixth day, however, a large section of wing, three tanks of gasoline, a portion of the undercarriage, and a wheel—all that was left of the Old Glory—was found 600 miles off the Newfoundland coast.

The condition of the wreckage, aviation engineers told us, indicated that the Old Glory had struck the water with "terrible force." I remembered Hill's foreboding, that hunch he could not shake—and wondered.

Why do men fly the Atlantic? Why do they aspire to sensational air records at the risk of losing everything, including life itself?

"Because there is money in it," is a fallacious answer. Right now, with the public fed up on transoceanic adventures, the money that can be made is scarcely enough to pay the expenses. Most aviators know this.

Yet I could name a dozen famous aviators who at this very moment are sitting up nights scheming new and more hazardous ways to fame than any yet attempted. And no amount of reasoning can swerve them from their plans. Lack of immediate financial backing is alone what holds them back.

A flyer who is world known recently came into the office of Dick Blythe and myself. In 1931, a depression year, he had earned over $15,000 in various aviation activities. That was big money in 1931, and in 1932 he expected to do even better. He was riding the crest of his earning powers. Behind him was a string of notable accomplishments. He was sound of limb, popular, secure in his position in the flying man's sun—but he had not yet crossed the ocean.

Even before he was through the door I saw by his face that he had been bitten by the transatlantic bug. There was a glint in his eye, a peculiar set to his lips. He closed the door carefully and in low tones began to unfold to us one of the wildest schemes for ocean-hopping I have ever heard, and I have listened to many.

I can't repeat the scheme here. He pledged us to secrecy so that no other flyer would get the idea and take off ahead of him.

"I don't care if I don't get a dime," he said earnestly. "I don't give a damn about headlines and parades. But I want to show the world that this thing can be done, and that I can do it. The idea is in my system and I've got to act it out."

We argued that he had only one chance in a hundred of winning through. We pleaded, begged, and finally cussed him out as a crazy fool. And after an hour of it he was still smiling tolerantly, with the same glint in his eyes and the same set to his lips.

"You can't change my mind," he said. "I'm going. This flight of mine is going to make all others look sick."

In that last statement he let the cat, or the bug as it were, out of the bag. The virus that is injected in men's veins by the transoceanic bug is the virus of competition. The resultant malady has no known cure.

The Real Reason Why the Knights of the Sky Dare Death in Dangerous and Spectacular Flights to Make Aviation History

Hopping BUG

No other trade or profession has the same brotherhood that marks flyers. There is no society or fraternity that is closer knit or more exclusive. If you are a flyer, and a former war pilot in particular, you "belong." If you are a landsman, or a "kiwi," you are hopelessly excluded. No "kiwi" can hope to break into the charmed inner circle of air birds.

This circle speaks its own language. It has its own code, makes its own unwritten laws of conduct. Put a dozen aviators who never saw each other before into a mixed company and within twenty minutes they will be together in a secluded corner—pals. Mention a flyer's name and some one of the dozen will know him intimately and give you his flying record.

Keeping this fact in mind it is easy to understand what happens when Pilot Joe Blank or Sam Somebody makes a sensational hop and hits the front page.

"What, that guy!" exclaims your flyer who knew Joe or Sam when he was a grease monkey. "Why, that punk pilot hasn't more than two thousand hours to his credit! If he can get away with that, I reckon I could show the world what real ocean flying is!"

When Lindbergh flew to Paris every pilot who knew him assured himself in his innermost being that he could have done the same thing. Prior to this feat Lindbergh was almost unknown outside of the industry. There were dozens of pilots in and out of the mail service who had more experience and better records. "Slim" was a long way from being regarded as America's best aviator, or even its fiftieth best. And the same was true of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, whose world trip in eight days eclipsed all previous feats, and of various others who are now recognized as great pilots.

To other flyers the phenomenal success of these men was like reading in the morning paper that the man next door, whom you had never regarded as being so hot behind the wheel of a flivver, had leaped into stardom by winning the Indianapolis automobile race.

DO not get the impression, however, that aviators are a jealous, envious lot, incapable of giving credit where it is due. It is the opposite that fires them to go forth to better what a brother flyer has done. The great feats of one flyer simply awaken other flyers to the potentialities of their own skill and experience.

The story of Roger Q. Williams and Captain Lewis A. Yancey offers a striking example of the competitive spirit among ocean flyers. Between these two, once team mates in a famous flight, has developed one of the most intense rivalries of the skies.

During the war Williams served with the Army Air Service. Followed a period of barnstorming, after which he joined the Curtiss Flying Field Service as chief instructor at Curtiss Field, Long Island. In 1928 he flew 2,100 hours in instruction work. That year unaided he brought in $72,000 gross to his employers and earned for himself the sobriquet of the Iron Man.

International photos

Captain Lewis A. Yancey, who flew with Williams to Rome and became his most zealous competitor.

Long Island was the center, of course, of transatlantic flight preparation. There Williams watched one plane after another take off on big hops from right under his nose. He saw flyers no better than himself and many not nearly as good hailed as heroes. His own remarkable record as an instructor began to seem prosaic to him.

IN 1929, with Yancey as his navigator, Williams took off for Rome, a goal beyond any previously attained by ocean flyers. They reached the Italian capital after a stop in Spain, received Italy's highest decoration, and returned home to a typical Broadway welcome. Then they parted, each to strive to outdo the other.

Yancey was a splendid navigator but at that time no pilot; Williams a wonderful pilot but knew little of transoceanic navigation. Each held that his own special knowledge was of greater importance in ocean flying than the other's, and in 1930 proceeded to prove it.

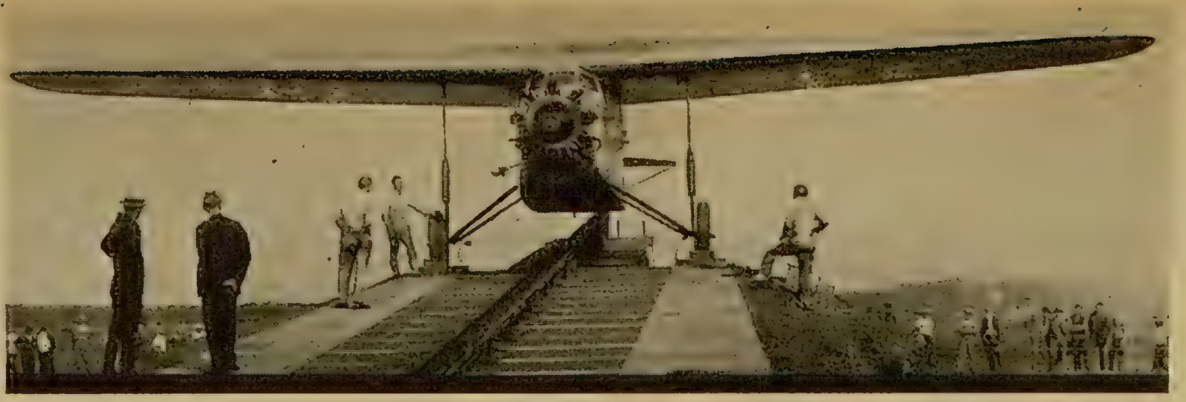
Bermuda, a strand of semitropical islands that are mere dots on the map, had long challenged aviators. Yancey announced that if provided with any good plane and pilot he would navigate the ship to Bermuda on forty-eight hours' notice. A resultant flight with two companions fell sixty miles short of the islands, which were reached, however, the next day at dawn.

Promptly Williams borrowed the Columbia, veteran of the Chamberlin-Levine flight in 1927, and with two companions roared away to Bermuda, circled the islands, and returned to New York nonstop in a little more than seventeen hours.

For the nonce Yancey was eclipsed by this spectacular feat, but he wasn't beaten. Qualifying himself as a pilot, he again won the spotlight by flying an autogyro to Central America and landing it at will in what had been an inaccessible jungle. He became perhaps the most skillful of autogyro pilots.

Whereupon Williams made himself a navigator and again tuned up for an ocean flight.

The Pioneer Instrument Company has been intimately identified with practically all of the famous flights made by Americans. In this company three men were equal


Underwood & Underwood News photo

The plane Old Glory as it looked shortly before taking off on its disastrous flight.

partners — Brice Goldsborough, Charles H. Colvin, and Morris Titterington. The latter was the inventor of the earth inductor compass, which first came into prominence in Lindbergh's Paris flight.

Of these three only Colvin is now living. Titterington was killed flying his own ship over Pennsylvania. Goldsborough was lost with Oskar Olmdahl and Mrs. Frances Grayson in the attempted transatlantic flight of the Dawn. The competitive spirit was what drove him on that last fatal adventure.

Shortly before the Dawn took off at Curtiss Field I received an urgent call to come down there. Dick Blythe met me.

"Make one last effort to keep Goldy out of the flight," he said. "Colvin and Titterington have tried to stop him and so have I, but he won't listen to us."

I got Goldsborough into my car and drove with him to a far corner of the field. There, with all the conviction I could muster, I proceeded to point out that the flight faced almost certain failure. The plane was untried in long-distance work; winter had set in—it was only two days before Christmas.

"Goldy, if you were in your right senses," I argued, "you'd be the first to see that you are undertaking a foolhardy thing."

"You're wasting breath, Harry," he said lightly. "If there is anything in this world that I'm certain of, it is that we're going to get across. More than that, we are going to follow a truer course than anyone has yet, excepting Lindbergh, who was directly on his course all the way. I made out Slim's charts, as you know. I helped most of the others—and now I'm going to show the world that what I taught I can practice."

After two hours of talk I gave up. Brice Goldsborough was so thoroughly convinced that he could excel as a practical navigator that he was deaf to all reason. A violent winter's storm off the New England coast spelled the end of his dream.

COMPETITION launched John Henry Mears on a second attempt to girdle the globe and incidentally furnished one of the oddest of my experiences with ocean flyers. In 1928, with Captain Charles B. D. Collyer as pilot, Mears made a round-the-world dash by plane and steamship in less than twenty-four days. This set a new record, which held, however, only one year. Then the Graf Zeppelin made the trip in twenty days, seven hours, and thirty-four minutes.

Not many days passed before Mears showed up at our office. Knowing his spirit, we had been expecting him. In the meantime his old pilot, Collyer, had been killed in a transcontinental attempt for a record.

"Get me a new pilot," said Mears, all excitement. "We've got to better the Graf's time."

Fred Melchoir, whom we chose first, was too near Mears's own flying temperament to get along with him. So we substituted Henry Brown, a fine airmail pilot.

Hill, Payne, Bertaud, and Gov. Brewster of Maine on the eve of the Old Glory's ill-fated hop-off for Rome.
Acme photo

Most flyers have pet superstitions and Mears was no exception. At 11:55 o'clock on the night before the take-off from Roosevelt Field he telephoned me.

"Harry, I've got to have fifty new dollar bills," he said. "I forgot all about getting them today, but jump out and see what you can do. And hurry!"

"I've got fifty in fives and tens," I began.

"That won't do," he interrupted. "I want new one-dollar bills. They're lucky to me, and I had fifty on the first trip. You've got to get them or we won't take off in the morning."

Rounding up fifty new bills of any denomination after midnight isn't an easy task. After three hours the best I could do was thirty new dollar bills, and with them in my pocket I drove wildly to Roosevelt Field.

Mears looked disappointed. It was only after persuasion that he finally stuck the new bills in various pockets and crawled into his seat for the hop to Harbor Grace. He was twenty lucky bills short.

THAT evening he wired me of his safe arrival at Harbor Grace and of their intention to take off again at the first sign of dawn. I went to bed and fell immediately into a sound sleep. The crash of a falling object awakened me. I got up and switched on the light. It was after three. The noise seemed to come from my den, so I walked into that room. My wife joined me, as she too had heard the crash.

On the floor of the den lay a picture, face down. I picked it up, but without looking I knew whose picture it was. Mears and Brown had been photographed together about a week before and had presented me with an autographed print, which I had had framed and hung.

Slowly I turned the picture over. Not without superstition myself, I breathed my relief when I saw that the glass had not been cracked. It was the Mears-Brown picture.

"They've had an accident," said my wife, "but both are unhurt."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "They were to take off at dawn, and it's only three."

We went back to bed. I was still awake when the telephone rang at my bedside. An Associated Press man informed me that Mears and Brown in a sudden change of plans had attempted a night take-off and cracked up

"The ship is a washout," he added, "but both men are O. K."

I asked the time of the accident. It was the same hour, as nearly as I could judge, that I had been awakened by the crash of the Mears-Brown picture.

"What a man thinks about on an ocean hop should furnish some indication of the motive that prompted him to undertake it," a reporter once suggested to me.

It should, but it doesn't. Really good aviators rarely think of more than one thing while on a record performance, and that one thing is the job at hand.

Bernt Balchen, who is a man of

unusually active mind on the ground, once tried to analyze for me the exact mental processes he had gone through while doing his share of piloting Admiral Byrd's America to France.

"My thoughts followed a single track," he said. "In the darkness my eyes saw only the instrument before me and the trimotors. I saw the blue flame that marked each exhaust like the flame of a gas jet in the kitchen range. I kept telling myself over and over that the blue flames meant all was well with those motors. A few tongues of yellow in the blue would have meant imperfect combustion, possibly trouble. My thoughts were never more than an instant from those blue flames."

Wiley Post deliberately trained himself to blank everything from his mind but flying, and could hold himself in this single mental state for an unbroken period of seventy hours at a time. He told me that for several years he practiced this intense concentration until he could completely master his thoughts practically at will, regardless of outside influences or even direct questions. The latter, if unrelated to his thought, did not register on him mentally.

Lindbergh similarly became single-minded when the weather reports indicated it was time for him to make ready to get away. Such was his concentration on the immediate task that though he had been sleepless for sixty-two hours he was not obviously fatigued when he finally got to bed in the American Embassy in Paris.

A REMARKABLE first-hand experience of my own with Wilmer Stultz in 1925 shows how completely a pilot may forget everything in his absorption.

Nine of us, with Stultz as pilot, were on the way from New York to Detroit in a new single-motor Fokker that was to be entered in the Ford air tour. At an altitude of 5,700 feet near Thompson, Pennsylvania, the motor went dead without warning. Below were the jagged rocks and the steep wooded slopes of one of the most hazardous flying terrains in the East. Four miles distant I saw a cleared spot that looked no larger than a silver dollar. Turning his head, Stultz called back that he was going to land there. We braced ourselves for a crash.

The only sound as we glided downward was the swish of the plane sweeping through the air. Nearing the spot where Stultz hoped to land, we could see that it was a slope at the top of which was a stone wall. The plane hit the slope at sixty miles an hour, running uphill. A mechanic shrieked shrilly like a woman, because it seemed we were going to pile into that wall nosefirst.

Precisely at the right split second Stultz swung the heavy ship over on a wing and spun it around. His cool, exact judgment and the steel tubing of the fuselage undoubtedly saved our lives, for we came to a stop not six feet short of destruction.

We clambered out. In the reaction following our narrow escape I forgot Stultz for a few moments, until I noticed him standing to one side with his back to us. His head was in his hands. He was crying.

"What's wrong, Bill?" I asked in astonishment. "Nobody is hurt."

"The ship," he said brokenly. "It was a show job. Fokker hoped to beat Ford with it—and I've washed it out."

In making that wonderful landing which had saved us, Bill Stultz had forgotten everything except the plane that had been placed in his charge.

Either Blythe or myself have watched most of the take-offs of famous transatlantic expeditions. In not one did the pilot display the slightest vestige of nervousness or fear once his hands grasped the controls. Courage and coolness were traits common to all of these adventurers in space.

Not one man or woman said a word about the fame to be gained or the money to be reaped. Everyone, excepting Jud Hill, was absolutely confident of success. And once they had decided on the big dare, wild horses could not have dragged them from their resolve. One and all, they had been bitten by the ocean-hopping bug.

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Her Finger Tips Gleam—
Her teeth are dull.. her gums soft
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—*and gums.*

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush — the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth — and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

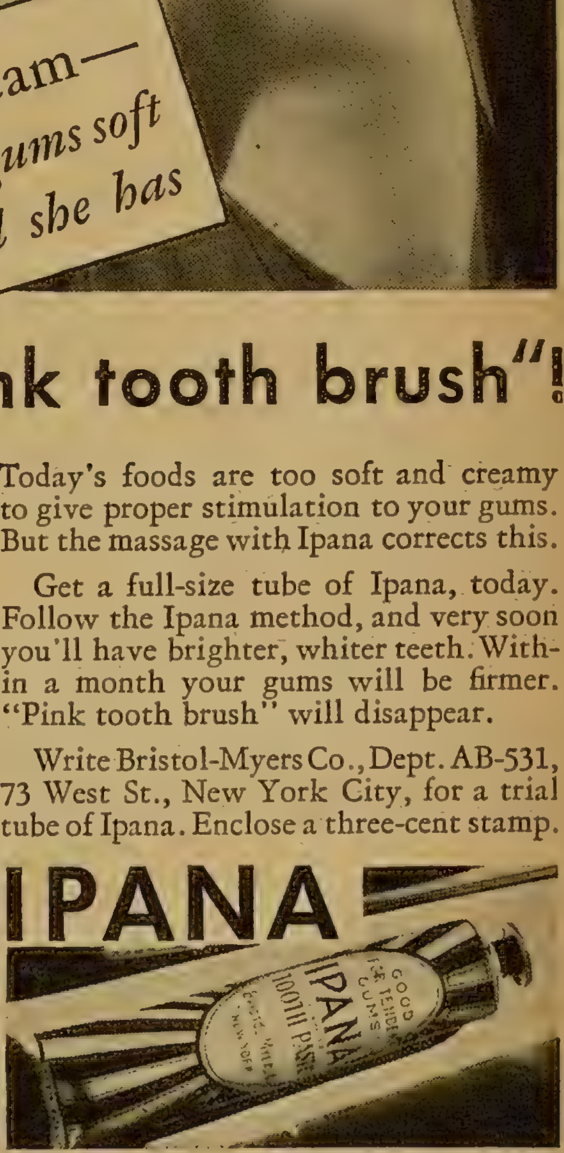
To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana, today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-531, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.



Trude Takes *a* Tumble

(Reading time: 23 minutes 4 seconds.)

THE Chief Radio Operator and I rested our elbows on the A-deck rail and took a last look at Guatemala. The ship had just touched at San José.

"Yes," he was saying, "I guess you're right—there's a lot of human interest in radio messages. Now right over there"—he nodded toward the jungle stretching away on every side as thick as bristles in a doormat—"I handled a string of messages over there once. It was about eighty miles inland—around to the left of that volcano. I was chief operator on Colonel Butterworth's coffee plantation for a couple of months."

"But that's all jungle, isn't it?" I inquired. "And how does a radio operator fit in on a coffee plantation?"

"That's jungle," he nodded soberly—"and how! But it thins out back on the plateau where the colonel's plantation is. A radio operator on a coffee plantation was due to an idea of the colonel's. You see, Colonel Butterworth was a military man. He was about five feet three, thick and round, and generally pretty red in the face about something. He was practically saturated with ideas he wanted put into effect.

"That's where the radio came in. Before I arrived he had bought two airplanes to gas his coffee bugs with. Somehow or other that didn't work out so well, but the planes had radio transmitters in them. So the colonel quit gassing bugs and became full of ideas about lines of communication and signal corps. The aviators were radio operators, of course, and the colonel imported me to build and operate a central station at plantation headquarters." The Chief Operator took one of my cigarettes.

"The planes came in handy to buzz around the plantation with and to run errands to Guatemala City and to the port yonder. You see, they hadn't yet built the spur track out from the Guatemala City line. It used to take two days to get to the port by truck—unless it rained, in which case it took longer. It rains," he said thoughtfully, "about eight hours out of every twenty-four, so you can figure that the planes came in handy."

"Unless," I said, "they had to look for an emergency landing in that"—I indicated the solid jungle.

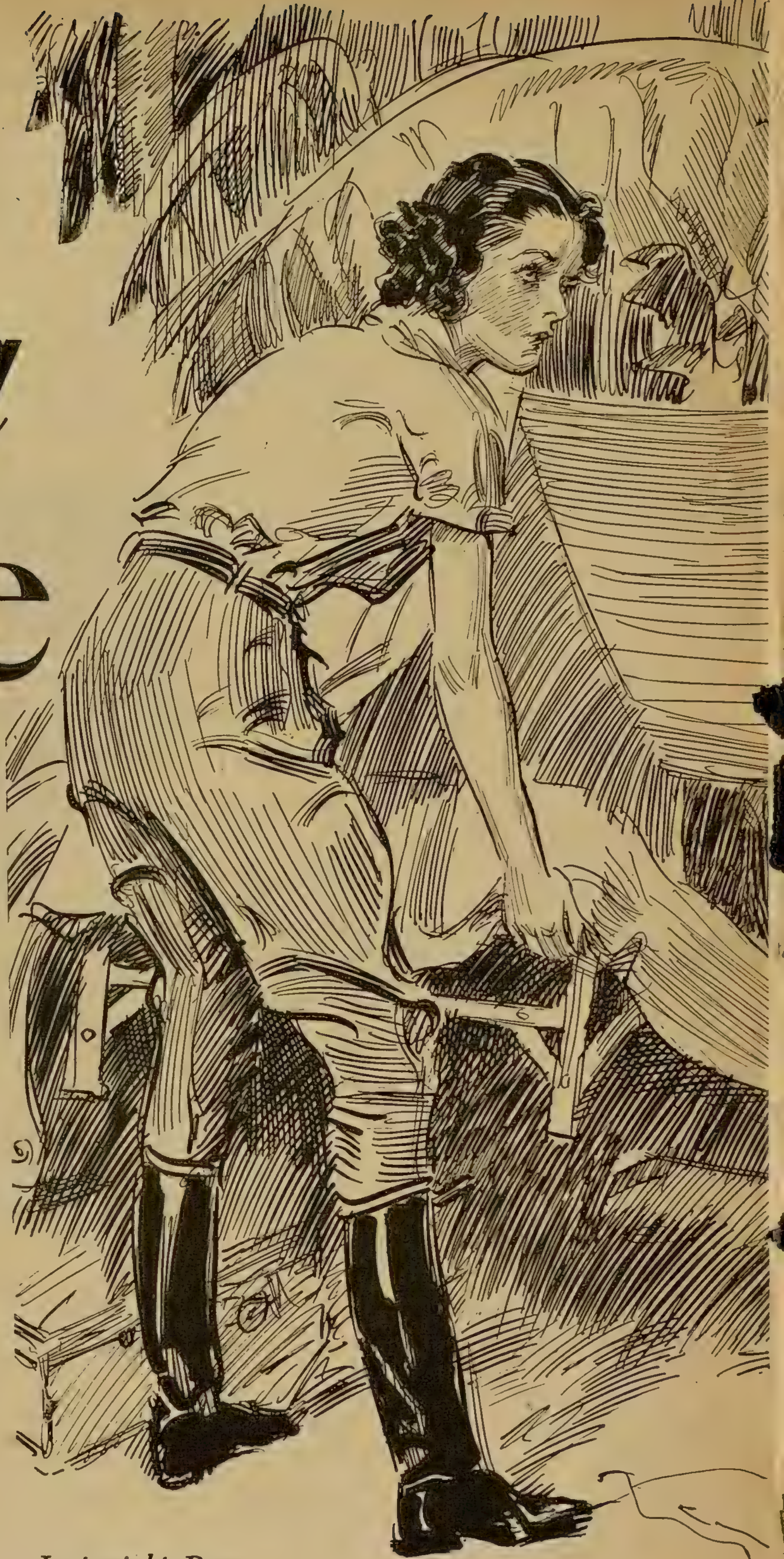
"You've heard about it?" he asked quickly.

"About what?"

"Dan Harris and the colonel's daughter—Trude."

I shook my head. "Who was Harris?" I asked.

"Dan Harris was one of the aviators. He was quite a man was Dan—still is, as a matter of fact. A big lanky bird with gray eyes. He never said much. He had come through the war with nothing but a sergeant's stripes and a cross, so to the colonel he was still a sergeant. And Trude—well, you've got to see Trude to appreciate her. There wasn't much of her, but it was all where it ought to be. She had a snappy way of saying and doing things and the swellest pair of eyes—" He fell into a moody pause.



Last night Dan shot a leopard.
After that I moved my cot in alongside Dan's.

"What were you going to say?"

"The Butterworths," continued the Chief Operator, "were wealthy. Trude had been to fancy schools and had traveled abroad, although I will say I never saw her culture get in her way. But the colonel couldn't see any of her boy friends unless they were West Pointers—I mean by that, they had to be full of culture and from the best families and have some dough.

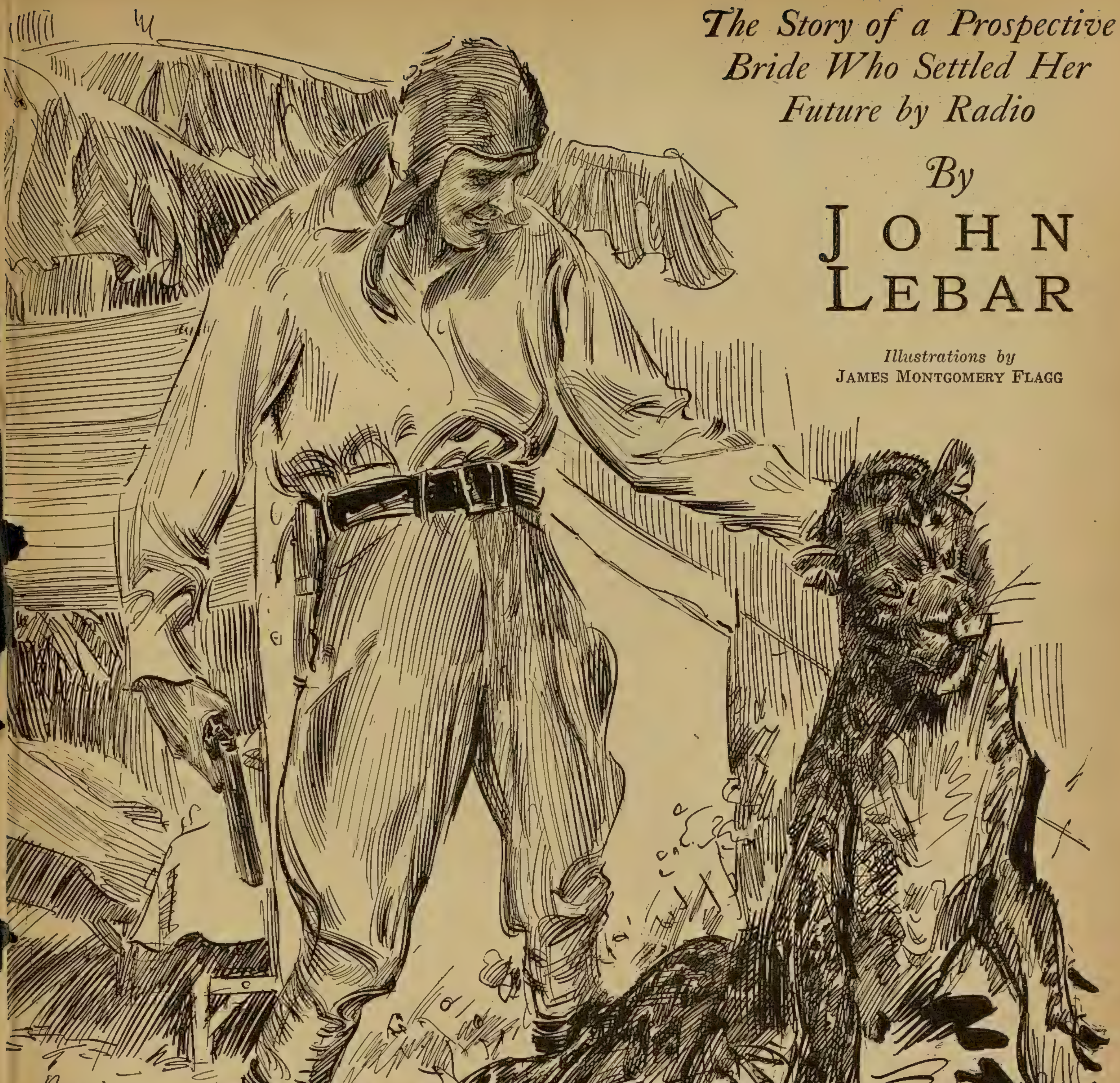
"This punk, Cyril Jepson, was the only one of the lot that measured up. Nothing harmful about Cyril—kind

The Story of a Prospective Bride Who Settled Her Future by Radio

By

JOHN LEBAR

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



of a pale blond who drank lots of fresh milk and at one time had worn gold bands on his teeth."

"But what was he doing on the plantation?"

"A guest of the colonel. Came down from Santa Barbara on his yacht. Jeff Lacy, the other aviator, flew over to San José here, and got him. A day or two later Trude comes in on a Grace ship from New York, via the Canal. I've got all this straight because, you see, I was operating the radio station at headquarters. As a matter of fact," smiled my companion, "I've got all the messages. After Dan took hold and dismantled the station he gave me the files. Sort of a souvenir. You see, I did him a bit of a favor—"

Just then the ship's bell cut the Chief Operator short.

"I guess it's my watch now," he said, and left me. But a moment later he came to the door of the radio room and tossed a manila envelope to where I reclined in my deck chair. Opening the envelope I took out a sheaf of messages. I give them as I picked them from the pile, adding punctuation only.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2, en route Guatemala City:

You are hereby ordered to proceed immediately to the port of San José. Miss Butterworth's steamer docks at ten. Bring her directly here.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Col. H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired, Plantation HQ:

O. K.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2, en route San José.

Operator, Plantation:

Plane down in jungle about forty miles out of San José. Nobody hurt. Came too low. Plane now in tree top; not much damaged. Send out No. 1 to locate us. Think we can get down from tree into small clearing. Have No. 1 drop us two hundred feet of half-inch line and some sandwiches. Stick the Col's official address, etc., on this yourself. Dan Harris.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2, in jungle:

Consider you culpable. Hold yourself in readiness for court-martial proceedings.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Father, Plantation:

Not Dan Harris's fault. He is the meanest, grouchiest person I ever heard of, but it was not his fault. I wanted to fly closer to jungle to see monkeys. He refused to take me low enough. I pushed the stick and we lit in a tree. He will not apologize for what he said and did to me on landing. I demand that you fire him. How am I going to get home? Tell mother not to worry. Trude.

Gertrude Butterworth, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

Dear Girl, I am desolated over your terrible experience. Tell that Harris person I hold him responsible for your welfare and that I deplore his brutality to you. I am now about to risk my life flying in search of you. The pilot seems confident. With the utmost devotion and sympathy, Cyril.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

You are hereby discharged from my service without recommendation. Your conduct toward my daughter considered ruthless, disrespectful, ungentlemanly, and without precedent.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Butterworth:

If you had established precedent by spanking her more often it wouldn't be necessary for strangers to undertake the job. Happy to be fired. Dan Harris.

Plantation:

Have sighted No. 2 in tree top. Plane resting on even keel. Harris sitting on tip of port wing. Miss Butterworth on tip of starboard wing, standing up. Dropped rope and package. Harris recovered both. My passenger Jepson hurt his arm waving from window. Am returning to plantation for further orders.

Jeff Lacy, Plane No. 1.

Harris, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

Refuse to comment at this time on your effrontery. Report of Lacy, Plane No. 1, is that it is impossible to get you out of jungle except by balloon. As we command no lighter-than-air squadron, it will be necessary to mobilize natives and cut through jungle to you. Lacy estimates cut should begin from railroad. Pedro estimates it will take two weeks to reach you. Assure my daughter that I will drive cutters at the point of a gun. I know how humiliating her predicament must be. On second thought I hereby reinstate you in my service during good behavior.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

John Lebar, the author of Camp Jungle, was teaching in California when he sold his first story. Continued success led him to devote himself entirely to writing. Mr. Lebar, who is a son of Harold Bell Wright, the famous novelist, hopes eventually to spend his entire time on boats, writing and fishing as the mood happens to strike him.

Col. Butterworth, Plantation:

Lacy right about cutting from railroad. Pedro crazy about job taking two weeks. Should take six days if you put away your gun and give natives bottle of beer for each hundred feet gained. We plan to spend night in plane. Tomorrow will descend into clearing and make camp. Will need tents, cots, stove, drink, food, and personal effects. Dan Harris.

Father, Mother:

This Dan Harris orders me around and threatens to discipline me some more. I don't think he cares much what anybody thinks of him or he wouldn't send this. Good night. Trude.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

You are hereby discharged for the last time.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Col. H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired, Plantation:

What am I supposed to do? Pack up and go home?

Dan Harris.

Mother:

Here it is after supper of the second day and this Harris has refused to work the radio set until now. He says he will send one message from me to you and take one answer. He says that then he is going to bed because he is tired. He is the most inconsiderate man I ever heard of. This morning, after a very uncomfortable night, we got down into the clearing. When the first plane load was dropped Dan made me a cot bed in the shade and I have been sleeping ever since. He worked hard all day putting up the tents, digging drain ditches, cutting weeds, and so on. He promises to set up the shower bath tomorrow. He managed to catch a lot of water in a canvas during the rain this afternoon. But he will let me drink nothing unless it comes out of a bottle because of fever danger. Send some more bug netting and a swatter. Love. Trude.

Gertrude Butterworth, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

Cyril and I have been on the firing line all day driving the natives forward. Progress not as good as we had hoped. Will have more beer for tomorrow. Cyril bruised himself slightly by getting into Pedro's way. Tomorrow he will fly over with Lacy and cheer you. Happy to know that Harris has not been idle. Shall I reinstate him?

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Gertrude, Plane No. 2, Jungle:

Dearest Girl, I saw you sitting in the edge of the jungle shade as I flew over this morning with the fly swatter. Oh, how I longed to be at your side! If I were there I could direct Harris in his efforts to make a suitable camp for your enforced sojourn. May I offer a tactful criticism on your camp as I observed it from the air this afternoon? It does not seem to me that it should be necessary to have the two tents so close together. Must they face each other with the tarpaulin above? I brought this up with your father and he said that perhaps I am right. Devotedly, Cyril.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

You bet your life it is necessary to have the tents close together. Just you try sleeping all by yourself in the jungle some night and see if you don't appreciate company. Last night Dan shot a leopard who came after the ham and made snarling noises behind my tent. After that I moved my cot in alongside Dan's. It may not be conventional but it's practical. Please tell father to increase our daily order of ice. Trude.

Mother:

If you have my baggage by now I want those things in the right-hand compartment of the small suitcase. The green ones. Love and good night. Trude.

Col. Butterworth:

In your long letter about the tents and so on dropped to me this morning you forbid me to speak to Miss Butterworth. I decline to carry out this order. In the first place, I am no longer in your employ and an order means little.

In the second place, Trude speaks to me all the time and I would feel like a fool not to answer.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

In your long letter about the tents and so on dropped to me this morning you made several cracks that I do not particularly care for. There is some sort of a nifty to the effect that things are naturally rotten if you have that kind of a mind. I don't know who wrote this nifty, but if you will look it up I'd be glad to verify it for you.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

My reference to your not speaking to my daughter was that you speak to her only on matters of necessity. Did not my daughter inform you that you were reinstated in my employ? Certainly, since you copied the message, you should know that.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired.

Col. Butterworth, Plantation:

Since I can't get out of your employ I might as well get paid for it. In the first load tomorrow send a pound more of quinine and be careful in dropping bottled goods. Can't you make larger parachutes for breakable articles? I have been giving Miss Butterworth a dose of quinine twice a day, and I have a bite on my thumb that you might send me some iodine for. Please tell Mrs. Butterworth that the green things she sent were not the green things Trude wanted.

Dan Harris.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

I forbid you to speak of or to Miss Butterworth by her given name.

Cyril Jepson.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

Trude says she doesn't mind.

Dan Harris.

Gertrude Butterworth, Camp Jungle:

My Darling, I must say good night to you. This morning I wrote a long letter to the man you are confined with, and his reply leads me to believe that he will not take it in the proper spirit. He was almost abusive. You know how deeply I resent the embarrassing position in which you are placed. It must be a terrible experience for a young girl of your culture and refinement to be in continual association with a common, boorish person. See that you insist on your privacy at all times and secure some weapon for your protection. Believe me, I am suffering untold mental anguish night and day on your behalf. With great love and unbounded trust.

Cyril.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

Well, Cyril, I get all the privacy I need when I want it, which shows the advantage of being in a jungle. And I am beginning to revise my first opinion about Dan. He is really not boorish and far from common. I got to thinking over your message about me protecting myself from Dan and mentioned it to him. After making me promise not to shoot him when he gives me quinine, he strapped his pistol on me. I carried the gun for a while but it was so heavy we hung it on the tent pole. Remember that Dan has to copy everything you send me, and so don't say anything that might hurt his feelings. After all, you know, he will get out of here some day. Sorry about your anguish.

Trude.

Father, Plantation:

Thanks for the phonograph, but your choice of records is terrible. Send us some crooners.

Trude.

Trude, Camp Jungle:

Your father and Cyril are in quite a state over your message about the records. Isn't it rather frivolous to ask for crooners at a time like this? Did the cake arrive all right? Worlds of love.

Mother.

Mother, Plantation:

But you have no idea how Sousa's marches pall on a

PROTECTED BY SCIENCE

Your investment in Fortune Shoes is protected by science — scientific tests in the Fortune Laboratory prove all leathers and materials in Fortune Shoes. This tested quality assures longer wear, more comfort and stylish appearance.

Quality-tested Fortune Shoes are sold in your community. Write for your dealer's name and address. It will mean a saving on your shoe buying. Address Fortune Shoes, Nashville, Tennessee.

$3 AND $3.50

Style illustrated. No. T414. Full grain white Elk trimmed with black calfskin, $3.50. Other smart patterns at $3.00 and $3.50.

FORTUNE SHOES

hot afternoon. Besides, I feel like hearing a crooner. Love.
Trude.

Gertrude Butterworth, Plane No. 2,
Camp Jungle:

I forbid you to want crooner records. Cyril and I both agree on this. Certainly such stuff is not appropriate at this time. We are sending you a selection of deep-sea chanteys. The cutting party is making fine progress. Possibly we may hope to reach you in three days more. Courage, my child.
Colonel H. H. Butterworth,
U. S. A., Retired.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

Are you responsible for Miss Butterworth's desire for music of a sentimental nature? Reply urgent.
Cyril Jepson.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

Probably it's the quinine.
Harris, Camp Jungle.

Mother, Plantation:

Wrong again. Maybe they are in the middle-sized suitcase.
Trude.

Father, Plantation:

Yesterday afternoon Dan fixed up a clever way for us to send things to you. He had to climb two tall trees to do it. A rope is now stretched across the clearing. Have Lacy and Cyril fly low with a grappling hook tomorrow morning and catch up the rope. My laundry is tied to one end and Dan's is on the other. I would do the laundry myself and not have it sent out, but such work makes my hands red. Besides, it would be indelicate for me to do Dan's things. Yours for conventionality,
Trude.

Gertrude Butterworth, Camp Jungle:

I have again written a long letter to that Harris person. A day has gone by and he has not replied except to make impolite gestures when I flew over this morning shortly after dropping the letter. I shall not sleep well tonight unless I have reason to believe that he is taking my letter to heart. Please excuse the slight coldness of this message. I am worried. Lovingly,
Cyril.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

Listen, buddy. One more crack like the last one in your favor of this A. M. and I will get in a little target practice on the rear cockpit of Plane No. 1 the next time Lacy flies you over. I know I am in bad with the colonel and you and everybody else over this thing. But I am not in bad with Trude, and so the rest of you know what you can do.
Dan Harris, Camp Jungle.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

Dear Dan, Cyril showed your message to the colonel and me at breakfast this morning. They are both quite upset. I just want you to know that I always did like you and that I thought you were one of the nicest boys on the place. I would rather have my little girl marooned with you than with lots of high and mighty people I could mention. Don't show this to Trude.
Mrs. Butterworth.

Dan Harris, Plane No. 2,
Camp Jungle:

Due to your continued disrespect to my honored guest Mr. Jepson, you are hereby unconditionally discharged.
Colonel H. H. Butterworth,
U. S. A., Retired.

Mother, Plantation:

We have enough canned spinach to last.
Trude.

Mrs. Butterworth, Plantation:

Thank you for your confidence. I shall do my best to live up to it. And the apple pie was sure grand. I don't go for cake the way Trude does. Yours always,
Dan.

Mother, Plantation:

This morning Cyril threw down Dan's Tuxedo by mistake along with some other things. Will you please have the afternoon plane bring my silver evening dress? Dan and I thought we would throw a small party tonight. We will need fifty pounds of ice and some anchovy paste.
Trude.

Gertrude Butterworth, Camp Jungle:

I can only regard your frivolousness with Harris with deep disappointment. Granted that you are in an unusual position, I nevertheless feel that you should conduct yourself with proper decorum.
Cyril Jepson.

Cyril Jepson, Plantation:

That word decorum does something to me.
Trude.

Trude, Camp Jungle:

Cyril will not be over today. He stepped on the rake in the garden this morning while gathering roses and the handle bruised his ear. I don't think he cares for Guatemala. Love.
Mother.

Miss Gertrude Butterworth,
Camp Jungle:

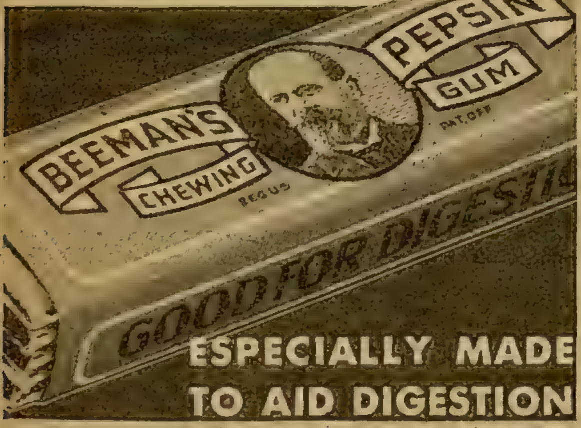
I regret that I must send you this by wireless instead of a personal letter. But the enforced briefness of this message will serve somewhat to dull the pain of it all. You are no doubt aware that at great personal risk I had Lacy fly me over your camp last night in the dark. Although we circled several times I could see but one shadow thrown by the lamplight against the wall of the tent. I repeat that there was but a single large shadow and that it was practically stationary. I have been extremely tolerant and broad-minded throughout this affair, even though the flippancy of your messages to me and others has caused me great agony of spirit. I am aware, too, that you no

gangway!

Right over the heads of the crowd . . . that's how you feel when your digestion is good. You're happy — peppy — popular. But when your digestion is not good it may spoil your whole day, and unfortunately you may not realize just what is the matter.

Chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum is a mighty pleasant way to keep happy. Many find that it helps prevent indigestion. Make it a daily custom — chewing Beeman's.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



longer consider your companion as distinctly below your station in life. And so I believe that in the light of all that has happened I should best serve all interests if I returned promptly to the States. Remember that a suitable letter to me may bring my return. You cannot fail to sense the nobility of such an offer from me to one who has so deeply compromised herself. I am instructing Lacy to take me over your camp on my way to the yacht this afternoon. I shall drop you a bunch of roses as a token. Sorrowfully,

Cyril Jepson.

Trude, Camp Jungle:

Cyril went home. Perhaps it will be better so. I think that you would always worry him more or less.

Mother.

Yacht Adventurer, San José:

Good-by, Cyril. It was sweet of you to throw the token, but they got stuck in a tree. Trude.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

In view of your watchful care of my daughter during these trying times I am ready to retract some of my rather brusque remarks of the past few days. You must appreciate the feelings of an overwrought father and forget the harsh language that a military man is apt to use on occasions. We all realize, I am sure, that my daughter has been in excellent hands. It may be doubtful what the world in general will say of the matter, however. We are so glad to know that we can rely upon your honor. Fraternally,

H. H. Butterworth.

Col. H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A.,
Retired, Plantation HQ:

I like your tough remarks better.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

Sir. In the eyes of the world my daughter has been distinctly compromised.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth,
U. S. A., Retired.

Col. H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A.,
Retired, Plantation HQ:

Well?

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle.

Mother, Plantation:

I suppose Cyril made remarks to you all about the shadows he thought he saw the other night. I am sure I don't know what shadows he saw unless it was that of our raincoats. I know he couldn't have seen our shadows because we weren't in the tent where the light was. Anybody knows that a light in the jungle draws bugs. Your loving daughter. Trude.

Dan Harris, Camp Jungle:

I demand that you fulfill your obligations to my daughter's fair name like a gentleman.

Colonel H. H. Butterworth,
U. S. A., Retired.

Butterworth, Plantation:

I refuse to marry your daughter.

Dan Harris.

Mother, Plantation:

Now father has gone and spoiled everything. How can he be like that? Dan and I have had a terrible fuss and are not speaking. The night of the party he proposed to me while we were sitting out a dance. I accepted him. But now that father has started horning in Dan says he is through with the whole Butterworth tribe, except you, and that you have all his sympathy. You tell father from me that if he dares to write Cyril to come back or does anything else to clear my fair name I will never marry anybody as long as I live. I will go to Guatemala City and take up café work in the poor section first. Dan says he will not send any more of this stuff and that he doubts if he will work the radio any more. Heartbroken. Trude.

Trude, Camp Jungle:

I have stood all of this compromising business that I am going to stand. This morning I put my foot down on your father and he has gone off to tour the plantation. Two or three times in our married life I have had to do that; but he has his good side, as you know. Regarding you and Dan, I would say that if you love each other and want to get married, do so. What with the drop in the price of coffee, we will need a good man on the place while your father takes me to Europe. Love to you both.

Mother.

Mother, Plantation:

Send Dan's white silk tie from his bottom bureau drawer and my new pumps and a piece of blue ribbon. I think that I must have left the green things in New York. Happily,

Trude.

Operator, Plantation:

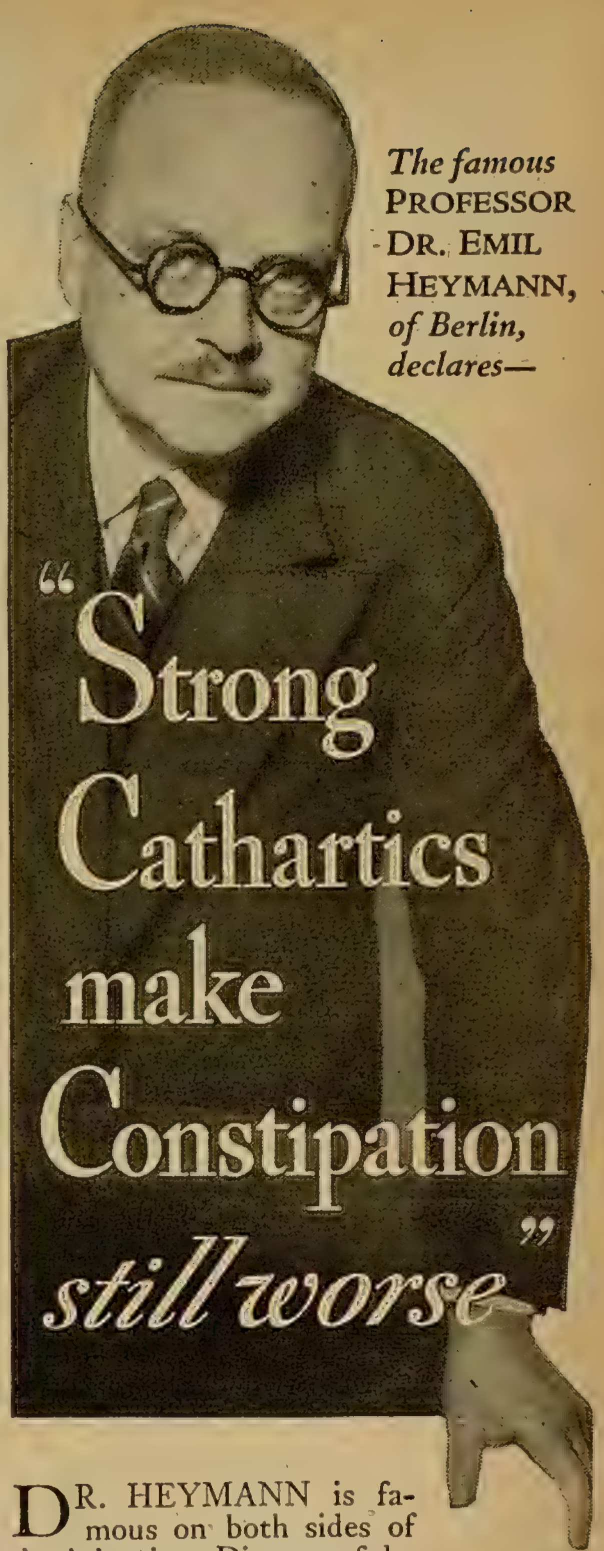
This is for you. Keep this under your hat, but get hold of Padre Rueda in Guatemala City. Have him do whatever is necessary and marry us from there by radio. I know of a case where it was legally done by telegraph in the States, so I guess a marriage by radio would get by in Guatemala. Hurry it up before the cutting party gets here. Dan.

Mother and Father, Plantation:

Dan and I were married this morning by Padre Rueda and the radio set. Lacy can fly over this afternoon and drop the marriage certificate and a fountain pen so we can sign it. You might wrap the certificate around a bottle of champagne and stuff it in a sofa pillow. Dan and I think you have been working the cutting party too hard. Why not give them a week's lay-off in honor of the wedding? PS. Dan says that if you don't, then we will start cutting jungle in the opposite direction. Lovingly,

Trude.

THE END


"Strong Cathartics make Constipation still worse"

The famous
PROFESSOR
DR. EMIL
HEYMANN,
of Berlin,
declares—

DR. HEYMANN is famous on both sides of the Atlantic as Director of the Surgical Division of Berlin's celebrated Augusta Hospitals. He says:—

"Patients who attempt to rid themselves of constipation by means of strong cathartics . . . pay heavily for the temporary relief such measures give." He then declares:—

"Nothing is better to overcome persistent constipation than fresh yeast."

Fresh yeast owes its remarkable effect to two reasons: It softens the body's wastes. It actually *strengthens* the intestines.

Then, as your bowels begin to function regularly, you don't *need* those violent cathartics. Poisons are expelled. Your blood clears. Your complexion, your digestion, your whole bodily vitality amazingly respond.

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise. Just eat 3 cakes a day. Directions are on the label.

• "My doctor said my bad complexion came mainly from internal sluggishness," writes Mrs. Marie Kipp, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., "and explained that Fleischmann's Yeast would clear that trouble up . . . It did! I can't tell you how delighted I was as my skin got fresh and clear."

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

The Truth About MY LIFE

By CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

An Idyl in India—That "Harem Escapade"—Travels East of Suez—Pigsticking and Buckshooting—A Tiger Hunt de Luxe—His First Elephant

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Crown Prince was an early sponsor of the pioneers of human flight. He championed old Count Zeppelin when that inventor was regarded as a crank, and voyaged with him in one of the first Zeppelins. He also—as he went on to tell in Liberty last week—attended Orville Wright's exhibitions in Berlin and, though forbidden by the Kaiser, prevailed upon Wright to take him flying. Today he often flies over the German capital in a dual-control plane with the famous pilot Udet.

In 1918, on the Somme, he and his staff barely escaped death from the machine-gun fire of five enemy air raiders. After the war he described the incident to some young Englishmen in Switzerland. One of them proved to have been one of the airmen who had so nearly killed him.

He took occasion in last week's article to declare himself for universal military service, combined in education with sport, as by Mussolini, and for moderation on the part of the modern woman in sport and athletics.

PART SEVEN—HE BAGS BIG GAME

TRAVEL is my chief delight, as it was my father's. But it is not always safe to travel. Scandal is apt to attach itself to the heels of princes. Even before the war, a preposterous story, accusing me of violating a harem in India, made the rounds in Europe and in the United States. During the war it was published with many embellishments. In view of the splendid reception tendered to me by the British government and native princes alike, I am anxious to denounce this preposterous tale.

It was in Allahabad at a ball of a British regiment that I met the granddaughter of the deposed king of Burma. The girl looked bewitching in the Japanese costume she had chosen. Her charm was irresistible. It was only natural that we danced dance after dance together.

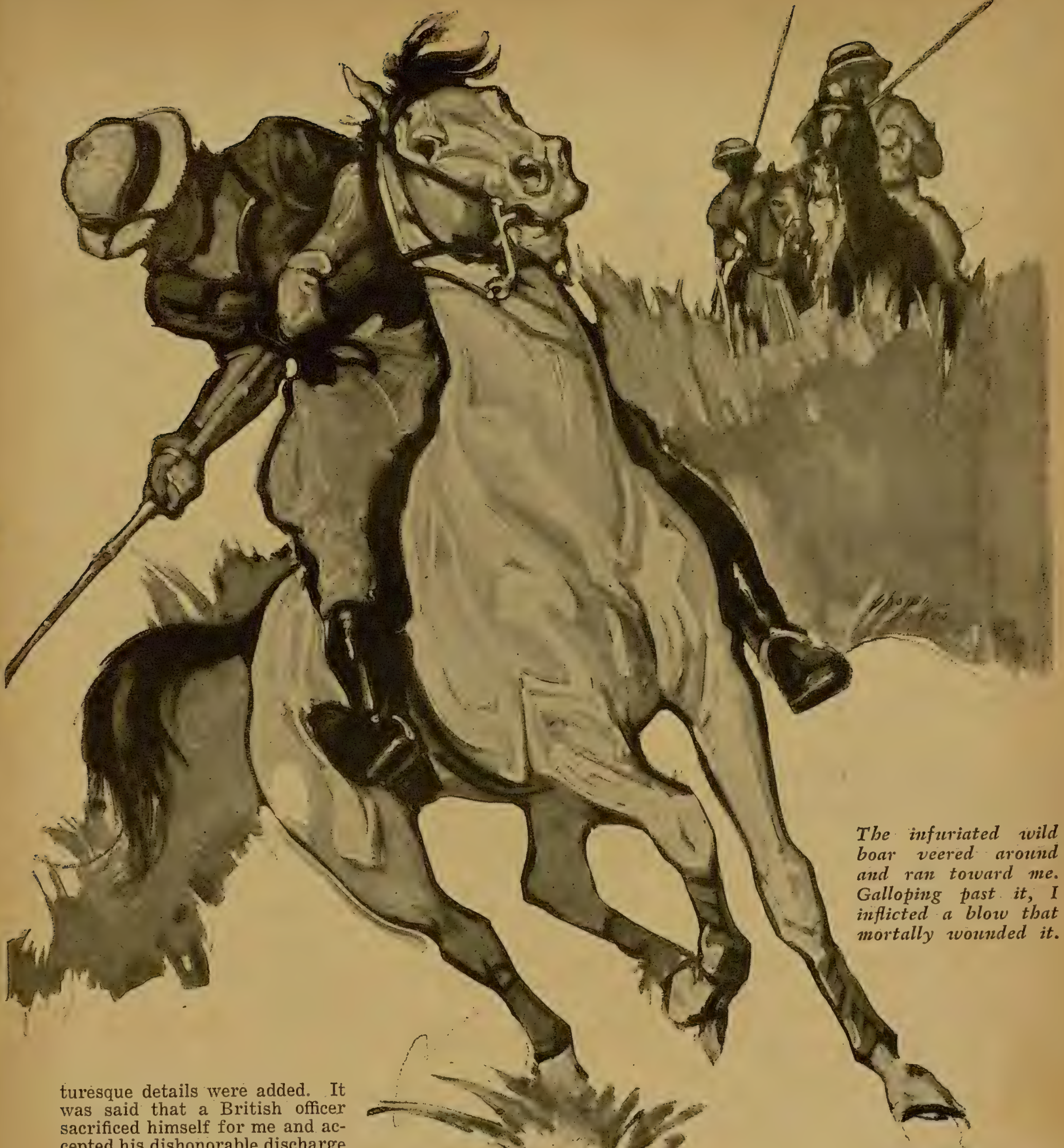
The disposition of the Princess Marlat Singh did not belie the beauty of her features. After the last dance she asked me to visit her parents, who lived at some distance in a mansion of entrancing beauty. I was not able to accept the invitation at once, but I bethought myself of it shortly before leaving the province. I drove to the parental home of the radiant young princess, accompanied only by my chauffeur, over almost unpassable roads.

On the way misfortune attached itself to our heels, or rather to our wheels. We had several breakdowns, blowouts, and every imaginable trouble that motorists could have. When we arrived, after much delay, the old king and his wife, both charming people, asked me to stay for supper. I accepted. After the supper, time being pressing, I started home.

Again we suffered innumerable delays and breakdowns. The more impediments loomed up before us, the faster the hands of my watch seemed to race. But scandal races faster than we expect. It was late in the evening before, fatigued and famished, we at last arrived at Allahabad.

My absence had aroused considerable anxiety and gossip, because I had been unable to attend a fête especially arranged in honor of my departure. Our hosts had postponed the banquet hour after hour. But by the time we came back all the lights were extinguished. All the revelers had gone home. I was very much distressed. It has been said that punctuality is the courtesy of kings. It should be also the courtesy of crown princes. No apology could quite assuage the disappointment of our hosts.

From this incident grew the baseless story that I had invaded the king's harem and dishonored his daughter. In time the tale assumed enormous proportions. Pic-



The infuriated wild boar veered around and ran toward me. Galloping past it, I inflicted a blow that mortally wounded it.

Illustration by
CHARLES DE FEO

turesque details were added. It was said that a British officer sacrificed himself for me and accepted his dishonorable discharge from the service in order to prevent a scandal that would have rocked all India.

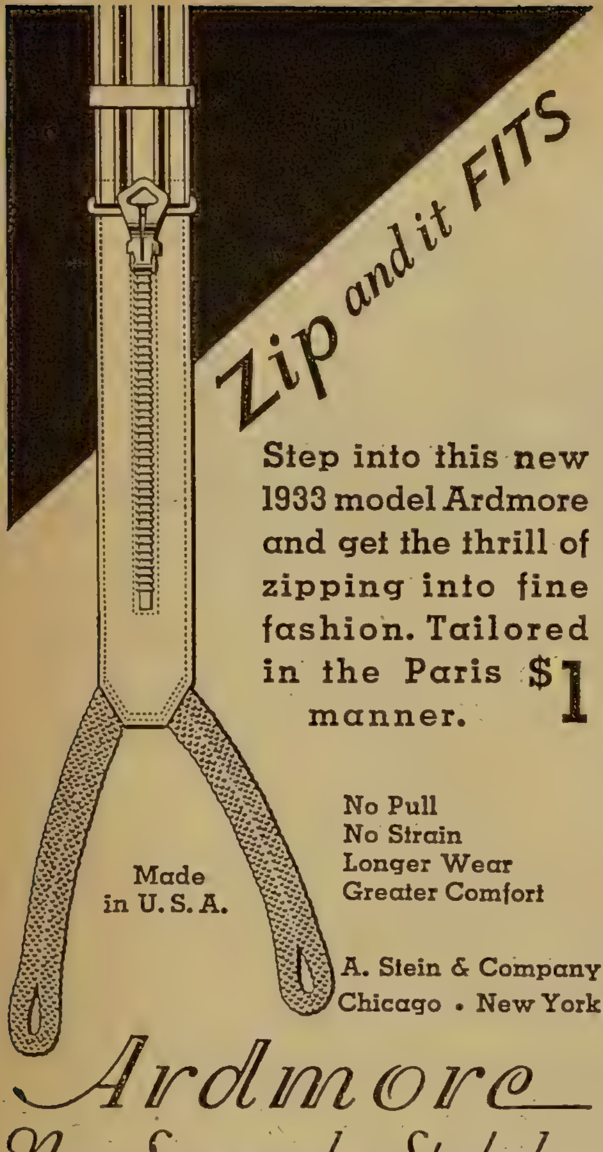
There was no more truth in this story than in the other tales that enlivened the papers fed by propaganda during the war, according to which I was in the habit of stealing silver spoons!

In spite of experiences such as these, I do not regret the time spent in travel. I have always considered it a gap in my education that I have not explored the Western Hemisphere. If fate permits I shall remedy this fault before I shuffle off the mortal coil.

I regret that I did not accompany my late uncle, Prince Henry of Prussia, on his trip to the "land of unlimited possibilities." Prince Henry always regarded his American mission as one of the high lights of his life.

My children were even luckier than my uncle. Louis Ferdinand and Friedrich crossed America from one end to the other in a Ford car. Uninhibited by official functions or duties, they learned to know the people themselves. Friedrich, not content with visiting the United States, hewed his way through South America.

I always hoped to visit the United States as the guest of my friend the late Oliver Curwood, whose tales of adventure appeal to my imagination. Curwood was, with Jack London, my favorite American author. We had planned to go hunting together. But political events



Step into this new 1933 model Ardmore and get the thrill of zipping into fine fashion. Tailored in the Paris manner. $1

No Pull
No Strain
Longer Wear
Greater Comfort

Made in U. S. A.

A. Stein & Company
Chicago • New York

Ardmore
New Suspender Style by
PARIS

Stop Itching

Surprising and gratifying is the way soothing, cooling Zemo relieves itching Rash and Eczema in just about five seconds. Such wonderful results are praised by millions—and this is because Zemo contains rare ingredients not found in other remedies. Wonderful, also, for clearing up Pimples, Ringworm and other skin and scalp irritations—Zemo is worth the price because you get relief. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Coming To CHICAGO?

CHICAGO'S HOTEL

You'll find a friendly welcome at this hotel. You'll enjoy the smart but cheerful atmosphere—the large, clean, airy rooms—the modern appointments. You'll rest well—and dine well—and you'll find the rates most reasonable. Write us. Let our reply give you complete details. We'd like you to know us better!

Walton Place — East of Michigan Blvd.

Knickerbocker

kept me on the old Continent. Later Curwood's death intervened.

My own travels outside of Europe proper have been restricted mainly to the East and the Near East. My trip to India in 1909, a few years before the war, was to me one of life's most beautiful adventures. To see Asia for the first time is to step from the commonplace into One Thousand and One Nights. To journey to the East is to discover a new heaven and a new earth. Asia is the mother of mysteries, the bourn from whose mystic depths religion itself has arisen. In India the most confirmed rationalist recognizes forces beyond and above us which hold all life in their sway.

I will never forget the Taj Mahal.

Of course my visit to India was not a pilgrimage to temples but a visit of state. The British government had made the most elaborate preparations for my reception. The viceroy placed his palatial special train at my disposal. Lord and Lady Hardinge did everything in their power to make my stay an unforgettable experience.

Three Ps, according to an old English proverb, make the life of the foreigner in India delightful: port, polo, and pigsticking. I need not explain the first two. But pigsticking is a sport of which the layman knows nothing. The natives of India value pigsticking above the other gifts of the gods. Pigsticking is primarily a test of personal skill.

In Jaipur, where we stayed at the Government Building, our hosts took immense pains to make us forget that we were celebrating Christmas away from home. We were privileged to take part in an exciting hunting trip in which pigsticking added spice and variety to the chase of antelopes and of tigers.

I still remember how we were aroused in the wee hours of the morning. The weather was brisk but pleasant, the sort that makes one supremely fit. The sun rose like a gigantic ball of red fire. I felt as if I could tear out trees by the roots.

OUR horses made their way, not without difficulty, through a desert of reeds almost as high as a man. Our party of hunters was divided into four groups, trotting in the same direction approximately fifty yards apart.

Suddenly the beaters called out loudly: "Pig! Pig!"

Our British friends spurred their horses and took up the cry: "Pig! Pig! Pig!"

We followed.

The horrible irregular crevices in the reed-covered ground, called nullahs by the natives, constituted a heavy handicap for our horses. But we forgot all difficulties when the first wild pig leaped into sight!

One of the officers straight ahead of me aimed at the beast and struck it in the side with his lance. The infuriated wild boar veered around and ran toward me. Galloping past it, I inflicted a blow that mortally wounded it. Another huntsman gave it the *coup de grâce*.

This sport is exciting and dangerous. One can make a long list of broken arms and legs that have resulted from pigsticking in India. One of my English friends offered a trophy for any uninjured pigsticking champion. But so far no one has won this prize.

There are two ways of hunting the pigs. One is to use a long lance of bamboo. With this the hunter stabs sideways the back of the snorting beast. The second way is to wield a short spear, with which the hunter penetrates the shoulder blade of his victim perpendicularly from above. The second method is considered more difficult.

OFTEN a wild boar attacks both horse and rider. I was in a tight corner in an encounter with such a pig. We were hunting in Muttra with the Royal Dragoons. Suddenly a huge boar with the courage born of mortal fear rushed between the delicate legs of my Arabian steed. My horse let drive at the wild pig with its front hoofs like mad.

I could not use my spear without wounding my horse. All I could do was to hold on. In the end we succeeded in extricating ourselves and killing the boar. It was something of a miracle that, except for a few scratches, I escaped unscathed.

I am exceedingly fond of hunting. But I am not a killer. I do not care to slay hecatombs of helpless animals. But I am interested in animal life and I derive great satisfaction from my collection of rare animals which I have shot with my own hand.

I inherited the instinct for the hunt from my father. The Kaiser, as I have said before, is an excellent shot. I remember one famous hunt in Windsor where he shot pheasants with his royal cousin King George. Each of the two monarchs tried to prove his superiority as a wing shot. My father, in spite of his physical handicap, did not come out second in the race. After each of the two had dispatched enough pheasants to supply the King's table and that of the entire court, they stopped with the score "All square."

The Kaiser was always fond of fox hunting, in which it was not always easy to keep pace with him. He would have relished the experience of hunting in India.

After pigsticking, antelope hunting is the most popular diversion of Indian huntsmen. The antelopes called black buck are the most graceful of animals, with black-and-white fur and horns like corkscrews. They usually congregate in herds of twenty to twenty-five.

We were in the neighborhood of Jaipur and Hyderabad. The ground was covered with a dry grass rolling like waves in the wind. Behind us the town gleamed like raspberry sorbet. We made part of the way by motor. Then we exchanged our automobile for an oxcart—and riding over those roads in an oxcart is like a strenuous massage.

The first herd of antelopes that passed us at a distance of approximately two hundred and fifty yards boasted no buck worthy of my aim. My patience was sorely tried before I spotted an excellent specimen at not too great a distance. I threw myself on the ground. The oxcart, rattling on, distracted the animal's attention, and I made a hit that ended his career. When we measured his horns we discovered that he was one of the largest bucks ever shot in the neighborhood.

The natives have another method of hunting antelopes. But it is not one that appeals to me as a sportsman. They train a cheetah, a kind of panther, to aid them in the hunt. At the psychological moment a cheetah is released from the oxcart. He precipitates himself upon the buck. A battle ensues. But the buck's fate is sealed. When he has gorged himself with blood, the cheetah rolls over beside his victim.

The cheetah, crowned with a wreath, is carried home on the oxcart in triumph.

Tiger hunting in India, the sport that allured me most, is a luxurious affair. The hunters live mostly in tents, but these tents are unbelievably comfortable. The so-called Cashmere tent consists of a large anteroom, a bedroom, a sitting room, and a small bathroom. The tents are equipped with electric lights and every imaginable convenience.

My host in the Central Provinces was the governor of that district, Sir John Havitt. He had the delightful gift of making his guests feel at home and of meeting their wishes even before they expressed them.

A tiger hunt *de luxe* requires innumerable preparations. The headquarters of the hunt are like the headquarters of an army on the eve of a battle. Every minute brings some new report. Little notes like telegraph slips, announcing "Tiger killed" or "No kill," come and go. As soon as favorable news and positive information concerning the whereabouts of the enemy arrives the army begins to move. Nothing can hold it back.

WHEN word reached us that the spoor of the jungle lord had been found, we climbed upon the broad backs of our hunting elephants. The battle was on.

We wore tropical helmets, khaki shirts, and khaki trousers and putties. Thus accoutered it was possible to defy the heat. Four hundred beaters preceded us. These were, almost without exception, natives. Each carried a short ax as a weapon. It took several hours before we reached this advance guard.

As we got closer to the trail of the king of the jungle, we dismounted and started the steep ascent of the hills on foot. We were bathed in perspiration.

The native hunters crept ahead of us like foxes. Suddenly my heart stood still. One of the beaters turned around. His eyes glowed with weird fire as he whispered excitedly: "*Bagha!*" ("Big cat!")

The time for action has come.

I try to emulate the silent tread of the natives. I must reach a vantage point jutting out of the hill, designated for me by a native guide. It resembles a pulpit whose roof consists of branches and reeds.

Here, concealed from the enemy, I stand and listen, clutching my heavy double-barreled rifle.

From above, the merciless Indian sun sends its piercing rays through my helmet. The white light dazzles and blinds me even through the green spectacles I wear to protect my eyes. I must discard them as soon as the tiger looms into view.

But the jungle lord takes his time.

The minutes creep. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, three quarters of an hour pass. And still I wait—wait breathlessly.

Two hours elapse.

Will my patience be rewarded at last?

SUDDENLY there is an infernal noise. Whistles, drums, groans and shouts. Even fireworks are pressed into the hunt. Flames leap.

But in spite of all the din nothing happens.

Hope sinks.

I shrug my shoulders, prepared to go home empty-handed.

Suddenly I feel the light touch of a hand on my shoulder.

I turn around. In a depression the underbrush undulates gently. A streak of gold moves slowly toward me. At last my hopes are fulfilled!

No lover ever waited more yearningly for his mistress than I for my first tiger.

The jungle lord steps out cautiously, almost daintily, like all felines. For all that, his manner is that of a *grand seigneur*. He hardly deigns to notice the noise and din behind him. Contemptuously he looks back over his shoulder and yawns to express his unconcern. Then, sniffing, he proceeds straight toward me!

The magnificent spectacle holds me spellbound for a moment. I hesitate before raising my rifle.

But the training of the huntsman is such that I take aim automatically. The rifle becomes alive in my hands. I press the trigger.

A shot! Then a roar that almost freezes the marrow of my bones. It is a sound I shall never forget. It is unlike any other sound of man or beast.

But my bullet has found its billet. The tiger collapses.

The second bullet ends his misery.

When the king of the jungle was dead, tumultuous shouts of joy from my shikaris greeted the event. They embraced each other and danced around me. The leaf-covered platform on which I stood broke down under the strain. But the dancing continued.

The day of my first tiger hunt is

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—John McCrae, a Canadian officer who died in the World War.

2—A monument erected in honor of a person buried elsewhere.

3—A powerful explosive containing nitroglycerin and potassium chlorate.

4—A stein holds about a pint; a seidel only three fourths of a pint.

5—No; Noah's father was a captain in the American Revolutionary army.

6—An ungrammatical combination of words in a sentence, or a departure from the idiom of a language.

7—Johann Rudolf Wyss.

8—From the heavy growth of hair on their toes during the winter season.

9—The Milk River, which flows from Glacier County, Montana, through southern Alberta, Canada, into the Missouri in Montana.

10—In Armenia.

11—Yellow or reddish yellow, Cain's hair being reputed to be of this color.

12—Of the highest quality as regards transparency or luster.

13—More men, by more than a million.

14—Any of numerous shrimplike crustaceans used extensively as food.

15—It was applied to those of strict Presbyterian faith.

16—The Patagonians of South America.

17—It enjoined secrecy on those present; hence the phrase *sub rosa*.

18—Lamech.

19—The large sweet European chestnut, much used in fancy cooking and confectionery.

20—It is derived from the design on the old Spanish dollar—the Pillars of Hercules, bound by a ribbon.

Answer to Chocolate Vitavose question on page 29—*The richness of Chocolate flavored Vitavose in Vitamin B, the important factor which stimulates appetite, has led to its being called an "appetite-building" drink.*

You'll agree, when you try the sample, that it is unique among chocolate milk drinks!

Except in taste, Chocolate flavored Vitavose does not even mildly resemble ordinary chocolate powders and syrups.

It contains the nourishing extract of *wheat embryo*, one of the richest sources of Vitamin B. It also contains food iron and other important minerals. Thus it differs vastly from chocolate preparations which merely flavor milk!

The *extra* nourishment your child gets with Chocolate flavored Vitavose well repays any slight difference in cost. Change now from ordinary milk drinks to Chocolate flavored Vitavose.

HERE'S AN OFFER OF SAMPLE PACKAGE!

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE FLAVORED VITAVOSE

SQUIBB
CHOCOLATE
VITAVOSE

E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. 52, 745 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me sample of Chocolate flavored Vitavose and booklet "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Address...

City..*State*..........................

burned into my memory. It remains to this day my supreme hunting experience. My most exciting adventure after the tiger hunt was in Ceylon, where I followed the trail of an elephant.

Here, too, it was a matter of days before we received news that the beast had been marked down. Immediately we started. He led us a merry chase through the jungle. Hour after hour we followed him through the tropical thickets and he artfully evaded us. Whenever we were near enough to take aim, he would suddenly take to flight.

But the patience of men is even greater than the patience of elephants. At last I got a shot at him. The moment the bullet struck him he gave an angry grunt and started toward us as if to accept the gauge of battle.

But only for a moment.

Then, stamping and tramping, once more he sought safety in flight. The jungle fled before him. But we followed after, patiently, scientifically. Several times he was entirely out of sight. We could only guess where he was by the motion of the trees. But there was one thing to betray him: the sharp penetrating scent of his perspiration. Slowly, methodically we followed until the mighty beast was cornered. He turned around, trumpeting defiantly.

But a volley of shots from our guns terminated his defiance. His trumpeting ended in a gasp of anguish. I had bagged my first elephant.

I have never seen such a variety of game as at Mirzapur. Hiding behind high cacti, I shot a sambar and just missed a hyena. After that, surprised by its appearance, I missed a chital (axis deer). But one of my fellow huntsmen got both animals.

Then my neighbor and I bagged a cow nilgau, India's largest antelope.

After that two powerful bears stirred in the thicket. I shot one and missed the second. But I was consoled by dispatching a magnificent wild peacock and a wild jungle cock.

Then we had breakfast under tall trees and told tall stories such as hunters are wont to tell. After the meal we climbed a hill. Here the trees were higher, the thickets almost impenetrable.

At first it seemed that good fortune had abandoned us. There was hardly the report of a rifle. Suddenly an immense bear waddled toward me. I shot him at a distance of forty yards. He made a somersault like a hare and trotted on merrily maintaining the even tenor of his way. A second shot ended his career. He made no more somersaults. Today his stuffed pelt, adorned with a modern white collar, guards one of the staircases of my castle in Oels.

Before we were finished we bagged a jackal, a chital, and two panthers. At the end of this hunt we encountered a family of otters. However, the little ones were too small to be targets for my gun. At first I did not recognize the species. It is rare to meet an entire family in this fashion.

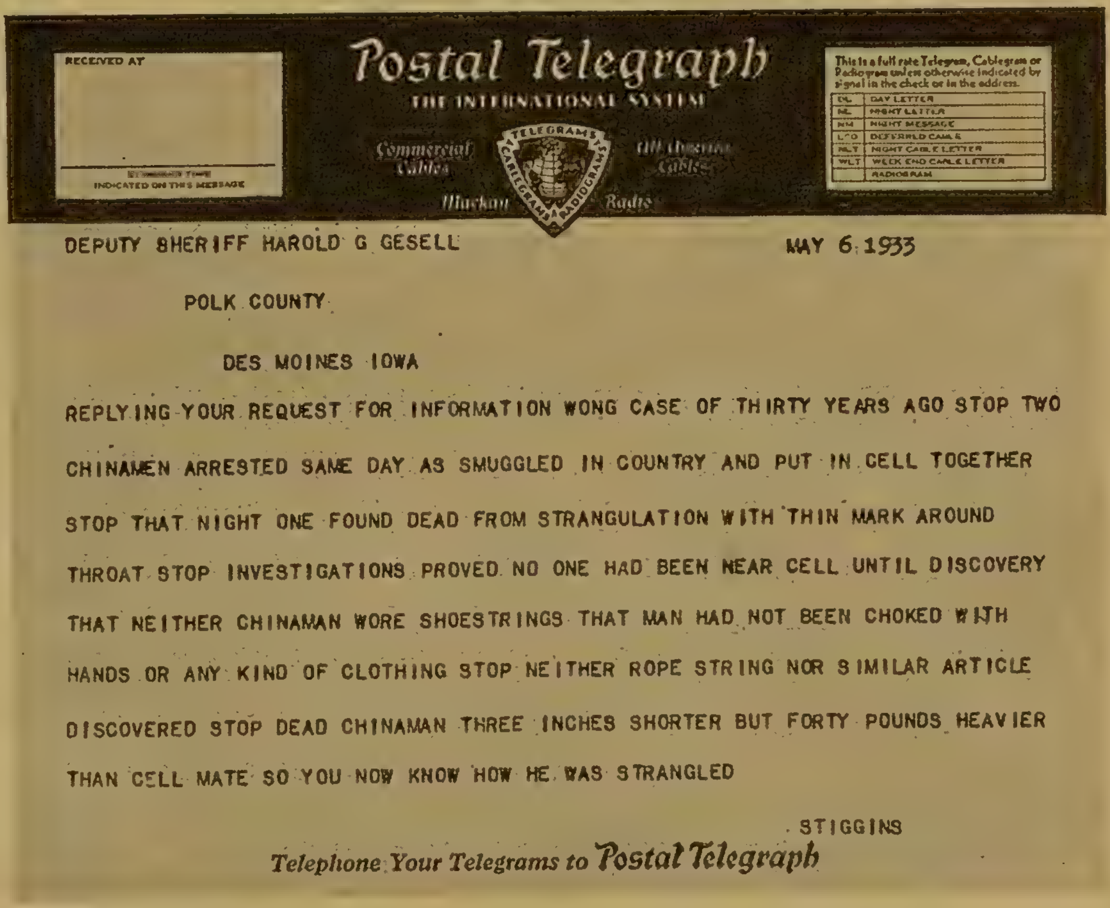
I don't think that any hunter ever collected a more mixed company in one bag.

The Crown Prince will give the world his unreserved opinion of Adolf Hitler in Liberty next week, in the eighth and final article of this series. He will also give intimate sketches of his famous European contemporaries from Abdul-Hamid and Pope Leo XIII to President Hindenburg, including his own father, King Edward VII, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, and Czar Nicholas II. Also, the man who may be Germany's next emperor will pay a personal tribute to Benito Mussolini, the man in whose steps Hitler, dictator of New Germany, has chosen to walk.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY


RECEIVED AT
Postal Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM
Commercial Cables
All America Cables
Mackay Radio

DEPUTY SHERIFF HAROLD G GESELL MAY 6 1933

POLK COUNTY

DES MOINES IOWA

REPLYING YOUR REQUEST FOR INFORMATION WONG CASE OF THIRTY YEARS AGO STOP TWO CHINAMEN ARRESTED SAME DAY AS SMUGGLED IN COUNTRY AND PUT IN CELL TOGETHER STOP THAT NIGHT ONE FOUND DEAD FROM STRANGULATION WITH THIN MARK AROUND THROAT STOP INVESTIGATIONS PROVED NO ONE HAD BEEN NEAR CELL UNTIL DISCOVERY THAT NEITHER CHINAMAN WORE SHOESTRINGS THAT MAN HAD NOT BEEN CHOKED WITH HANDS OR ANY KIND OF CLOTHING STOP NEITHER ROPE STRING NOR SIMILAR ARTICLE DISCOVERED STOP DEAD CHINAMAN THREE INCHES SHORTER BUT FORTY POUNDS HEAVIER THAN CELL MATE SO YOU NOW KNOW HOW HE WAS STRANGLED

STIGGINS

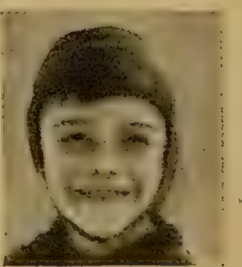
Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Do YOU Know How the Chinaman Was Strangled?
The solution will appear next week.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Bit Scotch



JACK'S mother and aunt were packing a box of clothing to send to a less fortunate family and asked five-year-old John to look over his toys and send something. Discovering two hammers, John replied:

"I'll send them a hammer and then they can make their own toys."—L. May Halsey, 2138 Midland Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

Common Sense

GEORGE loves to tease his little sister.

She is long-suffering, but one day she could stand it no longer. She turned to a young friend of hers who was present and said very earnestly:

"There's one thing you must never do, Marie. Never have no brothers!"—Anne Ross, 346 South Emerson Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Seeing *is* Believing

A Short Short Story

By DON MARQUIS

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

OLD Mr. Hostetter Jones, a friend of many years and a battle-scarred veteran who has lived to see prohibition triumph and then totter without missing a drink, came into my office yesterday and announced that he had let the year 1933 happen to him without going through the formality of swearing off.

"Swearin' off," said old Hostetter, "always gets me in bad, one way or another. I well remember what happened to me the last time I done it. It was five or six years ago, and me and Annabel, my wife, was spendin' the winter in one of them prosperous, good-lookin' little cities in southern California, where she had a lot of relatives. Annabel was kinda worried about me right from the start. 'Now, Hostetter,' she says, 'I want you to make a good impression on my relations; but I want you to be mighty careful about drinkin'—you know what an unfortunate reputation you got about drinkin'!'

"'Yes, Annabel,' I says, as good as gold.

"And of course I made up my mind to do as she said. But it was pretty hard. For every last one of them relations of hers was so derned hospitable that I never had so much good stuff offered me in my life. And in order to make a good impression on 'em, like she said, I had to take a drink every fifteen minutes, and I had to show up every evenin' carryin' my liquor well enough so I would pass as sober with her. I don't want to brag on myself none, but I will say I never knew many men besides myself who could satisfy both requirements as well as I done.

"But after about three weeks it began to tell on me a little. I couldn't relax none. One way or the other, I was too much in the public eye.

"One day I was walkin' down the main street, past Cousin Harvey's bank which he was president and cashier of, and the door of the bank was wide open, and I seen a big fat diamond-backed rattlesnake come out the door and hustle down the steps. He lifted up his head as he went by me and give me an unfriendly look of his eye, and then he turned the corner and disappeared like he was late to an engagement somewheres.

"Then I heard a whirrin', whizzin', buzzin' kind of noise just inside the bank, and another big snake comes out the door and passes by me the same way. This one appeared to give me a kind of a knowin' grin as he went by. And all this while there was noises goin' on inside of Cousin Harvey's bank like chairs bein' turned over and counters bein' jumped on.

"Next, out come two more rattlers side by side, like a couple of pals takin' a constitutional walk together on Sunday mornin'—solemn-lookin' snakes they was, with no fun in their nature. They never even looked at me as they went by.

"'Gosh,' I says to myself, 'I got 'em! This is what comes of tryin' to please too many people at the same time!'

"Next there was seven more, one followin' the other. And each one as he went by me lifted up his tail impudent-like and give me a little buzz, like they was bad boys thumbin' their noses at me. You could see disrespect ripplin' all over 'em.

"Believe it or not, I counted twenty-seven snakes pilin' out of that bank door, and each one of 'em as he went by me showed some sign of derision.

"'If I didn't know them wasn't real snakes,' I says to myself, 'I would think I was witnessin' the most peculiar kind of a run on a bank that a bank ever had. The Treasury Department oughto do somethin' about this! I'm goin' in and see Cousin Harvey.'

"Coiled up in the sunshine on the top step was the biggest rattler I ever seen inside or outside of a zoo. I says to myself, 'He ain't real. He's just a part of the delusion that's come to me through partakin' of too much hospitality and at the same time forcin' my nervous system to act like it's cold sober.' But, at that, I kinda hated to have to pass by him.

"And as I did so he buzzed like a motor car startin' up, uncoiled himself like a lightnin' flash, and bit me on the calf of the leg, right through my pants.

"I went on into the bank, and there was everybody gettin' down from counters and desks and chairs, and Cousin Harvey lookin' kinda wild.

"'Harvey,' I says, 'you're a notary public. Draw me up,' says I, 'the most Bible-bindin' legal form of oath you can think of, to the effect that, so help me, I ain't gonna take another drink for six months from date. I been seein' snakes, Harvey; and I had the delusion that one of 'em bit me!'

"'Bit you?' says he. 'Great guns!'

"And with that he jumped for his desk and pulled a quart of liquor out of one of the drawers. 'Drink that,' he says, 'while I phone for a doctor!'

"'Those were real snakes!' says Uncle William, galopin' up with another quart of liquor.

"IT seems that little city had been openin' up a zoo, and Harvey was the president of the concern, and he had decided that the snake house should contain every variety of rattler found in the hills of California.

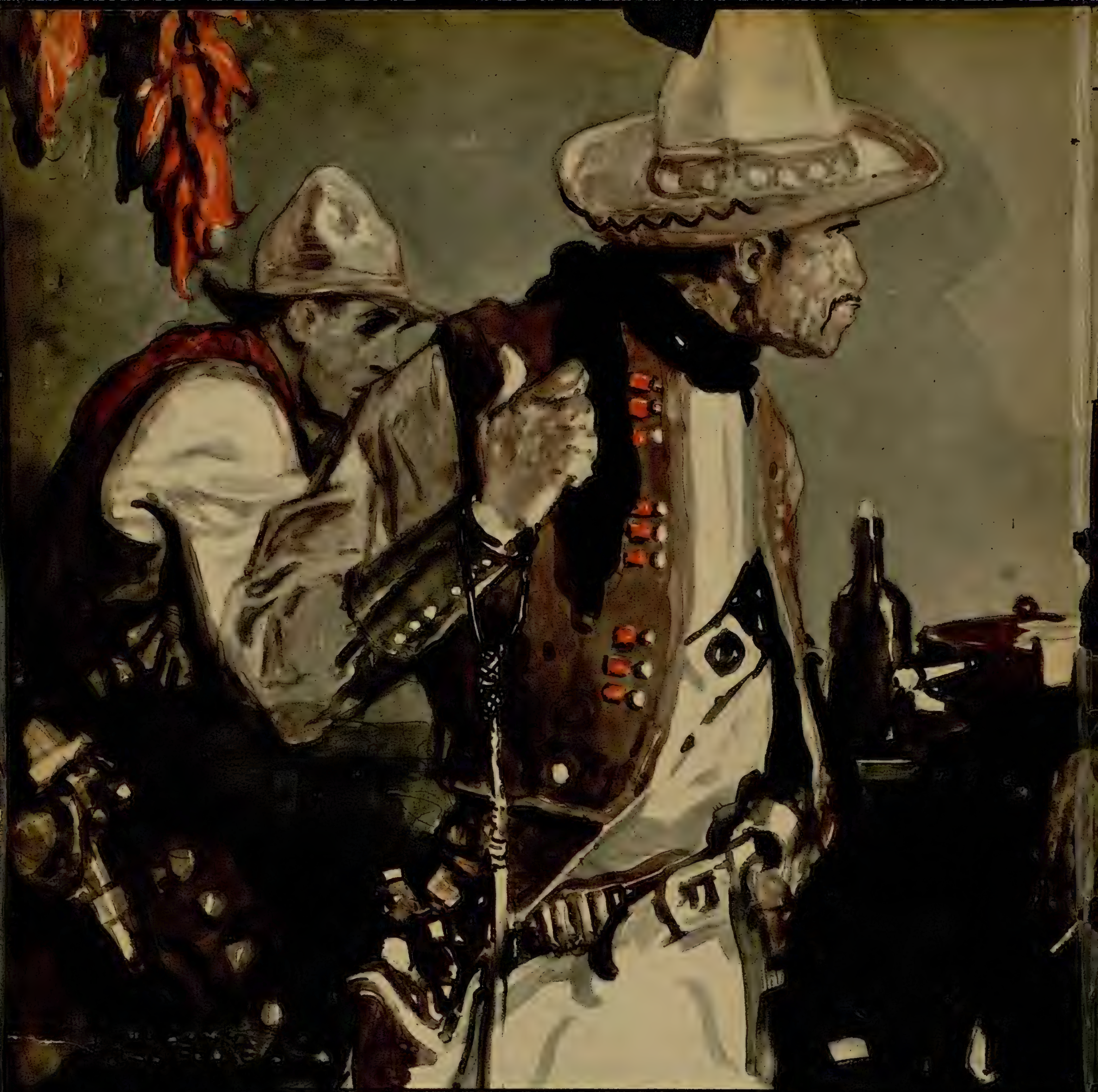
"He'd advertised for 'em, and them snakes had been delivered at his bank, and that afternoon they'd been pourin' all of 'em into a big box to take over to the zoo, and the box had been knocked over and all of 'em spilled out into the bank.

"Even before the doctor got there, the word spread all over town that Cousin Hostetter had been bit by a rattlesnake, and every thirty seconds another relation busts into the bank with another quart of liquor.

"I never felt no ill effects from the snake bite, but Cousin Harvey told me later that the snake that bit me went down the street and died, and that a post-mortem examination showed it had died of alcoholism.

"But I impute the whole thing to the effort I made to swear off. Never yet have I made an attempt like that but what it has ended in some terrible disappointment one way or the other."

THE END



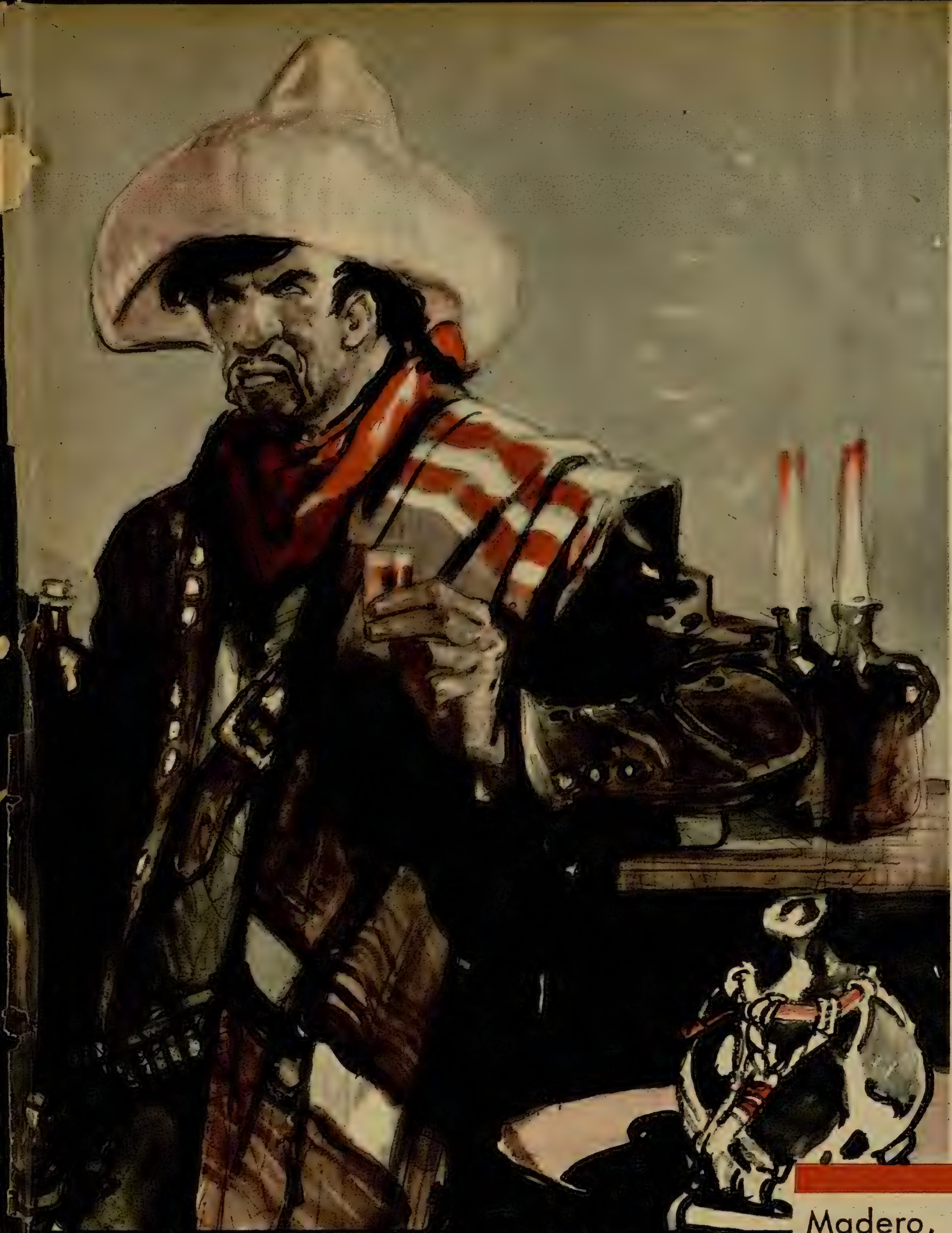
by TEX O'REILLY
as told to
LOWELL THOMAS

BORN to R

(Reading time: 23 minutes 25 seconds.)

IN 1905 Tex took a hand in a revolt against Castro, the dictator of Venezuela. He was chief of artillery—one rickety machine gun—in the forces of Matos, the revolutionist. The three columns of their army were to unite and march on the capital, Caracas. One refused to fight; another turned against the third, the main column, and ambushed it, slaughtering half its men and putting the rest, including Tex, to flight. After days in the jungles he slipped into Caracas, and eventually he got out of the country and back to New Orleans. For a few short years he was a man of peace. He married and, by way of settling down, rode in the rodeos and made cross-country records on horseback. He went broke in the Texas land boom, did newspaper work, became a Texas Ranger. As a Ranger he was sent to the town of Ozona to guard a half-witted Mexican who had outraged and killed a woman and had been jailed.

He found the town square crowded and the local sheriff indisposed, in the circumstances, to shoot down his friends and the Mexican's victim's. The jail was across the square from the courthouse, and the would-be lynchers were just waiting for the lone Ranger, whom they were cursing, to try to bring the prisoner across. By agreement with the judge, Tex did it at a moment when they were off guard and scattered, and had



Carrasco was lounging on the bar, drinking. Salgado walked up to him and told him we had come to take him to Ojinaga. Carrasco said, like hell we would.

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

AISE HELL

Madero, Pacifist and Revolutionist—Eighteen Men Start a War—Nabbed by the Rangers—A Killer in Action—Mexico's Jesse James

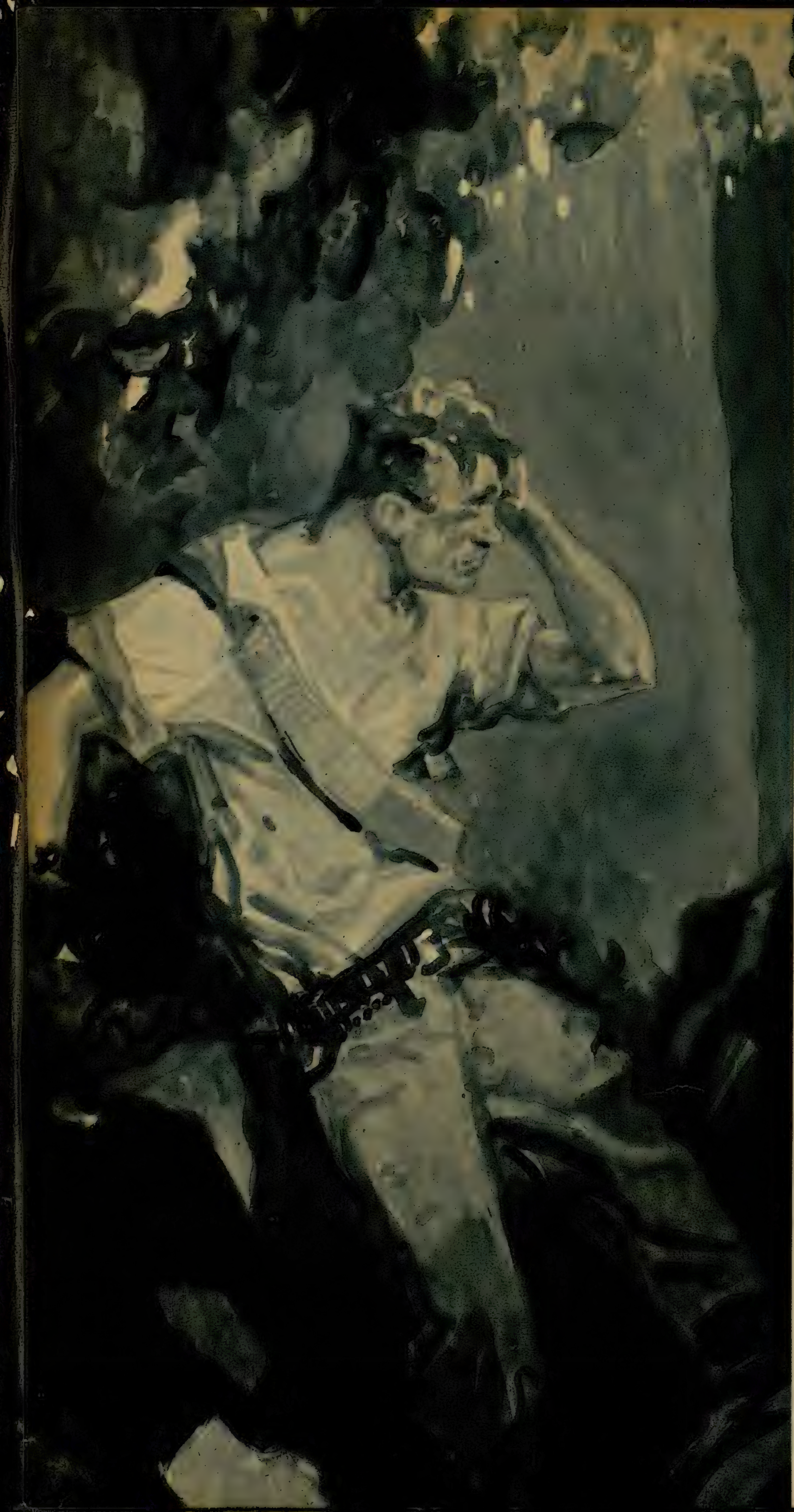
the man's plea of not guilty heard quickly and a change of venue given him. Tex knew the mob would come surging into to court room. He could not lawfully lock it, so he locked all the doors but one.

PART SIX—A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS

WITHIN half a minute some of the men outside knew what was going on, and they began coming up the stairs. Two or three came running up, and I stood in the doorway and disarmed them, and when the others met them coming down, they backed up. There wasn't time for the mob to get together; before most of the men knew what was going on I had the prisoner back in jail.

Then they were a mad bunch, gathering around the jail and working up fury enough to attack it. The prisoner had got a change of venue to Rocksprings, and I thought there wouldn't be a better time to take him there. In fact, I had already made arrangements.

A little ex-soldier was working in a garage in town, and I had fixed it up with him to bring a car around. He



Suddenly that sand bank caved in and I fell fifteen feet. My rifle hit me on the head. I came to and saw the sand all around me boiling with bullets.

ran it through the crowd, up to the jail door, and I threw the Mexican into it, on the floor, and I sat there with my rifle and we tore out of town. We got away and were gone before the mob had time to get together.

Afterward I tried out the patent shotgun I had been carrying, and it would not work. If I had had any trouble in Ozona and had tried to use that gun, it would have been just too bad. But as a Ranger it was my job to avoid trouble, and that was what we usually did.

IN the middle of December, 1910, I went down to San Antonio to do our Christmas shopping, and there I met Abram Gonzales, a good friend of mine, who told me that the Mexican revolution was starting.

Abram Gonzales was a Mexican who had been a lawyer in St. Louis. He had been down in Mexico helping organize the revolution and he had come up to San Antonio to meet Madero. We went out together to see Madero in a little house on South Alamo Street, where a number of leaders were planning a revolt.

I knew Madero well. He had frequently visited San Antonio. His family had an office in the city and owned large properties there.

Madero was a strange leader of a revolution. He was a pacifist and a dreamer, much more interested in spiritualism than in guns. A little man, nervous and enthusiastic and excitable, he believed in a modern Utopia to be set up in Mexico, and he had the strange belief that all men were moved by motives as idealistic as his own.

That year old Porfirio Diaz had been running for reëlection. He had announced that he would welcome an opposition candidate for the presidency, and Madero had confidingly announced himself as that candidate. Naturally Diaz had arrested him and all his important supporters, and clapped them into jail to stay there until after the election.

There was furious indignation throughout Mexico, and revolutionists were organizing in many states. Madero had been released from jail and had come to San Antonio, and in the house on South Alamo Street his followers were convincing him that armed revolt was the only way to end Diaz's long dictatorship.

I met Calixto Guerra there, and Salvador Alvarado, an intelligent and well educated man who had been a school-teacher in Texas and a bookkeeper at the copper mines in Ray, Arizona. Pino Suarez was with Madero too; an earnest little man who was with him all the way. Suarez was the vice president who was murdered with Madero. And Antonio Villareal was at that meeting. I had known him for years. Villareal was a tall, handsome, intelligent Mexican and an old revolutionist. Some years before he had been arrested, under our neutrality laws, for Mexican revolutionary activities on American soil. I had sympathized with him then, and we had been friends ever since.

An hour with those men convinced me that the real revolution was starting in a few days. I left the house in great excitement and hunted up Paul Cowles, Western manager of the Associated Press, who was in San Antonio. I told him the revolution was breaking, and he would not believe it. Neither would the editors of my old paper. But they did agree that in the incredible event of a revolution they would take any news I would send, and give me credentials.

Then I went home. In Sanderson I got hold of four Mexicans, good fighting men, and told them I would take them to the revolution. There were Christmas boxes for us at the express office; I gathered them up, and I had brought all the trimmings for dinner and the tree, and presents for Mrs. O'Reilly and the boys. We had a grand Christmas celebration at the ranch, and early next morning I left for the revolution.

I PICKED up my Mexicans: Manuel Bustamente, who later became a colonel in Villa's army; Antonio Chavez, a fine big Yaqui Indian; Lupe Morales, a very brave Mexican who had a record as a bad man in Texas; and a little Mexican soldier named Fermin, also a fine fighting man. We went down to Comstock, thirteen miles from the Rio Grande. A few more Mexicans had gathered there. Salvador Alvarado and Calixto Guerra had come up from San Antonio, and that night we met secretly in a little dobe hut. If the Rangers got wind of the revolution they would arrest us.

Next day we began drifting down to the border in twos and threes. We forded the Rio Grande separately, and met at the cliffs along the river on Hinejosa Ranch. There are big caves in the cliffs and we hid in the caves. A large force of revolutionists was expected to meet there, but the others did not come.

I got tired of sitting around there waiting, and wanted to make a little trip back to the family at Sanderson, but when I tried to leave I found I was a prisoner. Calixto Guerra and Salvador Alvarado did not know me at that time; we had met only once at Madero's house, and they were taking no chances of my betraying them. They were perfectly friendly about it, but I could not go.

WE waited more than a week and still had only eighteen men. Then we decided to go in anyway and start the revolution.

Calixto Guerra was in command. He sent out some men to round up a bunch of horses for us, and we started. We moved from ranch to ranch and through the little towns, posting up the proclamation of the revolution and calling for recruits. The federal troops were after us and we were constantly on the move. We recruited twenty-two men, and then turned back to join the force we expected to find at the caves.

At one ranch we found that sixty Rurales, looking for us, had left only a few minutes before we came in.

After that we traveled at night and hid in the daytime.

Old Porfirio Diaz showed his cleverness when he enlisted the Rurales. Mexico had passed through years of turmoil before he first became president, and the country was overrun with bandits. Instead of trying to subdue them, Diaz sent for the prominent bandit chiefs and asked them what was their average loot. They agreed it was about thirty pesos a month. He said:

"All right, you work for me and I'll pay you thirty pesos a month regularly, guaranteed."

That was high wages in Mexico then. So all the bandits joined Diaz, and that was the beginning of the Rurales. They wore the Mexican cowboy costume—tight pants, little jackets, big hats—and they were the best riders and the finest fighting men in the Mexican army. We did not want to encounter sixty of them before we reached our reënforcements at the caves.

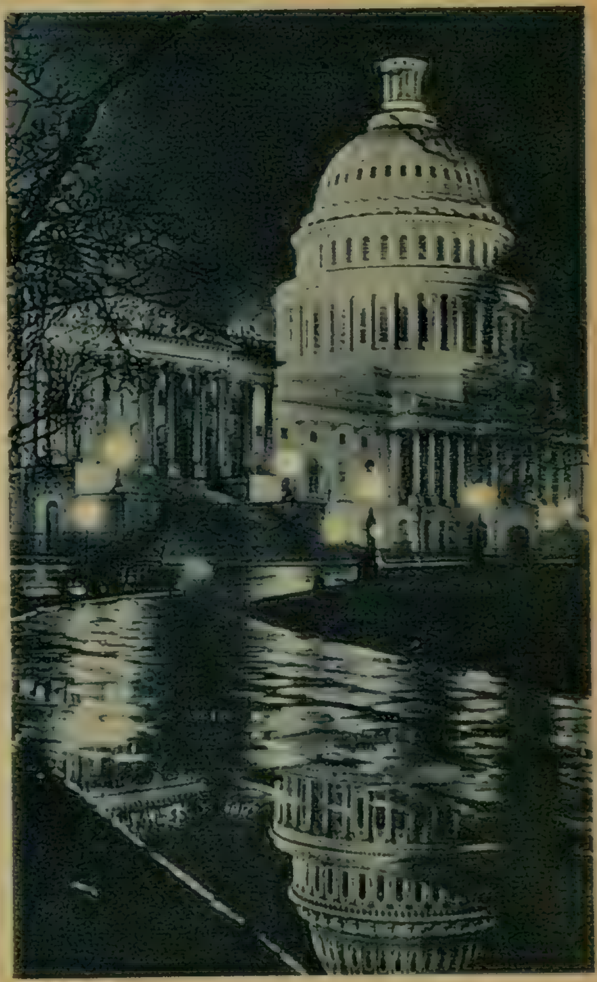
One night in the dark we rode up the side of a hill and almost into the Rurales. We stopped and they rode past us. They were not two hundred yards off.

Finally we got back to the caves, and nobody was there. We could not understand it. Guerra detached twenty men under Felipe Zamora and sent them to try to find out what had happened to our expected reënforcements. That left twenty of us in camp, and two of those had crossed the river when one of our sentries reported that federal troops were coming.

He had spotted them about two hours' ride away: a force of about 160 men, half of them Rurales and half

WASHINGTON

AVERAGES 3 FT. 6 IN. OF RAIN YEARLY!



The U. S. Capitol as it looks on a rainy night

MORTON'S SALT IS USED BY 9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN IN WASHINGTON BECAUSE

When it Rains It Pours

NEVER CAKES OR HARDENS
IN THIS TRIPLE-THICK MOISTURE-PROOF PACKAGE
MORTON'S
IODIZED
SALT
IT POURS
MORTON SALT COMPANY, CHICAGO

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Look for this seal when buying iodized salt and thus avoid getting one without sufficient iodine to prevent simple goiter.

IODIZED OR PLAIN, 10c

Mexican regular cavalry. We all moved out and looked at them. They were following our trail. There was no doubt about that.

There was plenty of time to scatter and cross the river, but we had posted up the proclamation of the revolution and we could not discredit it by failing to put up a fight.

A triangular prairie lies along the river there; it is more than a mile long and comes to a point at the cliffs. We took stations in the woods at the point between the cliffs and the river, eighteen men, and we lay there and waited. My station was at the extreme end of our line. The river curves there against a high sand bank, and the water had eaten out the bank until it was straight up and down, more than fifteen feet high. A gnarled old mesquite grew at the top of the bank and would give me a little cover.

This was to be the first fight of the revolution. Although I was in the campaign from then on to the end, and although there were bigger battles, this turned out to be the hardest, fiercest, bloodiest of them all. There were not many of us, and it may seem like a skirmish. But I recall it as a terrific fight.

The Federals came riding down the trail to the prairie, and there our horses' tracks were thick. They knew we were near. They rode up within half a mile of us and dismounted. The Rurales spread out and came on.

They came within two hundred yards of us. Then one of our men got a little nervous and fired. We moved to our stations and opened up, and the Rurales charged.

WE were in a good position, under cover, and they were in the open. Afterward I stepped off the distance: they got within forty paces of us before our fire broke the charge.

They broke and fell back. Meanwhile the regulars had come up and formed. Their bugles were blowing, and Fermin came running along our line to me. He said:

"They are blowing the Degüello."

It is an old historic bugle call, a tradition of the army of Maximilian; it was sounded at the Alamo. This was the only time I ever heard it. It means:

"No quarter, no surrender, no wounded. Kill every man."

Then they charged.

I propped my foot against the root of the mesquite and went to work. I was busy, loading and shooting, when suddenly that sand bank caved in and I fell fifteen feet, right down to the water's edge. My rifle hit me on the head and I thought I was killed.

It knocked the senses out of me. I came to, and I saw the sand all around me literally boiling with bullets. I was lying there conspicuously exposed, the only one of us in full sight, and all the Rurales were shooting at me.

My rifle was sticking out of the sand. I grabbed it and tugged it loose, and started trying to get back. There was no way of climbing that bank. The nearest cow trail was one hundred and fifty yards up the river. I had to run that distance in full view of the Rurales.

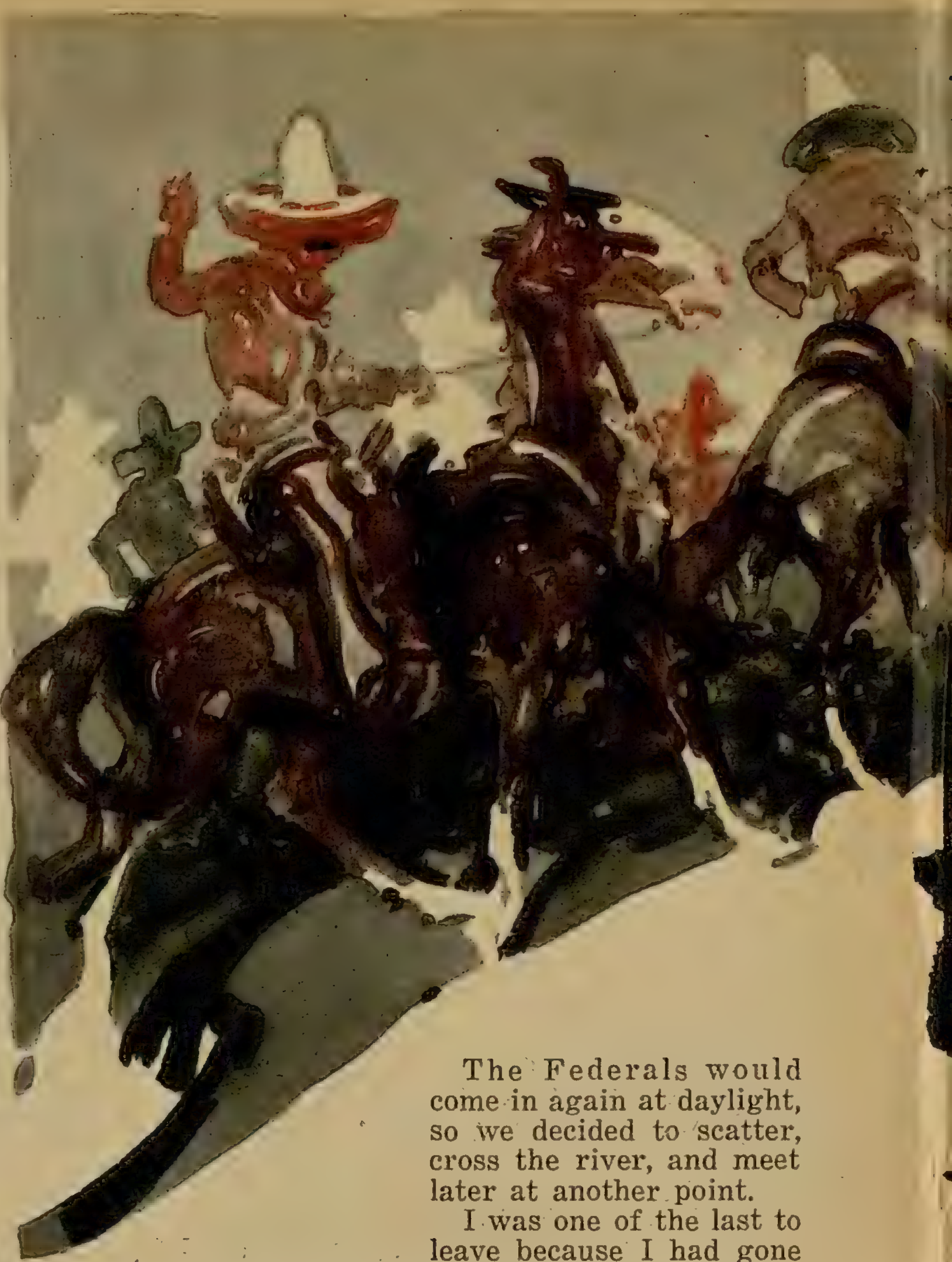
I started running as fast as I could in the sand. My shoulder hurt and blood was running down into my eyes, and I heard bullets humming all around me. My long quirt was hooked over a cartridge in my belt and hanging down behind; my feet tangled up in it and I went sprawling headlong. I thought I was hit; I knew I was killed.

But I got to my feet and managed to make it to the cow trail, and under cover of the bank I sat down to look at my fatal wounds. I was not hit at all. The only wound was a gash in the scalp from my own gun.

I had to sit there and get my breath. I certainly was scared. Then I climbed up the bank and went back into the fight, and in half a minute I was shot through the leg.

The Federals had closed in, and our little bunch gathered together and put up a great fight. We were outnumbered more than ten to one, but we stuck there and fought from two o'clock till dark, and then the Federals retreated. They blew the recall, and moved back to the other end of the prairie and camped.

We took stock in the dark. Of our eighteen men, two were dead, seven wounded, one missing. Manuel Martinez, one of our best men, was gone and no one had seen what became of him.



The Federals would come in again at daylight, so we decided to scatter, cross the river, and meet later at another point.

I was one of the last to leave because I had gone up a cañon looking for Martinez. We knew he must be somewhere near by, but in the dark I couldn't find him. When I gave up the search I had to go three miles across rough, broken country to reach a ford, and my leg had stiffened from my wound. I rode slowly.

Late at night I came to the river. Crossing the Rio Grande is always dangerous because of quicksands. I thought I was on the ford, but in the dark I missed it, and my horse bogged down to the neck; there was barely time to snatch my canteen and rifle off him. I stood there waist-deep in the water, afraid to take a step.

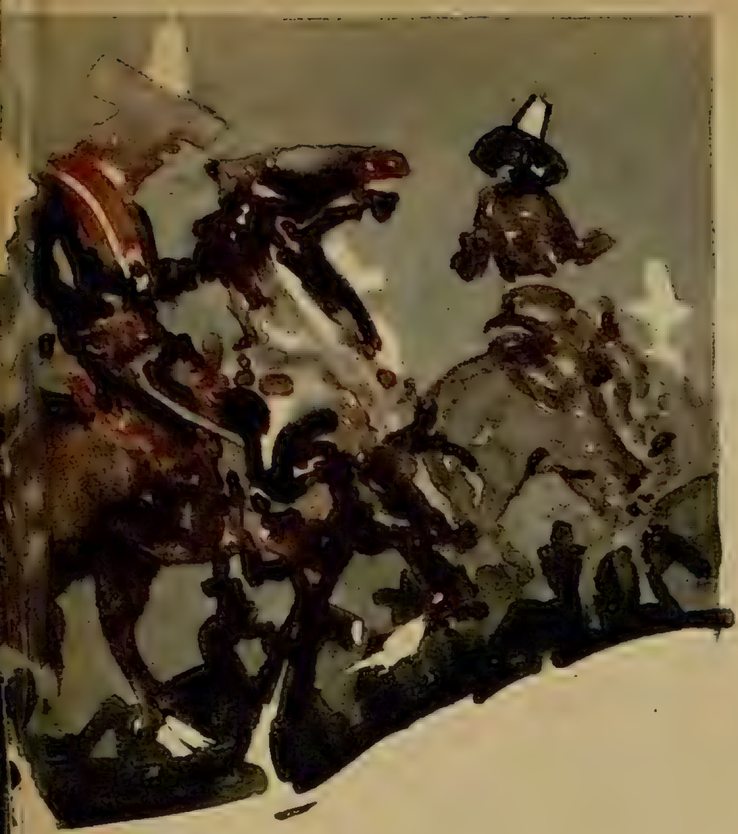
I COULDN'T see a thing, but I heard a low whistle from the American side. Someone there had seen me against the water, and he directed me to the ford. I got across, and found that Felipe Zamora with his twenty men had just come in to a little goat ranch there. He had learned that by some mistake the men who should have joined us at the caves had gathered farther up the river, opposite Langtry. He was going on that night to join them, and our able men went with him. The wounded scattered and started toward Comstock, Texas.

A Mexican who was wounded in the foot went with me. I tied up my wound, and it was not dangerous at all, but it stiffened my knee and I had lost a lot of blood. We rigged up crutches of tree branches, and we walked the thirteen miles to Comstock and got in before dawn. It was a hard hike.

A poor Mexican family took us in and hid us. They told us the Rangers were looking for us in the town. Of course they did not dare call a doctor.

I was in a dilemma. I knew I should lie low, but I had a scoop, the first battle of the Mexican revolution, and I wanted to send the story. My trousers, torn and soaked with blood, were a dead give-away, but if I could cover them up I thought I might venture out.

From the door of this dobe hut I could see a little store. The proprietor was just opening it for the day. The coast seemed clear, so I slipped across the street and into the



One night on the side of a hill the Rurales rode past us. They were not two hundred yards off.

store and bought a pair of overalls. I was climbing into them when three or four river guards and Rangers walked in, and they had me.

My cartridge belt and pistol were safe with the Mexican family. I handed over my rifle, and the Rangers began questioning me. They had heard about the fight and knew I had been there, so I admitted it frankly. Then they asked me where the Mexicans were. I lied about that, and said I had no idea where they could be found. So the Rangers arrested me. I protested that I was a newspaper man and they couldn't.

THE Rangers telegraphed headquarters at Del Rio, and headquarters replied that if I could prove I was a correspondent they would not hold me. So I sent a query to the A. P. and another to the San Antonio Light. They answered that I was a fully accredited correspondent and they would take any news I sent. I sat down and on the station agent's typewriter I wrote the story of the fight and sent it off. What relieved me still further, as soon as the story was received the A. P. at my urgent request wired me fifty dollars, which was exactly fifty dollars more than I had before it came.

I never got any pay for fighting in Mexico; never asked for any. None of my friends were paid, as a rule, for fighting in these foreign revolutions. I always despise men who go to war with the idea of making money out of it. Plenty of Americans came down to Mexico later with that idea, and I had the pleasure of booting some of them back across the Rio Grande. Men like that are never any good at fighting or at anything else.

When the Rangers released me I wanted to go up the river and get back into the war, but the United States river guards never let me out of sight for a moment. They wanted those Mexicans; they knew they were hiding somewhere on American soil, and they knew I knew where. They kept questioning me, but it didn't do them any good. Then they had a bright idea. On a hill back of Comstock was a little beer saloon. In those days in Texas there were many saloons licensed to sell beer only. They were pleasant places on hot afternoons. Four river guards suggested that we all go up to this saloon and have a bottle of beer.

The saloon was run by a long, lean, dry Yankee schoolmaster, a lunger. I had never seen him before. But after we had absorbed two or three bottles of good beer he managed to waylay me quietly. Said he:

"Now I don't know who you are or what you've done. But I overheard your friends just now. They are trying to get you to talk. Three of them intend to get drunk with you this afternoon. But one is staying sober."

I THANKED him and went back to the table and ordered more beer. One of the guards said he was sick and couldn't drink much, but the rest of us sat there all that afternoon and evening, drinking beer. We got a Mexican to play his guitar and sing for us and time passed pleasantly, and I took drink for drink with them till one by one those guards fell by the wayside.

When his last *compadre* couldn't drink any more, the sober one thought I must be right in condition to talk, and he began to question me. I confided to him that all the Mexicans were hiding up at Loeser, a section camp about twenty miles from Comstock.

They wired that information to headquarters, and orders came to go get those Mexicans at once. The three guards who were tight were absolutely out, but they had to get on their horses and ride that forty miles to Loeser and back. And of course, when they got to Loeser there wasn't a Mexican in the place.

But they never forgave me for that trick. They were joshed unmercifully about it, because the word went around that while they were gone on that ride I bought another half dozen bottles of beer and took them down to a traveling salesman at the hotel. We sat and drank three bottles of beer apiece before I went to bed.

Next day two American officers crossed the Rio Grande to see the battlefield and I rode with them. We found what had become of Martinez. He had been wounded and had crawled into a little cave, hardly big enough for his body. There was evidence that he had lain there and bled to death only a few yards from where I had been searching for him in the dark. The Federals had found his body and burned it on the pyres of dead mesquite near where they burned their own dead. I wrapped it in a blanket and brought it to the American side and buried it, and his family later came and got it.

Now!

Raleigh

is 15¢

[PLAIN OR TIPPED]

Of *course*, the same high quality as before. And you get a coupon with every pack of Raleighs. 50 coupons get you a handsome deck of initialed gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards; 85, a fine bridge set of two decks. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

Playing Cards FREE!
Raleigh
CIGARETTES
BRIDGE CARDS FREE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Kentucky

We found twenty-two bodies of federal soldiers. The Federals had retreated to the San José Ranch, and that night seven more of their wounded had died there. There were twenty-nine dead and, according to their own reports, thirty-two more had been wounded.

So the eighteen men who struck the first blow for the revolution had given a good account of themselves.

After our trip to the battlefield I got in touch with Gonzales, and he sent me word that the next gathering point would be near Ojinaga.

Toribio Ortega had started the revolution near Ojinaga. He crossed the Rio Grande with twelve men and gathered a force, and José de la Cruz Sanchez joined him.

Cruz Sanchez was a noted old smuggler and Indian fighter. When I arrived he was in command, and Ortega was second in command. They were planning to attack the federal garrison in Ojinaga commanded by General Luque. We moved into the town of El Mulato, twenty-two miles below Ojinaga, and were camped there, recruiting and getting ready, when we learned that General Luque was coming out to attack us. He had artillery and about 800 men. We had been recruited up to about 400 men, but had no artillery.

One of our recruits was the strangest fighting man I ever met. He came riding into camp all alone on a pony. He was almost stone-deaf and unable to speak a word of Spanish. The Mexicans couldn't talk to him, he couldn't explain what he was doing there, and they were afraid to let him go, so they took him along. He went into that battle practically a prisoner and he put up one of the greatest fights I ever saw.

Later we found out that his name was Frank McCombs. He was about thirty-five years old, with a long walrus mustache. He had been in the British navy and the American navy and had spent two years in Alaska. Then he wandered down into Texas, heard about the Mexican revolution and wanted to get into a fight, so he got on a pony and crossed the Rio Grande looking for an army.

He came when we were moving out into the edge of El Mulato and fortifying houses and ditches. At dawn the Federals charged and were driven back. Then they shelled us with field guns and charged again.

At one time the Federals got into a big adobe farmhouse that commanded part of our line. They were slaughtering us from there. McCombs happened to come along, saw the situation, and he charged that farmhouse alone. One man went in after him, a cousin of old José de la Cruz Sanchez.

McCOMBS battered down the door of the house with the butt of his gun. Sanchez was killed in the doorway, but McCombs charged in, killed three Federals and drove out the others.

That was typical of the things he did. He was one of the few men I ever saw who took sheer delight in killing, and did not know what fear was. They still talk about him in Mexico.

The Federals charged our left flank, and I was there with sixty men in an arroyo. It was a tough spot, sixty against about 300, but we held them off and drove them back. All that section north of Chihuahua is cattle country, and our men were cowboys, the best fighting men in Mexico.

The battle kept up till dark, then dwindled down, and we prepared for a harder attack next day. But in the morning we found that the Federals had gone back into Ojinaga, whipped.

Before we moved up to attack the town we waited a few weeks, gathering in supplies and recruits, and at this time Emilio Salgado joined us with eight of his men. Salgado was an outlaw and bandit who had been famous for years throughout northern Mexico. All the people of that country had an unholy respect for him, and the peons worshiped him. There was nothing he would not do for the poor; he gave them his last dollar many a time. All the bandits who joined the revolution were alike in that respect: for years they had been robbing the rich and giving to the poor. Villa was one of them, a typical bandit.

Soon after Salgado joined us we moved up the river to Ojinaga. That town was a tough nut to crack. We could not take it by assault, and we could not surround it. The Federals had strongly fortified the hills and they were directly on the Rio Grande, with a protected ford.

We moved up and fired into the town, but General Luque would not come out. He could not be drawn out to fight us again, and he could hold out indefinitely. We circled the town and fortified several places on the west and south, and attacked on the east, driving back the federal lines. But we could not get into the town. For two months we attacked it almost every day, and at night McCombs crawled in on his belly and killed federal sentries.

He always went alone, and I have known him to kill seven Federals in one night and bring back their rifles and ammunition.

DURING this siege Antonio Carrasco deserted, and Emilio Salgado and I went out to capture him.

For fifteen years Antonio Carrasco had been the Jesse James of that country. On the American side of the river there was a price on his head, and the Mexican government had outlawed him. He was a fellow with a bad eye, another of these cockeyed men, and when he offered his services to the revolution they were refused. He came in again with twenty men. We needed every man, and he was accepted.

Cruz Sanchez gave him command of seventy-five men and stationed him at San Francisco, a village about a mile from Ojinaga. He was to hold that point in our lines.

One day he got drunk and left—went up the river with his original bunch of men and began raiding. He stole horses, shot up and robbed the little town of San Antonio, Mexico, and just as a drunken whim he killed an old one-armed Mexican. He was a blot on the revolution, and old Cruz Sanchez wanted to get him.

Now both Mexico and the United States had been trying for fifteen years to round up Antonio Carrasco. He had twenty-five men with him, and Cruz Sanchez could not spare anything like that number. It was decided to send Emilio Salgado with four men, and I went along.

We rode seventy miles or so to San Antonio, and we found that Carrasco was still there with his bunch. They had been on a drunken carouse and Carrasco was in the saloon. Salgado and I walked in.

Salgado was grinning; I never saw him without that curious grin on his face, not mirthful, not exactly cynical, but devil-may-care.

He was a picturesque fellow, the kind that fiction writers call hawklike, and always dressed in leather cowboy clothes.

Carrasco was lounging on the bar, drinking. Salgado walked up to him and told him we had come to take him back to Ojinaga. Carrasco said, like hell we would. He began to swear about his grievances and Salgado shouted at him:

"Coward! You're afraid to come down there and fight. You're through in this country, you're finished! Branded as a coward who ran away from a fight!"

Carrasco was no coward when it came to facing death, as Tex will show in next week's installment—the "fightin'est" part of his hell-roaring life story, so far. It will include the funny episode of the McGinty cannon, stolen from El Paso; the smashing real-life drama that developed when a crazy old miner fought an army single-handed; a desperate battle with Indians in the mountains; and Tex's improvisation of dynamite hand grenades during the fighting in Santa Rosalia.

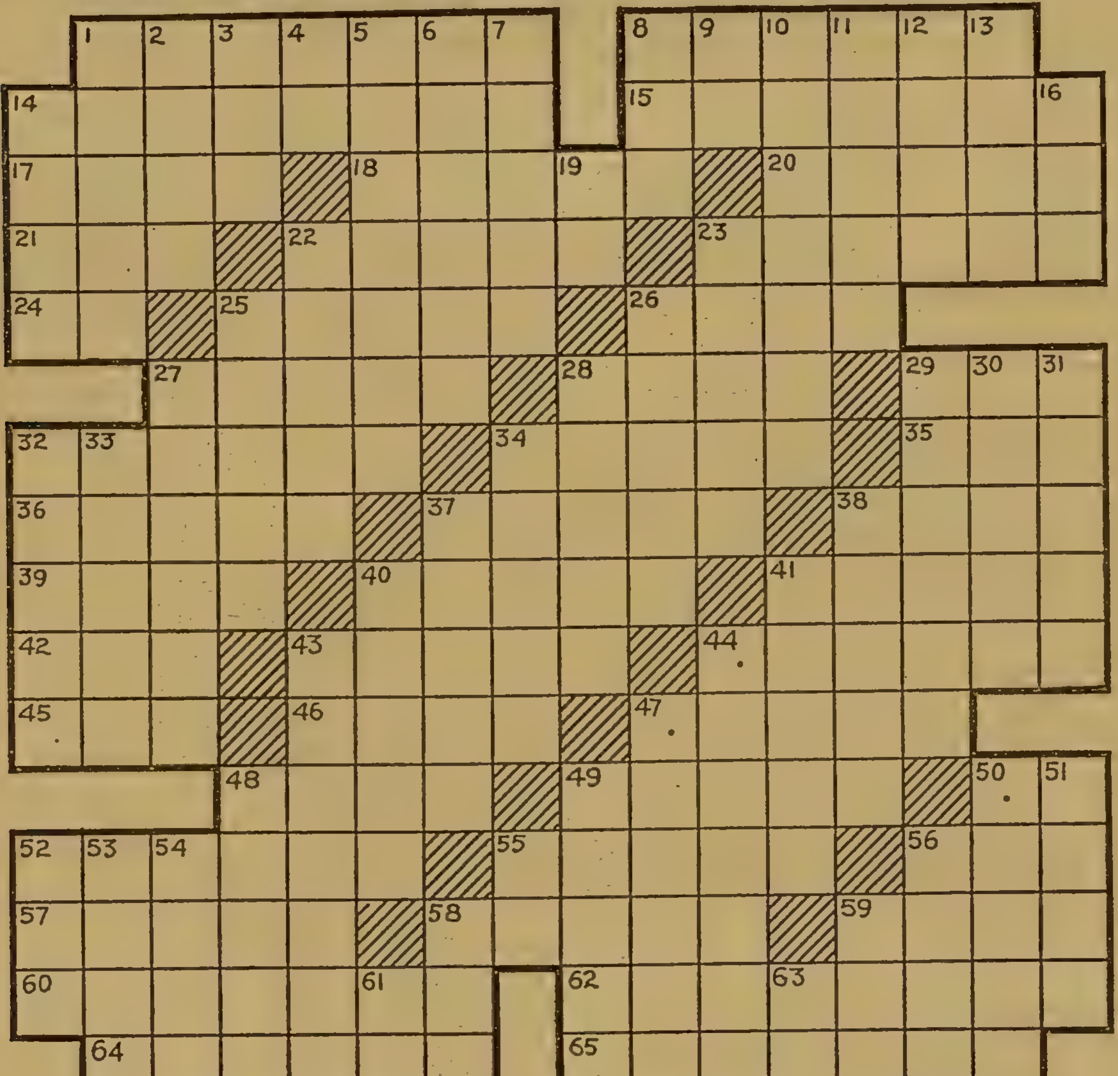
DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS APRIL 29 1933
COATESVILLE PA
NURSE CLAIMS MADAM UNDRESSED SELF STOP YOU FOUND MADAMS *DRESS ON TOP OF PILE OF CLOTHES* STOP HAVE NO DOUBT THIS CLUE WILL LEAD YOU TO ULTIMATE SOLUTION OF TRAGEDY
ANDREW J HUDOCK

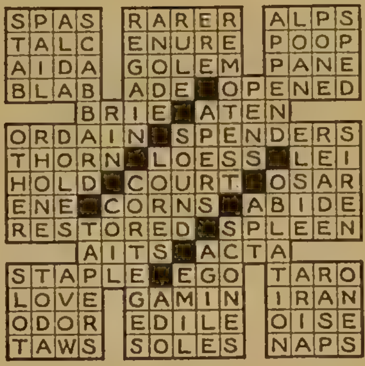
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A dead body
8 Morality
14 Short negligee jacket for women
15 A shellfish of the genus *Haliotis*
17 On
18 Crippled
20 Fixes
21 A play on words
22 Derma, or deeper layer of the skin
23 Simplest
24 The symbol for an element
25 Heavenly body
26 Form on which shoes are made
27 Fashions
28 A thread or string
29 Lofty mountain peak
32 Hardens
34 Spoke of a wheel (plural)
35 Girl (colloquial)
36 Burrowing animals
37 To dent
38 Woman's name
39 Measure for sizes of wire (plural)
40 Sounds, as a bell; clangs
41 Animal of the civet kind
42 Compass point
43 Gross; crude
44 Fondle
45 Man's nickname
46 Cavity
47 Destinies
48 Fastening devices
49 Plunges
50 Parent
52 A shade of red
55 The chief genus of the dog family
56 Surrounded by
57 Expiate
58 Ethical
59 A province in British India
60 The kneecap
62 The component parts of anything
64 District in Mysore State, India
65 Entices to evil



S	P	A	S		R	A	R	E	R		A	L	P	S
T	A	L	C		E	N	U	R	E		P	O	O	P
A	I	D	A		G	O	L	E	M		P	A	N	E
B	L	A	B		A	D	E	■	O	P	E	N	E	D
			B	R	I	E	■	A	T	E	N			
O	R	D	A	I	N	■	S	P	E	N	D	E	R	S
T	H	O	R	N	■	L	O	E	S	S	■	L	E	I
H	O	L	D	■	C	O	U	R	T	■	O	S	A	R
E	N	E	■	C	O	R	N	S	■	A	B	I	D	E
R	E	S	T	O	R	E	D	■	S	P	L	E	E	N
			A	I	T	S	■	A	C	T	A			
S	T	A	P	L	E	■	E	G	O		T	A	R	O
L	O	V	E		G	A	M	I	N		I	R	A	N
O	D	O	R		E	D	I	L	E		O	I	S	E
T	A	W	S		S	O	L	E	S		N	A	P	S

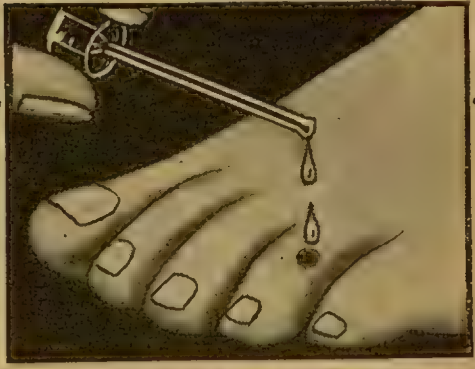
Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A town in Italy
2 Once a chief Egyptian deity
3 Noise
4 While
5 Books
6 Puffs up
7 Forgive
8 Insane
9 A Siberian river
10 An Egyptian king
11 Vigilant; watchful
12 Single
13 Finishes
14 Drinking vessels
16 Suffix used to form superlatives
19 Plural suffix
22 Collection of laws (plural)
23 Skin disease of animals
25 Hearts
26 A fish (plural)
27 Dulled or blunted
28 Respiratory organs
29 Contests in classical antiquity
30 Household gods
31 Maps
32 Ant
33 Uproar
34 Wash
37 Face of a clock (plural)
38 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
40 A bee
41 Portals
43 Carpenter's tools
44 Raised frivolous objections
47 End
48 Trees
49 Defies
50 Liquid measures
51 Augments
52 Headpiece
53 District in India
54 Ecclesiastical court
55 Prefix signifying with
56 Possessive pronoun
58 Humanity
59 Dry; said of wines
61 Note of the scale
63 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS
no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly!

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Mr. D. Mallory, Geer, Va., writes:
"My hair came out in patches and I was bald in spots. I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling, but grew new hair on the bald areas."

JAPANESE OIL, the antiseptic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for baldness where the hair roots are not dead, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 60c. Economy size, $1. All druggists. FREE booklet, "Truth About the Hair"—write

National Remedy Co., Desk L, 56 W. 45th St., N. Y.

STRING your own RACQUET

Same Quality String As in Expensive Racquets

Outfit Complete with string, tools and directions $1.65

Easy to restring racquets—better than new. Saves real money. Send for this professional outfit today. Good profits made restringing other players' racquets. 37 ft. string. Colors Purple, Green, Red or White, with length of contrasting color in silk cord trim, awls, illustrated easy directions. Money back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY TOO! Send check or Money Order $1.65 which includes Postage and Insurance. Sent C. O. D., if desired.

PRO TENNIS STRING CO., Dept. H, Harmon, N. Y.

Regain Your Health

Invest $130, and Reap Returns in HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY For the Rest of Your Life

Let us send you truthful sincere testimonials from those who have been restored to glorious health through a Physical Culture Course.

Consult us regarding your health problems. Do not wait until ill health becomes chronic.

Acquire super-abundant health, energy, ambition and joy in living through simple natural methods.

FREE WEEK OFFER IN EFFECT NOW

Weekly rates $30 and up. Inquiries welcome. Write: Health Advisor:

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, Inc.
(Founded by Bernarr Macfadden)
Dept. L 5-6 DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Vox

This Might Work Again

Elizabeth, N. J.—That chicken-curry recipe Princess Kropotkin gave in the March 25 issue was so good it stopped a poker game! The gang was playing at our house one night last week, and the wife tried out this curry on us. Boy, is it a dish! I am six bucks ahead when she yells, "Come and get it!" and for once the gamboleers don't stall the game along until they take my winnings off me. Eat is all they do from then on.

PADEREWSKI

I get my share of the curry too, you can bet your life!

Thanks to Liberty and the princess for a big evening.—*Frank Glover.*

Alan Winslow Gives the Record on America's First Two Air Victories

New York, N. Y.—I am glad that my friend, Mr. Edwin C. Parsons, formerly of the Lafayette Escadrille, has drawn attention, in Vox Pop of April 1, to the fact that Paul Baer should be given credit for being the first American officer in the American air service to shoot down an enemy plane. This is correct.

Apparently the confusion regarding this matter has arisen for the following reasons: Baer, during the days prior to the actual establishment of an American air service at the front, was an active member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille (N 124), a squadron composed mostly of American-born pilots flying under French colors. This squadron was "taken over" by the American forces on February 18, 1918, and designated as the 103d Squadron of the United States Air Service. On March 11, 1918, Baer, as a pilot of this former French unit, shot down an enemy plane—one of a long list destroyed by him.

On April 14, 1918, about a month later, the 94th Squadron reported for duty at the front.

A few hours later, thanks to my good fortune, it had chalked up its first victory. This squadron (Eddie Rickenbacker's 94th Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron) had been entirely American in personnel and command from its very first inception.

It is therefore correct to give Paul Baer, one of the bravest and most outstanding pilots of the war, full credit for being the first officer of the United States Air Service to shoot down an enemy plane.

It is also correct to say that my victory was the first victory of a strictly all-American squadron—a squadron which at all times had been an American organization.

The above facts have been carefully checked with official records and I hope that this letter will be published in the interest of historical accuracy.—*Alan F. Winslow, author of No Parachutes.*

A Redcoat Takes an Author and the Artist Over the Jumps

Lethbridge, Alta.—After digesting Liberty for some years and hearing Liberty fiends like myself often quote from it, it does my soul good to catch you napping in broad daylight. I refer to a story entitled The Cross on Kooneka Point, by Sewell Peaslee Wright, about the Mounted Police, which very appropriately appeared in your April 1 issue.

P. Simonds

First, there was no R. N. W. M. P. in 1902, the late King Edward having conferred that title on the old N. W. M. P. in 1904. The author was doubtless looking ahead—possibly to the destination of the gallant policeman's soul—when he inscribed his *historical* cross: "Constable Larry Huston, R. N. W. M. P., died December 30, 1902."

Being a member of the R. C. M. P.—the present name of the same force assumed in 1920—I was both amazed and flattered at the magnificent creature the artist created for a redcoat. Truly he possessed all that is best in the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, United States Marines, and Hell Hounds in the way of dress. It made me blink at my empty beer glass and then up at the ceiling, half anticipating a parade of pink elephants there rhumbing to sweet strains of music.

Then, too, the cover of your magazine said April 1.

Were you really in earnest or not? We'd like to know.—*Constable P. Simonds, R. C. M. P.*

A Canadian Salutes a Colonel of Marines

Winnipeg, Man.—Allow me to congratulate you on Colonel Evans' splendid article that appeared in your magazine for April 8. It was superb and the first article on the French Foreign Legion that I felt I could fully believe.—*An Appreciative Reader.*

The Crown Prince Doesn't Seem Popular on This Continent

Montreal, Que.—Say, what in the Sam Hill is wrong with Liberty now? I have bought Liberty for the last three years and now I'm fed up.

To begin with, I think that you are crazy to publish the story about the Crown Prince's life. Wasn't it the German royal house that caused the World War? Were they not responsible for the millions of lives lost during the war? Were they not the cause of the United States going into the war?

I'm sure you will answer yes to all my questions.

I feel sure that the rest of the readers in Canada and the United States feel the same way about it as I do.—*E. L. M.*

Hollywood, Calif.—As a reader of Liberty Magazine ever since it was published, I would like to protest against allowing such a rotter as the former Crown Prince has proved to be, using Liberty for his articles as printed in the last issues.

He shows his dislike for the people of this U. S. A. in almost every word he writes.—*Emily Hausner.*

Try Bright Sayings of Children

U. S. S. Cincinnati—Say, I've got a little secret to let you in on—and it's a honey: The mugs on this cruiser sure believe in picking the best magazines. Every week there is a rush to get at good ol' Liberty. Such magazines are what make the navy go Asiatic and increase the number of inmates at insane asylums.

I wish you'd sit down sometime and try to work some of those puzzles you throw out over the counter. I'm rugged, though—I can take 'em.

KEEP
ADEREWSKI

I'll admit I'm dumb—just ask anybody—but I used to live in Death Valley and I never gave anybody snowshoes for Xmas. 'S a fac'.

I don't see how anybody could ever be against prohibition!

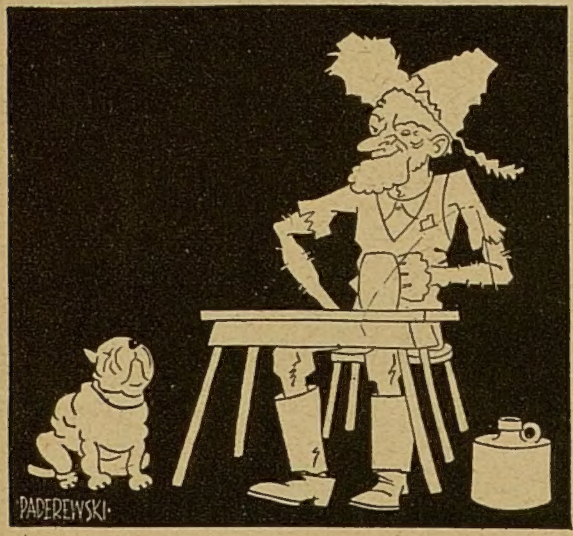
I've got an uncle who never has touched any kind of alcohol since prohibition—yeah, he died in the war!—*A Sayler.*

POP

adam john harth
VOX POP EDITOR

That Last Paragraph Holds the Heart Interest

FORBUS, TENN.—Have "jined" your back-to-the-land movement and in my case it has not only been back to the land but back to the sticks also. It is about twenty miles to the nearest news stand where a Liberty can be purchased. It would be right nice if some way could be devised to drag the farms into the city, but I suppose that this is beyond even the power of technocracy, inventors, and mechanical engineers. Am a printer, with family and no job.



Corn bread, corn likker, milk and butter, hog and hominy, and other necessities are plentiful in these parts and it's a wondrous and free feeling to be away from the city. I'll stay here as long as this depression does last.—*W. K. Tinsley.*

Can This Be a Razz?

LUXOMNI, GA.—The article in the issue of March 18 on They're Going Back to the Land, by Mary Noble, should sprout and grow into a perfect razzberry. If Mary Noble can figure out a way to get us farmers a fair profit for feeding and clothing the world, we will call her Noble Mary and buy back what the rest of the world produces. Everybody would be rich and happy and the mule wouldn't kick back.—*H. B. Garner.*

An Aviator Takes a Little Power Dive at Elinor

BRONX, N. Y.—This article, I'm Fed Up with Stunt Flying, by Elinor Smith, in the April 8 Liberty, is the most outrageous piece of scribbling I have ever had the misfortune of reading in your usually interesting and constructive magazine in the past ten years.

Not that it matters, but as a matter of fact I am an aviator myself, and have often seen and heard the writer of the article in question at various airports in New York as well as out of town, having had a wonderful chance to observe her.

It seems Miss Smith is so carefully criticizing stunt flyers like Hutchinson and Herndon.

Well, I heartily agree with her; but she has failed completely to mention the name of a third party, and that is—herself!

Kindly inform Miss Smith that flying under bridges, especially in a city like New York, is in the opinion of most airmen classified as nothing else but careless.

It is reckless, show-off stunting—regardless of whether it is done on a bet, a dare, or to get in the newspaper headlines.—*Louis R. Daitz.*

A Little Depression Help from Old Mexico

MONTEREY, N. L., MEXICO—Since it has always been your policy to advocate different means of relieving the unemployment situation—namely, everything from dusting off the ol' beer mug and putting it back into use to sending the people back to the farm—I have a little suggestion that I humbly offer and which I feel should go a long ways toward helping the unemployed.

C. M. Lowry

Have the federal government construct one large jig-saw puzzle, so large that it would cover the entire country, making sure that none of the pieces fit, and then put all the unemployed to work on it.

Hoping that you will give this timely little offer due consideration.—*C. M. Lowry.*

He Was Dere, Sharlie

BISMARCK, N. D.—I want to compliment you on Born to Raise Hell, by Tex O'Reilly as told to Lowell Thomas. There are some mistakes, but in the main is absolutely true, as I was with the same expeditions and know from my own personal knowledge.

He errs when he states that the Philippine Insurrection started at a little bridge near Paco. It started on the road leading to Blockhouse 7. An officer got drunk and started things going about four hours before planned by the Philippine officials. Believe me you that Private Grayson did kill the insurrecto that fired at him, too. Also Grayson belonged to the 1st Nebraska and not the 2d Nebraska. But you know that thirty years will make a fellow forget some details. More power to you with such stories as Born to Raise Hell.—*A. H. Irvine.*

We Saw Two Legs in Our Copy of That Issue

BOWDLE, S. D.—Well! At last! You have a picture of a pretty girl on your cover of March 18.

Too bad she has only one leg!—*N. A. Brothers.*

Let's Polish Up the Sword

DAVENPORT, IOWA—Let's Make It Hell is right! Congratulations to Philip Wylie for the article in the March 18 Liberty. To those peace lovers who believe that a war can be won by a mere tush-tush and waving of flags, let this be a warning.

Leslie Schroeder

Naturally, all wars are inhumane and uncivilized, but we must face the fact that wars must be fought with bloodshed, suffering, and destruction. We fight to win, and God help those who hinder our methods of fighting. Give us Liberty and more such articles.—*Leslie L. G. Schroeder.*

Rob Wagner Speaking

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Mr. Harry Leem, in Liberty for April 1, nails my blunder in saying that Claudette Colbert bathed in goat's milk in The Sign of the Cross. But I don't think my lacteal boner is half as funny as his making it *mule's*, or funnier still *jackass's*, milk!—*Rob Wagner.*

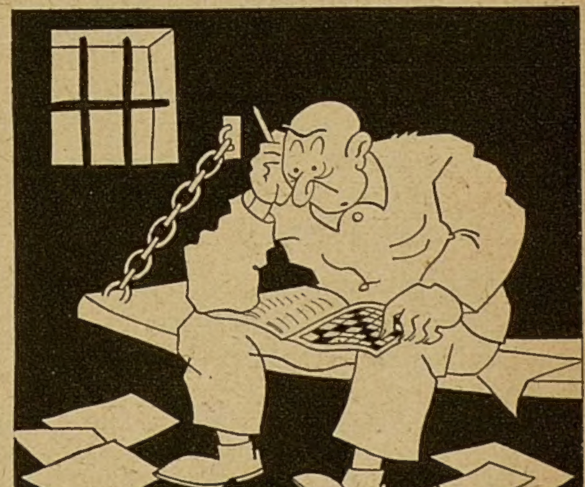
The First Votes Indicate That

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Tell an Old Dry, in Vox Pop of March 11, that we young wets are in on this fight to the last ditch.—*Mrs. V. Martiney.*

Those Jail-House Blues

LANCASTER, PA.—I was arrested for speeding and was being scolded by the judge. I got sassy, and he said, "Ten days in jail for you."

I was standing in the cell, and I started to holler, "I want my liberty—give me liberty!" One of the guards rushed out of the jail and came back with Liberty! I wore out lead pencils by the gross trying to work out the Cross Word Puzzles and the Dinky contest. Oh, boy, I had the warden and the guards busy getting writing paper for me. After my time was up, and just as I was leaving, I heard the warden remark, "Thank the Lord, now we'll have a little rest."—*George L. Resh.*



TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

WOMEN who dress fashionably, artistically, know the name of Schiaparelli. They know Elsa Schiaparelli as a creator of ultramodern Paris styles. Her ideas are so novel that I have taken some pains to ask her how she thinks them up. Listen to this:

"One of my smartest new suits," she said, "was inspired by a costume I saw on a Paris laborer who climbed into my vision one day from his work in the city sewer. I copied the peculiar cut and coloring of his corduroys. There was something exquisitely chic about them. So I translated that sewer-digger's weather-beaten clothes into the expensive style language of the Rue de la Paix. Society women are now wearing my copy of his attire."

Elsa Schiaparelli

Isn't it interesting to learn how Schiaparelli and artists of her kind derive their inspiration from the lowliest sources? We might all be more original in our dress if we could share her genius for seizing upon clothes novelties wherever we find them.

Her rise to celebrity in the fashion field seems to me to indicate that dressmaking may at last be on its way toward a place among the fine arts. By birth and education Elsa Schiaparelli is an intellectual, a poet, an artist. Her father is dean of the University of Rome. Before devoting herself to Paris and the clothes business she spent some years as an art critic in this country. Several volumes of her poems have been published. Her highbrow relatives hate to think of her as a dressmaker. I believe they are wrong. Through such women as Schiaparelli, I hope that dressmaking may become a true art, with established standards and a higher criticism. There is no reason, as far as I can see, why dress should not assume the merits and obligations of a fine art.

"WHAT is the social standing of the telephone?" The reader who asks me this question goes on to inquire if it is permissible to accept or refuse invitations by phone.

To me the social status of the telephone is very much like that of certain relatives and old friends. Life without them would be terrible—yet they are often a darned nuisance to have around the house. My telephone is an incurable buttinsky, a nagger, a disturber of domestic peace. Could I live without it? Of course not.

Now about those invitations:

Bear in mind the fact that your telephone is an *informal* agent of communication. Therefore invitations which come to you over the phone can be accepted or refused by phone. Don't use the telephone to answer written invitations—not even when they come from intimate friends. In cases of bereavement, *never* offer your condolences by phone. Write.

BEHIND a show of unimportant naughtiness, Noel Coward has called our attention to a really tough problem. In his much advertised play, Design for Living, while the boy friends are busy exhibiting their rather commonplace degeneracy, we are confronted by the spectacle of a nice girl sharing her favors equally between two men. She loves them both, so she goes to live with them both at the same time.

This is an out-and-out case of polyandry. Mr. Coward is a watchful modern. Degenerate or not, his views are in focus with our age. And the divorce records of Reno offer proof enough that women today feel urged toward polyandry no less than men feel the polygamous urge.

I am bold enough, I think, to welcome open discussion of all current problems. I do believe, however, that such subjects as this should be presented in their true values—not gaudily falsified to make them attractive. For me the charming sophistication with which Mr. Coward's heroine commits polyandry is overgilded, too finished, not convincing.

It may dazzle too many foolish women. They may not understand that Mr. Coward and his characters live in a world untainted by such vulgarities as children and money troubles. They may not see that for normal people his Design for Living would turn out to be a Pattern for Mess.

I WANT to know what beer is going to do to our girlish figures. Will women drink beer? Will beer put hips on us again?

For the sake of posterity I rather hope so. There was this much to be said on behalf of the hips and bosoms of the Lillian Russell era—women were not then afraid to have babies, as so many of our hipless, boy-shaped brides now are.

MRS. L. T. HERRIG of Fostoria, Ohio, wrote to Vox Pop asking me how to make *Blini*—Russian pancakes. Here you are, Mrs. Herrig:

Dissolve ½ ounce yeast in 1⅔ cups lukewarm water. Add ½ cup sifted bread flour. Let stand 2 hours in a warm place. Mix 2½ cups flour, 4 egg yolks, pinch of salt, 1 scant cup lukewarm milk. Mix well, but do not let dough get stiff. Add whipped whites 4 eggs and ⅓ cup whipped cream. Let rise ½ hour. Shape like ordinary pancakes but somewhat smaller. Serve with caviar, sour cream, and drawn butter.

FOR women readers I want to recommend Mabel Dodge Luhan's book, Intimate Memories. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.) If you are forty or thereabouts, and were raised by strict parents, it will take you back to your own youth.

MORE CASH PRIZES

WIN YOUR SHARE!

$250

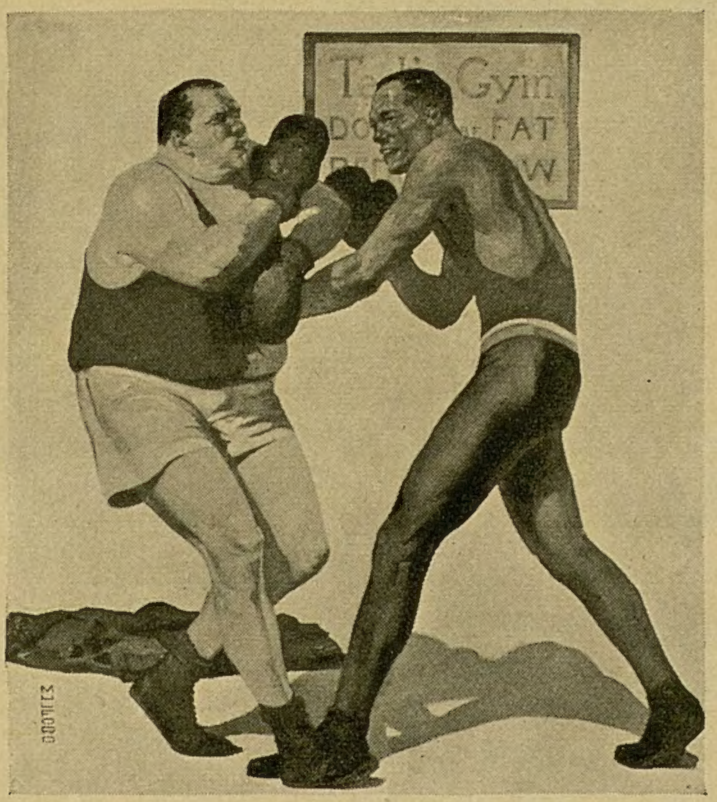
FOR BEST TITLES FOR THIS WEEK'S COVER!

Why Not Get In On This Easy Money?

AGAIN Liberty invites its readers to name the picture illustrating the current front cover. Sixty-four worth-while cash awards will be paid for the best entries submitted in accordance with the brief rules at the lower right. If you enter you may be the one to win the $50 first prize! That's important money at any time. And so is $25, the sum which will be paid for the second-best entry. For that matter, each one of the sixty-four cash awards will well repay the winner for his or her effort.

The illustration is reproduced herewith so that you need not take your attention from this page in order to study it. What will be your title? Imagine yourself in the shoes of the rotund gentleman! You can probably imagine a number of titles directly connected with his reactions to the business in hand. Perhaps there is something in the expression or the attitude of his friendly enemy that will inspire you to write the first-prize title. Possibly an abstract caption that deals with the picture in general rather than either of the figures will be adjudged the best when the judges make their survey. Your opportunity to win is excellent.

There is ample time to think your entry over carefully. The competition closes Monday, May 15. This allows time for preparation of your title and the brief note that must accompany it and for delivery to the contest editor as directed in the rules. Entries received later than May 15 will not be considered. Please be sure that your name and full address are plainly readable on your entry. If you are not sure that your penmanship is perfectly clear we suggest that you print your address. That will avoid delay in the event that you win a prize. And remember, you can't win unless you enter!



SIXTY-FOUR CASH PRIZES
FOR NAMING THIS PICTURE

THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$50

SECOND PRIZE
$25

THIRD PRIZE
$15

FOURTH PRIZE
$10

TEN PRIZES, EACH
$5

FIFTY PRIZES, EACH
$2

●

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be not more than ten words.

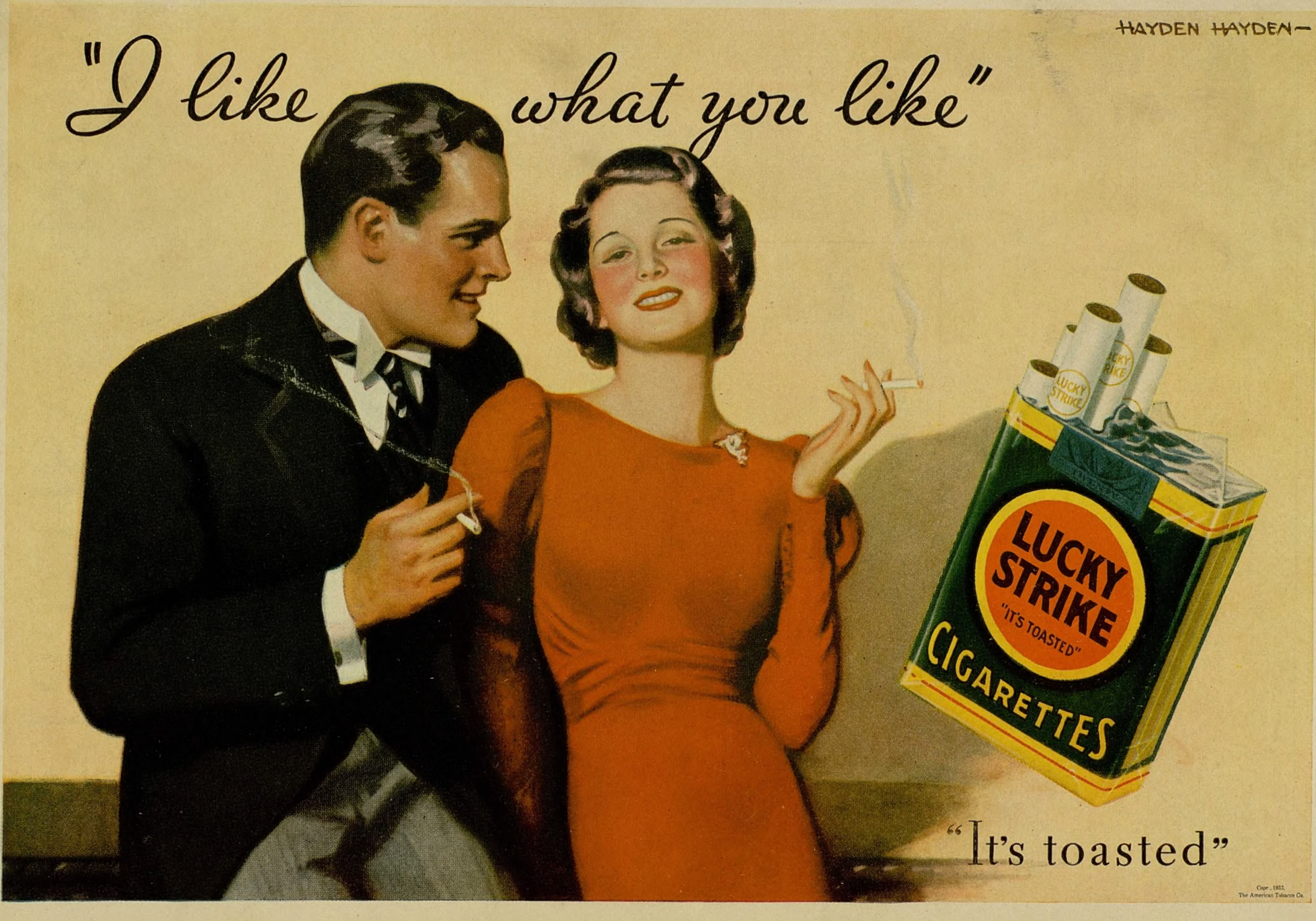
Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most. The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. This contest closes Monday, May 15.

NEXT WEEK LIBERTY WILL PRESENT ANOTHER $250 CASH PRIZE OPPORTUNITY. WATCH FOR IT.


HAYDEN HAYDEN—
"I like what you like"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
"It's toasted"

Copr., 1933,
The American Tobacco Co.